THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Ill
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Treating Fence Posts

WOOD PRESERVATION

A timely talk of interest to all users of structural wood

Open Tank Process

PUBLISHED BY US EVERY FEW WEEKS IN THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

EVERY form of business depends more or less upon lumber. No other material lends itself to so many uses. The beauty and comfort of our homes, the very existence of our railroads, the economical handling of manufactured goods, the benefits of a free press—the entire prosperity of the nation, in fact, is built up on a plentiful supply of this most necessary material.

Our Vanishing Forests

Within a century, our forests have been reduced from 850,000,000 acres to 150,000,000. We are consuming lumber at a greater rate than ever before. Replanting is a matter of years, while our vital need is to protect our present supply. *Con*servation and *pre*servation must join hands—*you* must do your share by preserving from decay every stick of lumber that you use.

Carbosota is a wood preservative that every lumber buyer, large or small, can employ with profit. Its application is simple, and it has the effect of greatly prolonging the life of wood at a cost far below that of replacing it after it has decayed.

Decayed flooring, side and intermediate sills of freight car.

On the Railroad

The nation-wide freight car shortage is largely caused by the enormous number of wood cars laid up for repairs to floors, roofs and sills. Preservative treatment with Carbosota would greatly reduce such shortage by increasing the life of the lumber. Railroads can readily reap the benefits of this economical method of securing increased car mileage.

Reprinted from Lumber World Review, March 25, 1920, Issue

"A Valuable Opinion on 'Forest Devastation' from Henry S. Graves, Former Forester

'We recently received a letter from Henry Solon Graves, now ex-forester of the United States Forest Service, Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., which we consider altogether the most substantial statement Mr. Graves has ever made on the subject of forest devastation. Here it is:

'We must take our choice between stopping forest devastation and lessening prosperity. Do we want to sink to the condition of the European countries, where scarcity and high cost of wood handicap industry and human comfort? We must decide now.....

'Timber must not become an imported luxury in the United States. We must apply the American spirit of development in stimulating production—but at the right point. We must neither lock up our forest resources nor butcher them, but make the most of them. Not restrictions on the use of timber but efficient use of land to grow timber and efficient use of the timber itself is the true way out. The first step is to call a halt on the present devastation of timber-growing land. We are letting use and ruin go hand in hand.

'I am urging that all the interests concerned join in a drive not to stop the use of timber but to stop waste.....

'The conservation of timber by extending its life in use is true forest conservation. We must do everything that science and ingenuity can devise to increase the usefulness and prolong the life of wood. I am heartily in accord with every sound effort that is being made to extend the longevity of timber in various industrial uses.....The conservation of timber through better methods of using it completes the whole scheme of forest conservation.'

—Editor'"

The Farmer and County Agent

The rise in lumber prices has hit the farmer as well as every other user. If he buys lumber it costs nearly double what it did. If he cuts his lumber from the wood-lot, the increased value of his own or hired labor has boosted the cost until it is just as essential for him to prolong the life of his own lumber as for any other user of wood.

Usually the county agricultural agent will gladly show the farmer how to save money by wood preservation.

For Poles and Cross-Arms

Our annual bill for renewal of decayed telephone, telegraph and lighting poles is staggering. Butt-treatment of Cedar and Chestnut Poles with Carbosota is insurance against premature decay. To realize the full benefit from creosoted poles it is likewise necessary to increase the life of cross-arms by preservative treatment with Carbosota. This treatment is *simple* and it is an expensive practice to neglect it. Our nearest office will be pleased to send you upon request Folder No. 406, about carbosoting poles by the non-pressure treatments.

How to Use Carbosota

Carbosota is easily applied by the lumber user. The employment of Surface treatments—namely, painting, spraying or dipping—results in considerably increasing the lifetime of the lumber. For larger work, where suitable equipment is obtainable, the Open Tank process, which consists in the immersion of the lumber in hot and cold baths of Carbosota, is naturally more effective, although more costly.

Decayed piling and sheathing on fresh water lake.

Summer Resorts

Summer property, at the thousands of interior lake resorts as well as seashore places, requires considerable alteration and repairs yearly, because of the rotting of boat houses, landings and piers, piling in fresh water, posts, pergolas, shingles, etc.

A can of Carbosota and a brush should always be on hand, and every piece of wood used for these purposes painted thoroughly several times before putting in place. It will save many a dollar and much trouble.

Carbosota-stained cottages—particularly rough siding—are made attractive at a third of the cost of painting.

All wood should be seasoned before creosoting. This is essential to effective preservation. Unless all the moisture and sap are driven out by proper drying or seasoning the Carbosota cannot penetrate the fibres of the wood.

More Information

Your lumber dealer carries Carbosota in stock (if not, write and we will help you get it). Information about how to creosote lumber can be obtained from your state agricultural college, county agent or the U. S. Department of Agriculture. By writing our nearest office you can secure complete instructions and technical service free, also our bulletin "Long Life for Wood."

To left, untreated cedar, and to right, creosoted cottonwood fence posts after 9½ years' service.
(Courtesy of Iowa State College, Ames, Iowa.)

Mine timbers not creosoted. "Squeeze"—mechanical failure due to decay.
(Courtesy of U. S. Forest Service.)

Carbosota in the Mine

Carbosota has numberless uses in and around mining property. Surface or Open Tank treatment of timbers used in head frames, shaft houses, tipples, breakers and other above-ground structures prevents decay and makes them last far longer. The value of carbosoted timber below ground is even more marked. Timbers properly treated with Carbosota resist rot and fungous growths because Carbosota is absolute death to all organisms which *promote decay*.

What is Carbosota?

Carbosota Creosote Oil is a highly refined and specially processed Coal-tar Creosote, particularly adapted to Surface treatments (brush treatment or painting, spraying and dipping), and the Open Tank process. It conforms to standard specifications.

Barrett B Carbosota Grade-One Liquid Creosote Oil

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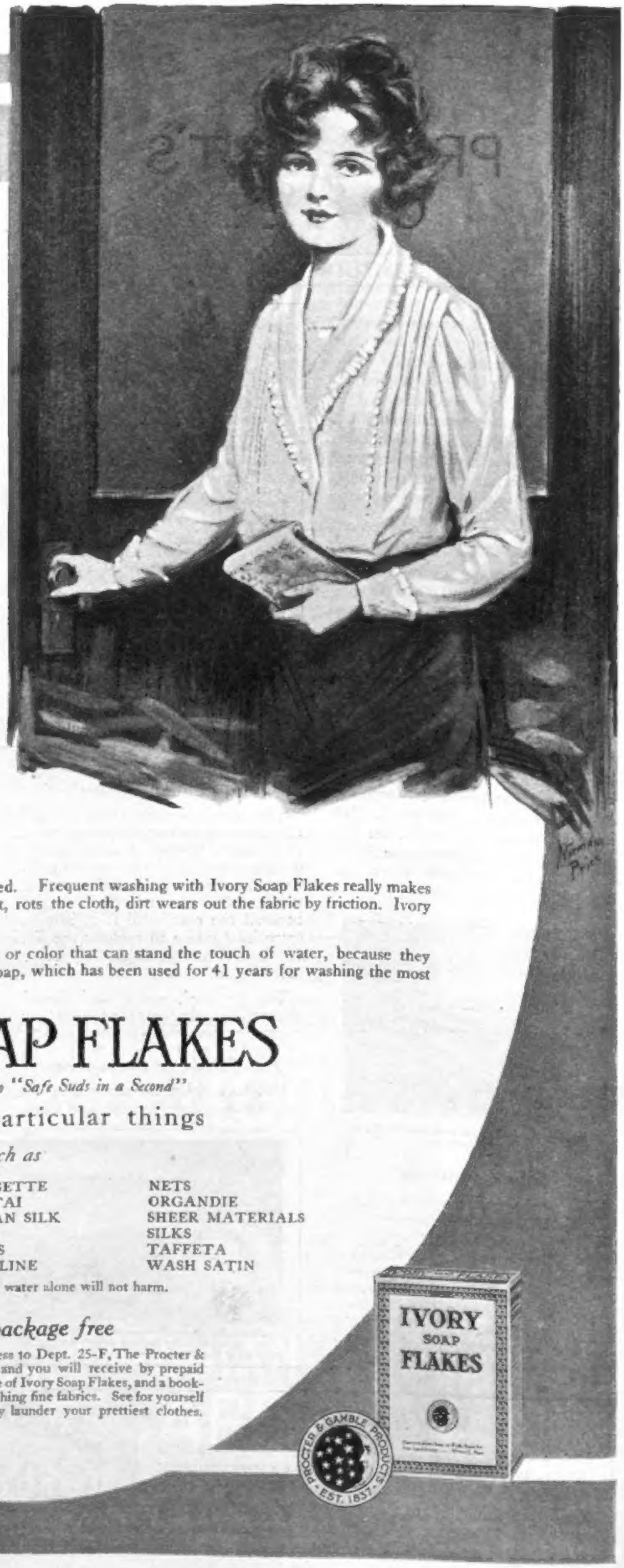

Wear nicer blouses— you need not buy so many, if you use Ivory Soap Flakes.

EVEN if the blouse you adore costs as much as you ordinarily put into several blouses, you can buy it economically, and enjoy the pleasure of being perfectlydressed. Because, whenever it is soiled, the wonderful suds of Ivory Soap Flakes will wash it all fresh and lovely again, inside a short half hour.

It's no task at all. Warm water, a heaping teaspoonful of Ivory Soap Flakes, and a few minutes' swishing and swirling in the bubbling suds that foam to the top of the basin, wash the frailest material so it looks like new. No rubbing—just rinse thoroughly. Wrap in a thick towel for five minutes, and it's ready to iron.

It does not matter how often the waist must be laundered. Frequent washing with Ivory Soap Flakes really makes a waist last longer. Perspiration, left to dry in a waist, rots the cloth, dirt wears out the fabric by friction. Ivory Soap Flakes removes both in the gentlest manner.

You know these snowlike flakes cannot harm any cloth or color that can stand the touch of water, because they are simply a more convenient form of genuine Ivory Soap, which has been used for 41 years for washing the most delicate fabrics.

IVORY SOAP FLAKES

Foams in warm water to "Safe Suds in a Second"

for washing particular things

such as

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FLANNELS	MESSALINE	WASH SATIN

and all other fabrics that water alone will not harm.

Sample package free

Just send your name and address to Dept. 25-F, The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati, O., and you will receive by prepaid mail a generous sample package of Ivory Soap Flakes, and a booklet of simple directions for washing fine fabrics. See for yourself how perfectly and easily they launder your prettiest clothes.

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The Wonders of Washington

The Treasury Building at Washington, D. C., During One of the Liberty-Loan Drives

By George Kibbe Turner

ALONG about the first of April I was going down to Washington to see about cleaning up a little claim our people had at the War Department. I'd come back from the diner, and I sat there smoking in the buffet car beside a short fat man I'd never seen before, who was reading a newspaper.

"Did you see about a week ago," he asked me, laying it down all of a sudden and looking up at me, "a statement in the papers where one of the big Republican leaders in Congress said that the United States Government was going to run into a three or four billion dollar deficit at the close of the government year?"

You might have thought to look at him that he thought I was responsible for it. You know how these little fat ones are sometimes. He looked like an excited marble.

"I did—yes," I said, recalling it.

"Just from the operations of this current government year ending next June thirtieth?" he asked, still glaring.

"Yes, sir."

"Well, then," he said, raising the paper again, "how do you account for this?" And he read me this statement, saying that the Treasury Department had reduced the government debt seven hundred million odd dollars in the last nine months. "What do you make out of that?" he wanted to know.

"You'll never learn from me," I told him.

"In one breath they tell us we've got a deficit you could drop two United States Steel Corporations—stocks, bonds and all—into, and never see them again. And the next breath they come out and tell us they're not only paying their current bills but they are paying off their debt at the rate of a billion a year. How do you account for it?"

"There's only one way I can see," I told him, "offhand. There must be a five-billion-dollar liar down there on one side or the other."

"My opinion is," he said, getting redder and rounder every minute—"my opinion is they've got so used to juggling billions down there that they can't keep track of them any longer within five or ten."

"A billion or two might have rolled off under some desk there at the Treasury maybe," I said, trying what I could to keep him from blowing up, "and been forgotten."

But it was no use—he went on as if I hadn't spoken:

"They take these fellows that never handled twenty thousand dollars of their own in their life—and they turn them loose down there!"

"Playing in among the billions," I put in.

"And what do we get?" he went on questioning and answering himself. "Socialism. Inflation by government printing presses! That's what you are getting all over the world to-day—from Petrograd to Washington—if you want to know! That's what you are suffering from to-day, in your business and mine—all commercial civilization—in Europe and this country. Inflation by government printing presses. Universal wind on the stomach. That's what ails business to-day—trying to digest these debts and bonds and tax bills that are being pumped into us by the Government. Where's it going to end?"

"I wish I knew," I said, "in my own business."

"It'll end, in my opinion," he said—"in my opinion it'll end in a case of universal business colic in the next two years. Two years!" he said. "Just about two years, I give it, before we all blow up together. You'll see!" he shouted, glaring at me still, as if he thought I'd done it. "You'll see it—just as sure as your name is ——"

"Burnham," I said.

"Burnham, then!" he said, and stopped and started reading again as suddenly as he had started talking. I was glad he did, before he loosened a rivet or two himself.

So that next day I was over on Pennsylvania Avenue and I happened to think of young Jim Taylor, who is down there in Washington for one of the New York papers.

"Now here," I said to myself, "there's somebody who will know about that government-deficit mystery that fat man was putting up to me in the train. I'll just stop in here and get him to straighten me out. He'll know!"

So along about noon—the time those Washington correspondents show up for work—I dropped in on him.

"Why, hello, Mr. Burnham," he said, getting up. "How are you? How are all the folks at home?"

"Why, hello!" I said. "How's yourself? I didn't know you at first—with those new glasses you've got on." And then I told him what I wanted.

"You newspapers," I said, "will destroy this country unless somebody's more careful! First, you come out and say the United States is stuck for a three or four billion deficit next June. You saw that story, I guess," I said.

"I guess so," he answered. "A statement by one of the Republican leaders in Congress!" And he called his name. "One of the papers ran it five billion—but I understand he denies that."

"That's a devilish shame," I said.

"What?" he wanted to know.

"To deny it—after you boys printed it! What's a billion dollars between friends—here in Washington?"

"There's something in that," he said.

"Well, you printed that—on the three or four or five billions," I said, going on. "And the next thing we know you come out with a story that the Government's saving our money and putting it away at the rate of a billion a year, over and above expenses."

"That was a statement from the Treasury," he said.

"I think so."

"Well, I understand they're putting out some sort of a correction on that," he told me.

"I see," I said. "Well, now," I said to him, "that's what all these different fellows say. Now then, what do you say? Give me the straight of it!"

Too Busy for Details

"WELL, now, I tell you, Mr. Burnham," said Jimmy Taylor. He is a nice obliging boy and always was. But I couldn't quite get used to him in those shell glasses he put on since he went to Washington. "Now, I'll tell you; we're pretty busy down here in the newspaper game, down here in Washington. And there's lots of questions like that we can't go into. They're questions for specialists. I might spill you a line of talk. But that isn't what you want. The fact is I just plain don't know. I'm so busy with my own general work."

"I see, I said," "I thought maybe considering how much talk there is about it—the taxes, and the government debt, and where we're all going to get off in the next few years—you newspaper boys might have wanted to inform yourselves on the subject so you could post the rest of us up."

"It's a coming subject, all right," he said. "I know that."

"It's come, pretty near!" I told him.

"Yes," he answered, lighting up another cigarette. "But it's a great big subject; a subject for specialists."

"I see," I said. "Well, turn me over to your specialist then—if you've got one here."

"Well, I tell you," he answered me, "you'd be more apt to find our specialist in finance in the home office. We're all tied up down here in the big routine work."

"I get you," I said.

"But if you really want to go into this, yourself—this way the Government runs its business—if you want to do that ——"

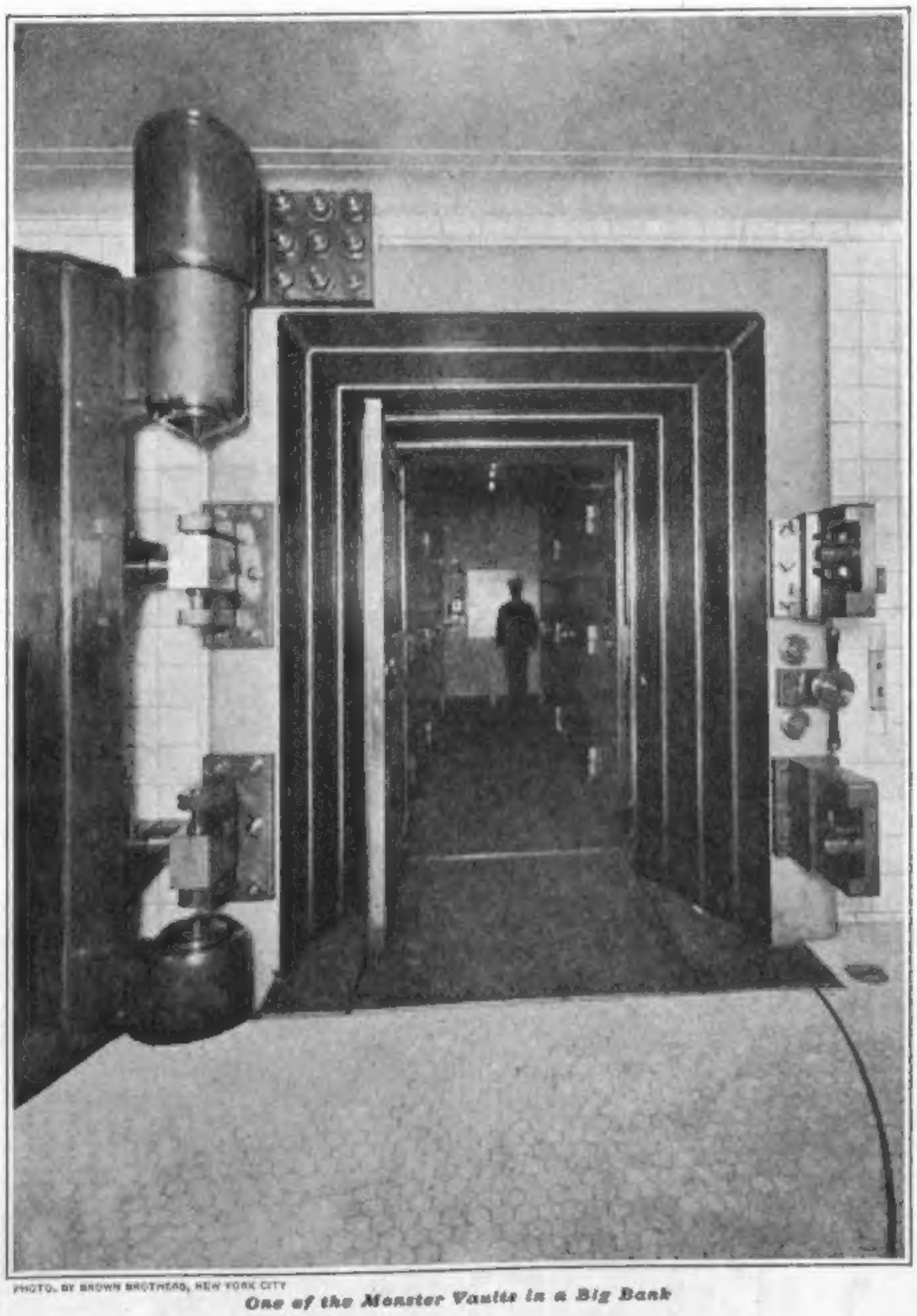


PHOTO. BY BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

One of the Monster Vaults in a Big Bank

"Well, I think maybe I will," I said, making up my mind right there. "If I can't get any help out of the newspapers."

"Figures and all that, I suppose?" he asked.

"Right down to brass tacks," I told him.

"Well, then, I think I know just the man for you to see—over here in the Treasury."

"I thought probably that would be the place," I said after him—"over in the Treasury!"

"Yep," he answered. "That's the place. And I'll telephone this man.

"He says he'll see you to-morrow morning," he told me, putting back the telephone receiver; "and be glad to. At ten o'clock. He's just the man for you for figures. He's not one of the big heads, you understand, but a fellow they all rely on in the accounting end. That's what you want, as I understand you—a shark on the figures."

The Book of Billions

"THAT'S it," I said. "I've got a kind of sneaking desire to find out what's going to happen to us in the United States the next two or three years. Whether we're laying up money to reduce taxes, or whether in a month or two we're all going to fall off into a hole in the United States Treasury bigger than the sea."

"I understand," said Jimmy Taylor. "Well, he's just your man. And you'll find him a nice agreeable fellow in the bargain."

"Just the man!" I said.

"Now, in the meanwhile," went on Taylor, getting up and going across the room, "if you really want to get down and see how the Government does business and spends its money, here's something you can mull over to-night in the hotel instead of sitting round your room or the lobby smoking too much."

So then he came back across the room, bringing this book over from a pile of other stuff, like they have in those newspaper offices, dusting it off, where it had been lying there.

"Now, here," he told me, handing me over this book in paper covers about the size of a house—"here's the foundation of it all; what your government finances are based on, the place they start in making up their appropriations. Here's the book of estimates, if you're strong enough to carry it off with you without a wheelbarrow!"

"I'll try it," I said. "And if I break down I'll call a taxi."

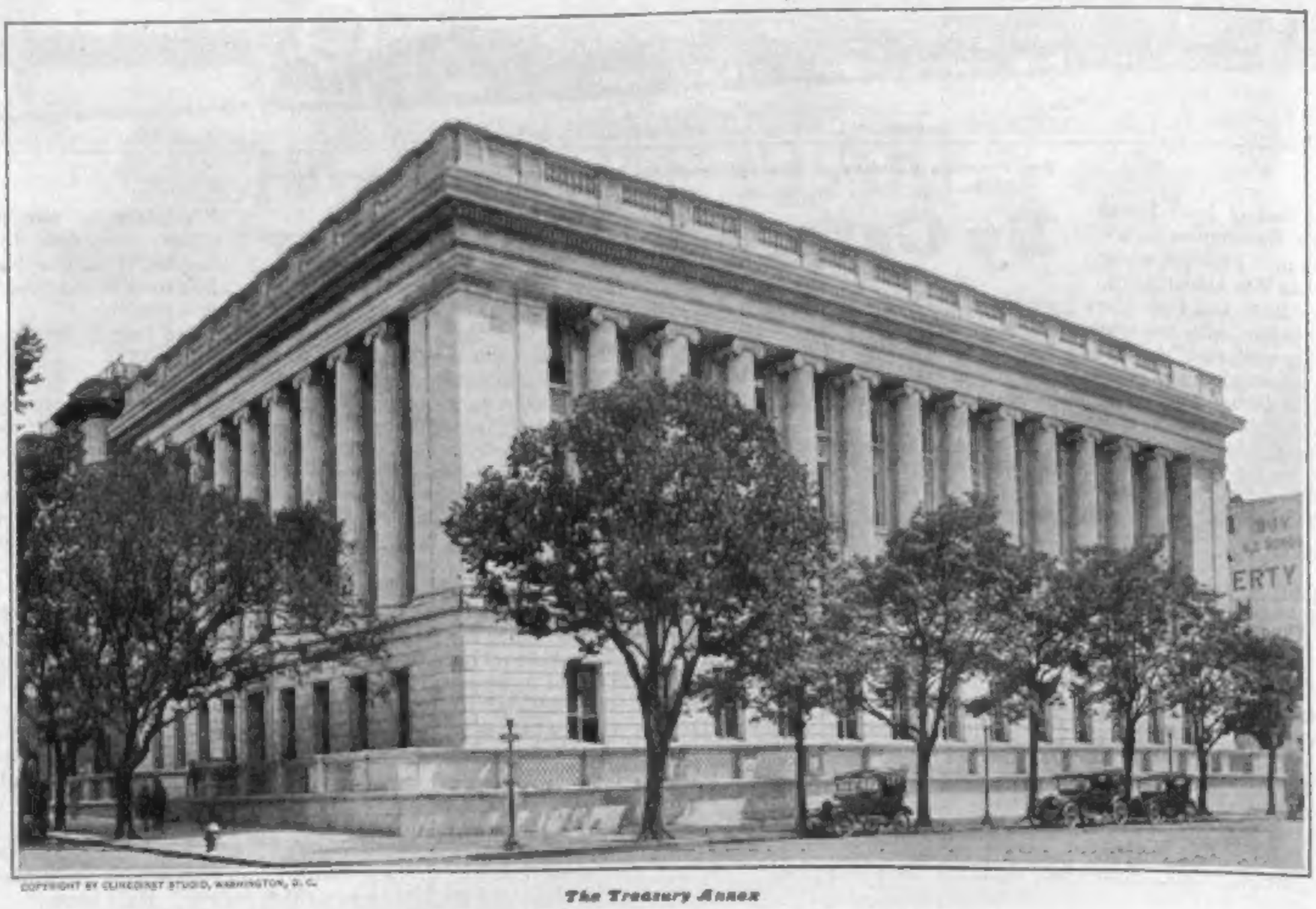
"Only about eleven hundred pages, the size of an old-fashioned geography. You can go home now," he said, "and tell the folks where the paper famine comes from."

"Quite a book," I said. "Somebody must have got a headache making that up."

"I should think so," he answered me. "But I never did. I never read it in my life. I know that."

"Now is there anything else I can do for you?" asked Jim Taylor. He's a nice good-natured boy; a nice obliging fellow—only I couldn't seem to get used to those big round shell glasses he'd put on since he went to Washington.

(Continued on Page 60)



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The Treasury Annex

GWEN'S TONGUE

By Charles Brackett

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

IT OCCURRED to Gwen Applegate that she had left the bill for her husband's birthday present in the pile for his payment, so she dropped into her morning room to extract it before going downstairs to give Joan Pennoyer tea. Gwen's morning room was the brains of an emotional house. Its unadorned efficiency always made her feel brisk and capable.

She wrote a check for the bill, generously unconscious it was an overdraft her husband would have to make good with the unfailing humor which characterized his absolutions of her mathematics, typed an envelope and sank the machine in its well before she noticed two pieces of carbon paper in the unanswered-letter basket. As she took them to put them back in their case they separated. They had evidently been thrust in the typewriter as one sheet, for the dull side of one preserved a perfectly legible letter.

Gwen Applegate knew that Joan Pennoyer was the only person who had access to that room, and one glance at the salutation confirmed the deduction of her authorship. Gwen, nevertheless, performed a sleight of logic with the fact that it was really her carbon paper and read it through. It ran:

Dear Aunt Ellen:
I'm typing this and keeping a copy so that you won't be able to convince me that it was unkind. The reason for its being written at all is that I feel you've been burdened quite long enough with my support, and I've decided to go to work. My mind is made up on that point.

This being the case, would you rather I got something I could do without preparation, or took a secretarial course as Gertrude Adams did? I rather lean to the latter plan, and I have almost enough money for one, but I might have to call on you before I finished it. Would you back me?

Don't worry about my losing caste. Nothing is so fashionable as labor. The only thing that proclaims my poverty is the fact that I don't run a tea room or a bonnet shop.

I really mean this letter, and I'm not hysterical in the least. To prove my healthy state of mind I'll admit that I'm having a heavenly time at Gwen's.

Always, JOAN.

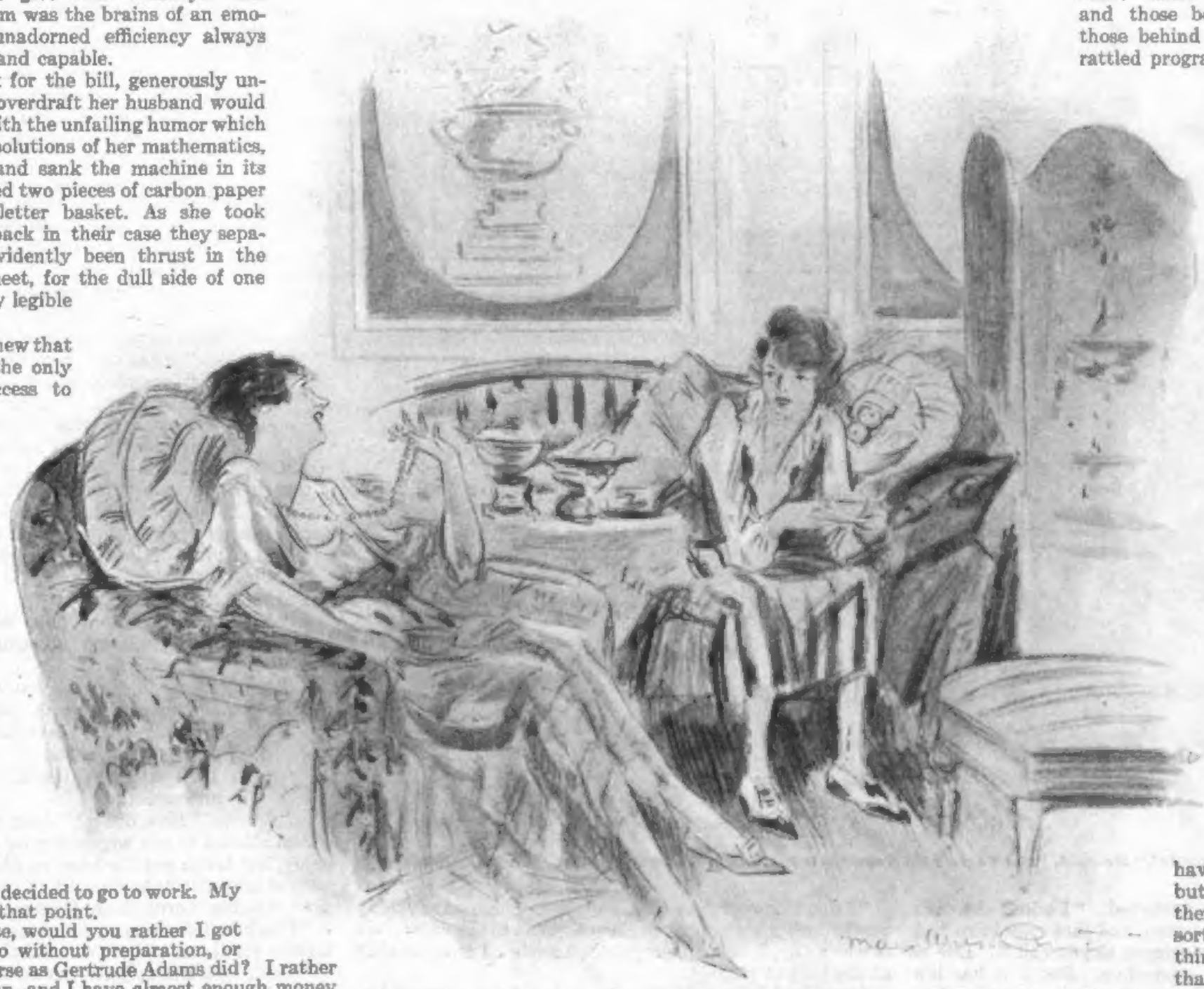
Miss Ellen Pennoyer's image rose before Gwen. She glared at its tight lips and complaining eyes.

"I suppose this is because you always talk to Joan as though you'd been keeping the wolf from the door with your bare hands," she addressed it, "and had just had to tear off a toe to throw him, when all the time you're as rich as mud, and as unpleasant. You're the sort of old woman that makes me believe in hell."

Having indulged in this satisfactory burst of oratory, she considered Joan's situation. It was certainly disagreeable. Not that Joan was obliged to pass all her time in her aunt's gloomy houses, or was even dependent on her sarcastic benefactions for clothing or entertainment. She was too lovely and useful and safe a girl for that. Half a dozen women of Gwen's set were always glad when she would pay them a month's visit, or run down to Palm Beach with them, or provide a third for a motor trip on the Continent that threatened to be intolerable if kept strictly conjugal.

She was always having clothes given her—clothes which hadn't turned out so well as their purchasers demanded, but for which they expected quite as much gratitude as though they had given part of their warmth to keep Joan from the cold. Joan, however, though she was generous in gratitude when she did accept, was reluctant in her acceptances and growing more so.

Gwen had in her nature a tremendous amount of that practical, primitive quality which is surely original woman. She understood that the sort of life Joan had been leading couldn't go on, and she considered work all very well, certainly extremely wise for Gertrude Adams. But for a girl of Joan's beauty to consider taking such a step—it was really too absurd!



"I Went Straight to the Telephone and Called Up the Two Most Attractive Men in New York, and They're Coming To-morrow for the Week-End"

There is but one normal reaction to such thoughts for a kind-hearted person of Gwen's sex. Since she was impulsive as well as kind, Gwen immediately maneuvered two complicated telephone calls to New York. One was to invite the man she wanted Joan to marry to come up for the week-end. The second delivered a similar invitation to the eligible whose complete dissimilarity she thought best emphasized her favorite's qualities. She then descended to tea, very late, but in the mood of exultant abandon a Camp Fire Girl must feel when she has done her blue bead for the day and can indulge her baser proclivities.

"I thought you got in hours ago, and I began tea," Joan apologized from her corner of the bister-velvet couch.

"I did," Gwen answered, busying herself with the old silver and porcelain on the tea tray.

"Good time at Marian's causerie?"

Joan had ridden instead of going herself.

Gwen nodded.

"Marian," she stated, gently settling deep into her chair, "was wearing a hat a bat made for her. At least he didn't make it for her; he made it for himself to sleep in, but it wasn't comfortable and he left it in a tree, where Marian found it."

"That must have been darling," Joan commented, thrusting forward her cup to be refilled.

"It was," Gwen answered. "But not so darling as the hair beneath. I think she first found her hair on a cactus in the Arizona desert, and I am sure she had recently lost it in a Pullman car and only recovered it after months of search."

"Gwen, you're outrageous."

"If I didn't know you were devoted to her, wild horses wouldn't drag it from me. She's a brave, pitiful little woman and I was tremendously impressed by her lecture. I suppose it's Marian's atrocious clothes that make one take everything she says so seriously."

"They do convince one she concentrated on something else," Joan admitted. "What was the lecture about?"

"The birth rate. It seems things are in a very grave state. No nice people are having children any more. I don't know what Marian's solution was, but I hope it was delicate. I couldn't hear. There was a tremendous crowd, and those before cried forward, and those behind cried back, and everyone rattled programs and sneezed and whispered and Marian got impassioned and tore off her hat and became perfectly inarticulate, so all I really got were the statistics, which came first, but they upset me. I decided to make everyone I know get married. Why don't you, Joan?"

Gwen thought she had worked to that query rather adroitly.

"No one has urged me," Joan answered without an indication that she knew she couldn't be believed.

"That's nonsense," Gwen informed her. "And you needn't look at me like the pot being too polite to retort to the kettle. Heaven knows, Sim and I have wanted children, only the Lord didn't arrange things that way. When we were first married we planned on twins—Simon and Simonetta—then a whole regiment of boys for me, and one other girl with a good loud voice to scream at Sim when the rest of his hearing goes. We'd have done nothing in the world but play with them and pet them and —— Well, it seems sort of a shame when you think of the unwelcome ones that arrive."

"So you've decided to have yours vicariously?" Joan asked.

"Exactly, and while the enthusiasm was on me I went straight to the telephone and called up the two most attractive men in New York, and they're coming to-morrow for the week-end. You know I must have been eloquent to lure them to Lenox in October."

Joan was used to attempts on her spinsterhood.

"Who are these prospective fathers of my children?" she inquired easily, twisting her teacup three times preparatory to reading her fortune.

"Jerry Duane and Alex Iredell."

Gwen thought Joan gave a start. She couldn't be sure. At least she stopped the operation on her cup, and Gwen, who was curious as to the future, had to ask: "What does it say?"

Joan looked down.

"A quarrel," she answered. "Hard luck, Gwen. Maybe it's just Aunt Ellen, though. She would be hopping if I should marry."

"I wonder if your Aunt Ellen is the reason you've always kept so aloof from men," Gwen said. "I suppose she would write a disagreeable codicil if you repudiated her policy of single blessedness. She's an awfully durable old soul, though. I shouldn't wait if I were you."

"How horrid you make me sound, and how tremendously that speech would annoy her. She informs me almost daily that she expects to die before nightfall. After a conversation with Aunt Ellen I always feel that to buy anything but black is the rankest imprudence."

"Your Aunt Ellen began dying as long ago as I can remember," Gwen answered. "A great many women do as soon as they find out they're not apt to get married. As a sex we demand a climax in immediate prospect. Don't count on it."

"You know I don't want her to die," Joan defended herself. "I'd feel horribly if she did. She's really a touching old creature. You have only to see her nursing a sick puppy all night to realize that. I've had tears come in my eyes at the sight of her tenderness."

"Those tiresome dogs!" was Gwen's comment. "Does she still raise them?"

Your Sympathy's Very Beautiful," He Said, "But There's No Need for It Yet, Old Dear. They're Not Married, You Know"

"They're her life," Joan answered. "I admit she does have a spasm if I mention a man, and that may have had something to do with my aloofness, as you call it. Life is too short for that sort of quarreling. But if it has it's because there's never been anybody worth quarreling for. I shouldn't let her stand in the way of any real adventure of the heart."

"I believe you're an idealist," Gwen said. And since she was very ashamed of the fact that she herself was incurably romantic, she added: "How amusing!"

"I hope I won't shock you by admitting it." Joan replied.

"Well, do you like Jerry and Alex?"

"I like Jerry."

"So does Sim. Why do all really nice people pick out such dependables to admire?"

"I don't think Jerry's dull, if that's what you mean," Joan protested. "He's quiet, but he's tremendously companionable."

"He has what I should call a mug," Gwen remarked. "Now don't bridle, Joan. I mean by a mug one of those tweed faces that look as though they were meant for hard weather."

"Like a scornful Assyrian," Joan suggested.

"Now Alex," Gwen pursued, "isn't in the least like that. He never looks tanned except after Palm Beach, when you know it's expensive. To me he's like a magnificent curly spaniel. I always want to scratch his head and give him a bit of cake."

"So many people do," was Joan's comment—"and have."

She was glad it was growing dusky and that Gwen forbade the intrusion of lamps in the library until it was quite black. Gwen probably couldn't see her expression.

"How discouraging of you!" Gwen complained. "You know Jerry never looks at a girl. I just asked him to fill in."

For some reason that denial of Jerry Duane's susceptibility produced a pleasant warmth round Joan's heart.

"He has an awfully violent temper," she stated, as though that were a refutation of anything that could be spoken against a man.

"How do you know?" Gwen demanded.

"I happened to see him perfectly furious at Bar Harbor in August. He stamped up and down those cloisters at the Haywards' like a nice big boy trying to get over it."

"What was he angry about?"

"I don't know," Joan said, and rose. There was nothing particularly secret about her suspicion as to the cause, but it was a shy, beloved thought that made off irretrievably at the hint of pursuit.

Gwen had been told that Jerry had been enraged because the Parker boy kept cutting in on Joan whenever he was with her with adolescent persistence worthy of a better dancer. She therefore accepted her reticence for what it was worth.

"Why are you getting up?" she asked. "It's not time to dress quite yet."

"I'm in the middle of a chapter. I think I'll finish it in my tub," Joan explained. "Sim here for dinner?"

"He gets in on the seven o'clock. Look your prettiest. Poor Simmy can't hear much, and I do like to have his eyes pleased as much as I can."

"Silver dress?"

"Let's do tea gowns. Simmy doesn't count, and that Empire one is the loveliest thing you have."

"Isn't it?" Joan agreed. "And wasn't Fan Hollis a peach to give it to me?"

She was nicely unconscious of the fact that it had made lanky Fan Hollis look like a festive lighthouse.

She crossed the room in which the fire and the pale squares of the windows were the only spaces of light. Gwen contained her curiosity until she had almost reached the door. It then became too strong for her.

"Joan," she called, "why did you jump when I said Alex Iredell was coming?"

"Did I?" Joan answered. "Someone must have been walking across my grave."

She went on her way. Gwen scented mystery; it was to her what the smell of fox is to a beagle.

II

GWEN was the daughter of one famous trial lawyer and the granddaughter of another. It was the ancestry for a gossip. She had a lawyer's curiosity and a lawyer's relentlessness in pursuit of its promptings. Her brain was equipped with that lawyer's sense which recognizes the true from the false trail, and which when seriously at work is not to be tricked by cross tracks, however alluring. Her weakness lay in the fact that this curiosity was apt to run a tragic circle, its very power warning her quarry and inspiring superhuman efforts of evasion. It caught up the scent of the Alex mystery quite by chance at dinner that same night.

Gwen for the next few days looked back upon that dinner as her last calm meal, but as she philosophized, if one was going to be a matchmaker one had to take the hazards of the business, and if no excitement ever happened there would be nothing to talk about.

"Two pretty women," Sim Applegate classified Gwen and Joan as he led them to the dining room.

It was a conservative remark. Gwen's features defied geometry. There was nothing in her brief nose, her eyes that tilted up at their outer corners and her cindered blond hair to equal the sum of her attractiveness, an attractiveness which cost prettier women prestige. As for Joan, her beauty was not one Gwen's extinguished. She had flame-colored hair, a skin like white coral and a red mouth, precise and pretty as an eighteenth-century epigram.

The high Venetian dining room they entered, with its massive glooms, its candle flames, its thin tints of colored glass on daffodil brocade, emphasized the slender brilliance of both, and brought out a fine quality in Sim's high forehead and black brows. Chambers, the butler, adjusted Gwen's chair. Sim seated Joan.

"Anything happened?" Sim asked.

"Old Mr. Warren died Wednesday," Gwen said brightly in the shrill tone he heard best.

"What of?" Sim queried.

"Income taxes, I guess. I sent a big wreath. I knew that the idea of putting so much money in flowers would revive him if anything could. That's about all that's enlivened the week. Joan and I walked to town yesterday and saw such a crowd gathered we thought the people had risen. I was far too well dressed and began eating an aigrette on my hat, but it turned out they'd just collected round a petticoat some girl had lost."

"Pretty exciting for Joan," Sim said. "Mrs. Ham Pearce called yet?"

"No," Gwen replied. Then after a moment: "I'm sorry I let you bully me into calling. I don't particularly like being snubbed."

"Do you mean to say you called on Mrs. Ham Pearce and she didn't come running?" Joan asked. Nothing could have been farther from the social probabilities.

"That's what Gwen's talking got her," Sim announced.

"How did it?" Joan queried.

Sim started to say something he evidently intended to enjoy, but Gwen put her hand on his arm.

"Let me tell it," she shouted. Then to Joan: "You knew she was in the chorus before Ham married her, didn't you?"

"I've heard she was on the stage," Joan admitted, with a smile for Gwen's black construction.

"Well, I nicknamed her the Golden Crook," Gwen explained a little guiltily; "and after I called I told Nell Rogers that she came into the drawing-room in blue tights, carrying a spear. You know she does give that sort of an impression. Nell was nasty enough to repeat it."

Joan laughed.

"I don't think it very extraordinary that she didn't call," she admitted.

"Now you know Gwen ought not to have said that," Sim appealed to her. "She's a damned pretty woman."

"Do you think so?" Gwen asked. "To me she looks like a very sleek animal with just a speck of blood at the corners of its mouth. As though she'd been dangerous before being satisfied."

Sim had been studying his wife during that speech.

"You talk too much, Gwen," he remarked, as though she would be interested in the result of his cogitations. "That's the trouble with you—talk, talk, talk. Not that you're catty. I wouldn't have married a catty woman, but when you think of something you think is funny you have to say it or bust."

It was the one point on which Gwen was sensitive.

"Maybe you think I'm catty about your Mrs. Ham," she said, as though refuting his generalization by defense of that particular remark, "but I think she's horrid."

"I must admit I think so too," Joan agreed.

"How do you happen to know her?" Gwen asked.

"I was on that Acheson house party," Joan explained.

Sim had to be informed of this reënforcement.

"Joan thinks so too," she shouted at him, "and she was on that awful Acheson house party, where they say your Mrs. Ham Pearce got drunk—not just tipsy after a cocktail. They say she was sick."

Her voice took the word in a crescendo of condemnation.

"Y'oughtn't to hold her capacity against her, Gwen," Sim suggested.

"I didn't see that, if it happened," Joan cleared herself of concurrence, "but I left as soon as I could after I discovered what it was going to be. I should never go to Nora Acheson's again."

That was the kind of remark which intrigued Gwen most.

"What was it like?" she demanded. "I can't imagine why I never asked you before."

She had—with very little success. Joan was glad she'd forgotten.

"It might have been written by Fred and Fanny Hatton," Joan answered. "It was all cocktails and bathing parties and people pretending their motors had broken down. I felt as cheap and as vulgar as chewing gum. Don't ask me about it."

Gwen chose to regard that request as rhetorical.

"Who was there?" she questioned.

"Oh, the Achesons and the Pearces and some people named Haight and Trix Doubleday and George James, the actor—you know, the one who played ——"

Surely she hadn't given a hint, but Gwen's instinct was sniffing the air.

"Who was your man?" Gwen asked.

"Alex Iredell," Joan answered, elaborately casual. "He was very nice about it too."

"Why weren't you going to mention him?" Gwen followed up, looking like her relentless old grandfather.

"I just didn't think about it."

"I wonder," Gwen observed meditatively, "if living with your Aunt Ellen hasn't made you just a little sly?"

"Maybe it has," Joan answered with a sorry face. "It's a horrid trait. Aunt Ellen wouldn't be any excuse."

It made Gwen realize she'd been impolite.

"Joan, darling," she said, "I beg your pardon. I hadn't any business to ask. It's not because I'm curious that I did. I just have a passion for personalia.

"I could die with pleasure to-morrow if I felt sure that when I got to heaven the book of judgment would be open to everyone and all the things I'm interested in would be cleared up."

Joan said, "Don't be absurd, Gwen. My feelings aren't hurt," and nothing further on the subject.

When they had gone upstairs Gwen consulted her husband.

"Have you heard anything about Alex Iredell?" she asked. "Anything awful, I mean?"

Sim shook his head.

"Not a word," he answered. "Haven't heard him mentioned. Why?"

"Well he must have done something—at that Acheson house party, I think. From the way Joan acts you'd think he'd been caught with the coffee spoons in his pocket. I'm afraid he was just the wrong person for me to ask. She evidently can't stand him."

Sim gave up her problem and began untying his necktie. Gwen on thinking the matter over decided that she was disappointed in Joan.

"I was awfully nice to her about that Acheson house party," she asseverated. "I didn't pry a bit, and it almost killed me. I do think she might have told of her own accord, don't you?"

"She might as well," Sim said. "You'll get it out of her somehow."

III

"MRS. APPLEGATE is in her morning room, Mr. Iredell," Chambers informed Alex as he unstrapped his pigskin luggage the next afternoon. "She asks that you come there when you are ready to go down. It is across the hall, the second door on the right."

That didn't interest Alex.

"Where's Miss Pennoyer?" he asked.

"I believe Miss Pennoyer is in her room preparing for a motor ride."

"Is there a decent florist in town?"

"There's a gentleman named Fitzgerald who has given Mrs. Applegate satisfaction," Chambers vouchsafed.

"I want you to order some flowers—a corsage of pink bouvardia. Can you get that straight?"

"I think so, sir," said Chambers, outraged that anyone should question his accuracy. "Anything else, sir? Thank you, Mr. Iredell."

Alex changed his traveling clothes for knickerbockers and went downstairs, passing the door of Gwen's morning room with particular caution.

He installed himself with a magazine at the foot of the stairs to wait for Joan. It was an even chance that she would descend before Gwen.

She did. He heard her steps on the stair a few minutes later, but didn't look up until they paused tentatively as though considering retreat.

"Hello, Joan," he said with the casual note she accepted most readily. "Didn't you see me?"

"Not in time evidently," she responded, and stood poised on the step, slim and desirable.

"What's the matter with you, Joan?" he asked. He had come with the sole purpose of finding out.

"Meaning, why don't I answer your letters? There's no use telling you. You'd never believe it."

"What is it?"

"You bore me."

She turned.

"Don't go," he said.

"I must. I don't see the car outside and I've got to ask Gwen about it. I'm running down to Hillsdale to meet Jerry Duane. Gwen telegraphed both of you to take the twelve o'clock from New York and get off there to have some scenery."

"I didn't get any wire, but I'm glad, because it gives me a chance to try and get some explanation from you before Duane gets here."

"No, it doesn't. I've got to start right away."

"I'll ride down with you."

"No room. The chauffeur's ill and I'm taking the roadster."

"You hate me, don't you?"

"Not a bit," said Joan as the most irritating retort she could think of.

"Yes, you do," he insisted, "for some absurd feminine reason. It's a good sign, but I don't intend to leave you hating me when I go back to-morrow night."

She chose to ignore that. Turning she called: "Gwen, the car isn't round yet!"

"Isn't it?" came Gwen's voice from above. "I'll ring again. Alex isn't down there, is he?"

"Yes," Joan answered. "He's getting impatient for you."

Alex let the falsehood pass.

"Look here, Joan," he said doggedly, "if you keep on like this I'm going to raise the devil."

"Really?" Joan answered.

Her tone was casual, but she felt something absurdly like premonition. Just then the motor thrummed under the porte-cochère.

"Here's the car," Joan called to her hostess, and as she started across the hall: "I must say I don't think Peter looks like a very sick man."

"Well, he is," Gwen insisted, appearing at the stairhead. "You'd best come back the long way. It's prettier. Hello, Alex!"

Joan was off, leaving a catholic good-by in the air.

"I am glad to see my presence is officially recognized," Alex said, preferring to take the offensive.

"Didn't Chambers tell you I was waiting in the morning room? He should have. Don't scold. I'm going to be very entertaining. I've been laying a plot; at least I suppose that's what you do before you hatch one. Ring for Chambers, will you? I want to order tea."

Alex did so.

"I hope you'll be nice to him," Gwen went on. "Chambers, I mean. I simply have to launder my vocabulary before I give him an order. It's very trying to arrange parties nowadays, when you not only have to think whether your guests will like each other but whether they'll appeal to your servants."

Chambers appeared.

(Continued on Page 46)

"I'm Going to Have the Garden Cleared of Every Bird That Might Disturb You, and a Moon Lit"

HANDING IT BACK

By KENNETH L. ROBERTS

LET us suppose that a low tennis shoe of the variety familiarly known as a sneaker has been worn for a number of months until it has become soft and flabby and slightly bulged in spots. Let us then suppose that a dog has joyously discovered this sneaker and appropriated it and dragged it round by the toe in a spirit of gay and careless abandon until the toe has been bent down—down dejectedly. After this maltreatment the profile of the sneaker would be very similar to the Czechoslovak state as it appears on all maps issued since the peace conference took its first convulsive and enormously successful steps toward making a mess of Europe. The heel of the Czechoslovak sneaker rests heavily on Austria. The rear end of it—and the opening at the top through which the foot is inserted—snuggles into Germany. The eyelets for the shoe laces are the rich coal districts of Upper Silesia and Teschen. Poland presses down on the eyelets and on the entire toe. The ball of the shoe rubs irritatingly on Hungary, and the tip of the toe is applied snugly to Rumania.

Such a wealth of technical detail is, I fear, apt to confuse and bore the reader. But the condition which exists within Czechoslovakia is so closely connected with the peculiarly wandering shape of the country that I am forced to be technical against my better judgment.

The Contents of the Shoe

CZECHOSLOVAKIA, then, is shaped like an old tennis shoe which has undergone great vicissitudes. The heel section is a bowl rimmed with hills and mountains. At the bottom of the bowl, which goes by the name of Czeski or Bohemia or Böhmen, live the Czechs, or Bohemians—6,000,000 of them; and on the rim of the bowl, forming a palpitating and irregular fringe to the 6,000,000 Czechs, live 3,000,000 Germans. The Germans do not care for the Czechs. They hate them in good German fashion. Nor is the hating in Central Europe confined to the Germans alone. The Czechs are also first-class haters. Say what you will about the peoples of Central Europe, but do not try to cast any reflections on their hating abilities.

So the Czechs and the Germans in the heel section of Czechoslovakia hate each other. It would be unfair to say that the Germans hate the Czechs more than the Czechs hate the Germans. In any sort of official hating contest they would probably tie for first place, along with all the other dominant nationalities in Central Europe. Some people in that section of the world talk loosely about an organization of countries which shall be known as the Danube Federation, but such an organization, I believe, might more expressively be termed the United Hates of Central Europe. The Czechs hate the Germans in the heel of the shoe because the Germans for many hundreds of years oppressed or tried to oppress or talked about oppressing them. And the Germans hate the Czechs because the Czechs are giving them a little taste of their own medicine. They are, as the uncultured sometimes remark, handing it back to the Germans. The Germans are not—or were not in February, 1920, when I visited Czechoslovakia—allowed to have a voice in the framing of the laws under which they must live; and the Czechs frowned on anyone who spoke German. They instructed German business houses to write letters in the Czech language, and to cut out the German. The Germans were getting up an hour earlier every morning and going to bed an hour later every evening so that they could indulge in as much daily hate against the Czechs as the situation seemed to them to demand.

The toe section of the shoe is Slovensko, or Slovakia, which is inhabited largely by Slovaks. There are about 2,000,000 Slovaks in the toe section. But along the sole of the shoe there are upward of 700,000 Hungarians, or Magyars, all busy at the great Central European pastime of hating. Strangely enough, the Hungarians do not hate the Slovaks. But they are filled with a passionate and searing hate for the Czechs who have come down into Slovakia to rule the Slovaks and the Germans and the Hungarians and anyone else who may happen to be within the boundaries of Slovakia. The Hungarians hate the Czechs because they have come down out of Bohemia and driven about 15,000 Hungarians out of Presburg, the ancient Hungarian capital on the Danube, where the kings of Hungary were crowned for upward of 400 years. They hate them because they have seized some very choice territory which Hungary claims has always been Hungarian and is Hungarian and always will be Hungarian.

A Slovak Band in Slovak Ceramic Work—the Height of Something. Center—The Entente Cordiale in Czechoslovakia. Above—The Sleepy Moldau, Prague

Why All This Hating?

IT MUST not be supposed that the Czechs endure all this hating with equanimity. It is not the custom of Central European nations to turn the other cheek or love their neighbors as themselves or anything like that. Any nation that turns the other cheek in Central Europe is almost sure to have its ear torn off, its eye blackened and its gold-plated collar button and its moss-agate cuff links purloined before it can say Jack Robinson, or even refer warningly to that august assemblage, the peace conference. Many people ask why it is that the peace conference should be referred to as an august assemblage or an august body. The reason is very simple. August is a month which makes everybody in Central Europe hot, and so does the peace conference.

But as I was saying, the Czechs do not remain quiescent under the storm of Hungarian hate. No Hungarian can outhate a Czech so long as the Czech's hater has a single cylinder on which to run. The Czechs not only hate the Hungarians in return, but they advertise their hates extensively. Late in February, 1920, in the second year following the great war, the Czechs had erected on the Hungarian-Slovakian border before Presburg great stretches of barbed-wire entanglements, twenty feet in width, against the Hungarians; and behind the entanglements they had dug trenches of the most approved design, and at fifty-yard intervals there were machine guns. Along the

roads there were Czech trenches and barbed wire, as well as along the electric railways and the railroad; while for miles up and down the Danube the bushes on the river bank were laced and entwined with Czech barbed wire.

There were Czech guards and Czech sentries everywhere; and when I started down the Danube from Presburg to Budapest I saw an American woman in uniform—a duly accredited worker for an American relief organization—being searched down to the skin by a woman searcher on the orders of Czech customs officials.

The situation is complicated in Slovakia by a number of fairly well developed hates which exist between the Slovaks and the Czechs.

The Czechs and the Slovaks are both Slav races, but they are divided by the Little Carpathian Mountains, which run diagonally across the country from the top of the shoe laces to the front edge of the heel, so that there is a natural division between the two peoples in spite of the similarity between their languages. But there are other serious differences; such, for example, as the difference in character. The Slovaks are hard working, patient, ignorant, lovable, conservative and very religious people. The Czechs are hard, socialistically inclined and rather contemptuous of religion.

The Czechs are running Slovakia, and Slovakia is full of Czech officials. Like all socialists, the Czechs want to socialize everything in sight, and the Slovaks are not poignantly eager to be socialized. Slovakia is full of Czech soldiers. There is friction here and friction there; friction over this and friction over that. The Czechs are amateurs in some lines of endeavor, but they are highly gifted in the art of rubbing everybody the wrong way.

A Typical Slovak Home. A Hand-Painted Design in Bright Colors at the Bottom Was Done by the Mistress of the House

The Makings of a Comedy

POSSIBLY a great deal of this is due to the sudden exaggeration of national feeling which has swept over the Czechs in the first flush of their freedom, so that Czech culture and Czech ideas and the Czech language and the Czech people seem to them the finest and most beautiful things in all the world; and possibly this national feeling will become less pronounced with the passage of time. But whatever the reason, there is friction in Slovakia between the Slovaks and the Czechs, as well as a vicious, penetrating, outsize, hair-raising hate between the Czechs and the Hungarians. Since the Czech press agents, of whom there are many, will damn me in ear-splitting tones and call me upward of fifty-seven different varieties of a liar for these statements, I will return to them and elaborate on them at another point in my narrative. The extreme toe of the Czechoslovak shoe is the supposedly self-governing state of Rusinia, or Carpathian Russia, inhabited by some 700,000 Rusins, or Ruthenians, or Little Russians. The Rusins have always been known as Ruthenians, but as soon as they obtained their freedom they decided that they wanted to be known as Rusins. I do not know why this is so, and neither apparently do the Rusins. But if they wish to be called Rusins they should be called Rusins, for that advantage appears to be the only one which the Rusins obtained from the great war and the tireless activities of the peace conference.

I have no doubt that the average American is in the same box as myself as regards Rusinia. I had not only never heard of it before starting my European wanderings, but after I had heard of it I couldn't find it on a map. None the less, there are 700,000 of these Rusins; and the supposedly self-governing state of Rusinia forms the extreme, down-drooping toe of the Czechoslovak sneaker; and it has—or it did have in February, 1920—an American president. I am going to tell you about Rusinia at greater length than its size and importance deserve because its story forms a remarkably fine advertisement for the extreme acuteness, omniscience, fair-mindedness, augustness and studiousness of the peace conference. It also forms an excellent groundwork for a three-act comedy. Nothing is lacking. You have the young American who talks Pittsburgh slang and becomes president of a Central European state; you have the natives in picturesque embroidered vests, high black boots and loose white pants with fringes on the bottom; you have an old castle on a hilltop in the dual capacity of seminary and president's home; you have equal parts of intrigue and scenery; you have everything in fact except Mr. George M. Cohan.

The northern boundary of the toe of the Czechoslovak sneaker is the Carpathian Mountains. On the southern side of the mountains live the Rusins. On the northern side of the mountains, in that section of Poland known as Galicia, are the Ruthenians. The Ruthenians and the Rusins are the same people, but they can't get together because of the mountains between them. If each Rusin were equipped with an airplane he could hold regular communication with the Ruthenians across the mountains. Not having airplanes, the Ruthenians and the Rusins cannot mix.

Not being able to trade or mingle with their blood brothers on the northern side of the mountains, the Rusins had all their dealings with the Hungarians to the south. Rusinia is practically a solid mass of mountains, which are covered with pine forests. The valleys, all of them, run down into Hungary. The Rusins took their wood down the valleys, which was the only direction in which they could take it, and sold it to the Hungarians; and the Rusin peasants went down into the fertile Hungarian plains each year, helped to gather the harvests on the Hungarian farms, and went back into Rusinia each autumn with enough foodstuffs to last them through the winter—foodstuffs which the mountainous nature of their own land made it impossible for them to raise. Rusinia was a part of Hungary. Hungary depended on Rusinia for pine wood for building and for mine timbers, and the Rusins depended on Hungary for their food. The Rusins had no dealings with the Czechs and no dealings with the Slovaks.

The Freedom of Rusinia

THE Rusins have always been great hands to emigrate to the United States. There are 700,000 Rusins in Rusinia, and in the United States there are another 500,000 of them. During the time that America stayed neutral the Rusins in America seemed unconcerned over the land of their birth. But as soon as President Wilson came out with his pregnant remarks concerning the rights of small nations the American Rusins sat up and took notice. They decided immediately that they wanted Rusinia to be free. Never before had this idea attained any prominence in Rusin circles. But President Wilson's remarks filled every Rusin-American breast with a passionate longing for a free Rusinia. This movement originated in America and stayed right where it started for a long, long time. The Rusins in Rusinia knew nothing about it. In June, 1918, the Rusins in America got together and elected

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The Old Powder Tower, Prague

The Charles Bridge, Prague

John Huss Square

THE OFFSHORE PIRATE

By F. Scott Fitzgerald

ILLUSTRATED BY LESLIE L. BENSON

THIS unlikely story begins on a sea that was a blue dream, as colorful as blue silk stockings, and beneath a sky as blue as the irises of children's eyes. From the western half of the sky the sun was shying little golden disks at the sea if you gazed intently enough you could see them skip from wave tip to wave tip until they joined a broad collar of golden coin that was collecting half a mile out and would eventually be a dazzling sunset. About halfway between the Florida shore and the golden collar a white steam yacht, very young and graceful, was riding at anchor and under a blue-and-white awning aft a yellow-haired girl reclined in a wicker settee reading The Revolt of the Angels, by Anatole France.

She was about nineteen, slender and supple, with a spoiled, alluring mouth and quick gray eyes full of a radiant curiosity. Her feet, stockingless, and adorned rather than clad in blue satin slippers which swung nonchalantly from her toes, were perched on the arm of a settee adjoining the one she occupied. And as she read she intermittently regaled herself by a faint application to her tongue of a half lemon that she held in her hand. The other half, sucked dry, lay on the deck at her feet and rocked very gently to and fro at the almost imperceptible motion of the tide.

The second half lemon was well-nigh pulpless and the golden collar had grown astonishing in width when suddenly the drowsy silence which enveloped the yacht was broken by the sound of heavy footsteps and an elderly man topped with orderly gray hair and clad in a white flannel suit appeared at the head of the companionway. There he paused for a moment until his eyes became accustomed to the sun, and then seeing the girl under the awning he uttered a long, even grunt of disapproval.

If he had intended thereby to obtain a rise of any sort he was doomed to disappointment. The girl calmly turned over two pages, turned back one, raised the lemon mechanically and then faintly but quite unmistakably yawned.

"Ardita!" said the gray-haired man sternly.

Ardita uttered a small sound indicating nothing.

"Ardita!" he repeated. "Ardita!"

Ardita raised the lemon languidly, allowing three words to slip out before it reached her tongue.

"Oh, shut up"

"Ardita!"

"What?"

"Will you listen to me—or will I have to get a servant to hold you while I talk to you?"

The lemon descended slowly and scornfully.

"Put it in writing."

"Will you have the decency to close that abominable book and discard that damn lemon for two minutes?"

"Oh, can't you lemme alone for a second?"

"Ardita, I have just received a telephone message from the shore ——"

"Telephone?" She showed for the first time a faint interest.

"Yes, it was ——"

"Do you mean to say," she interrupted wonderingly, "'at they let you run a wire out here?"

"Yes, and just now ——"

"Won't other boats bump into it?"

"No. It's too low. It's run along the bottom. Five min ——"

"Well, I'll be darned! Gosh! Science is golden or something—isn't it?"

"Will you let me say what I started to?"

"Shoot!"

"Well, it seems—well, I am up here ——" He paused and swallowed several times distractedly. "Oh, yes. Young woman, Colonel Moreland has called up again to ask me to be sure to bring you in to dinner. His son Toby has come all the way from New York to meet you and he's invited several other young people. For the last time, will you ——"

"No," said Ardita shortly, "I won't. I came along on this darn cruise with the one idea of going to Palm Beach, and you knew it, and I absolutely refuse to meet any darn old colonel or any darn young Toby or any darn old young people or to set foot in any other darn old town in this crazy state. So you either take me to Palm Beach or else shut up and go away."

Her Feet, in Blue Satin Slippers Which Swung Nonchalantly From Her Toes, Were Perched on the Arm of a Settee

"Very well. This is the last straw. In your infatuation for this man—a man who is notorious for his excesses, a man your father would not have allowed so much as to mention your name—you have reflected the demi-monde rather than the circles in which you have presumably grown up. From now on ——"

"I know," interrupted Ardita ironically, "from now on you go your way and I go mine. I've heard that story before. You know I'd like nothing better."

"From now on," he announced grandiloquently, "you are no niece of mine. I ——"

"O-o-o-oh!" The cry was wrung from Ardita with the agony of a lost soul. "Will you stop boring me! Will you go way! Will you jump overboard and drown! Do you want me to throw this book at you!"

"If you dare do any ——"

Smack!

The Revolt of the Angels sailed through the air, missed its target by the length of a short nose and bumped cheerfully down the companionway.

The gray-haired man made an instinctive step backward and then two cautious steps forward. Ardita jumped to her five feet four and stared at him defiantly, her gray eyes blazing.

"Keep off!"

"How dare you!" he cried.

"Because I darn please!"

"You've grown unbearable! Your disposition ——"

"You've made me that way! No child ever has a bad disposition unless it's her family's fault! Whatever I am, you did it."

Muttering something under his breath her uncle turned and, walking forward, called in a loud voice for the launch. Then he returned to the awning, where Ardita had again seated herself and resumed her attention to the lemon.

"I am going ashore," he said slowly. "I will be out again at nine o'clock to-night. When I return we will start back to New York, where I shall turn you over to your aunt for the rest of your natural, or rather unnatural, life."

He paused and looked at her, and then all at once something in the utter childishness of her beauty seemed to puncture his anger like an inflated tire and render him helpless, uncertain, utterly fatuous.

"Ardita," he said not unkindly, "I'm no fool. I've been round. I know men. And, child, confirmed libertines don't reform until they're tired—and then they're not themselves—they're husks of themselves." He looked at her as if expecting agreement, but receiving no sight or sound of it he continued. "Perhaps the man loves you—that's possible. He's loved many women and he'll love many more. Less than a month ago, one month, Ardita, he was involved in a notorious affair with that red-haired Mimi Merril; promised to give her the diamond bracelet that the Czar of Russia gave his mother. You know—you read the papers."

"Thrilling scandals by an anxious uncle," yawned Ardita. "Have it filmed. Wicked clubman making eyes at virtuous flapper. Virtuous flapper conclusively vamped by his lurid past. Plans to meet him at Palm Beach. Foiled by anxious uncle."

"Will you tell me why the devil you want to marry him?"

"I'm sure I couldn't say," said Ardita shortly. "Maybe because he's the only man I know, good or bad, who has an imagination and the courage of his convictions. Maybe it's to get away from the young fools that spend their vacuous hours pursuing me round the country. But as for the famous Russian bracelet, you can set your mind at rest on that score. He's going to give it to me at Palm Beach—if you'll have a little sense."

"How about the—red-haired woman?"

"He hasn't seen her for six months," she said angrily. "I have enough pride to see to that. Don't you know that I can do any darn thing with any darn man I want to?"

"Go on," She Urged. "Lie to Me by the Moonlight. Do a Fabulous Story"

She put her chin in the air like the statue of France Aroused, and then spoiled the pose somewhat by raising the lemon for action.

"Is it the Russian bracelet that fascinates you?"

"No, I'm merely trying to give you the sort of argument that would appeal to your intelligence. And I wish you'd go way," she said, her temper rising again. "You know I never change my mind. You've been boring me for three days until I'm about to go crazy. I won't go ashore! Won't! Do you hear? Won't!"

"Very well," he said, "and you won't go to Palm Beach either. Of all the selfish, spoiled, uncontrolled, disagreeable, impossible girls I have ——"

Splush! The half lemon caught him in the neck. Simultaneously came a hail from over the side.

"The launch is ready, Mr. Farnam."

Too full of words and rage to speak, Mr. Farnam cast one utterly condemning glance at his niece and, turning, ran swiftly down the ladder.

II

FIVE o'clock rolled down from the sun and plumped soundlessly into the sea. The golden collar widened into a glittering island; and a faint breeze that had been playing with the edges of the awning and swaying one of the dangling blue slippers became suddenly freighted with song. It was a chorus of men in close harmony and in perfect rhythm to an accompanying sound of oars cleaving the blue waters. Ardita lifted her head and listened:

Carrots and peas,
Beans on their knees,
Pigs in the seas,
Lucky fellows!
Blow us a breeze,
Blow us a breeze,
Blow us a breeze,
With your bellows.

Ardita's brow wrinkled in astonishment. Sitting very still she listened eagerly as the chorus took up a second verse:

Onions and beans,
Marshalls and Deans,
Goldbergs and Greens
And Costellos.
Blow us a breeze,
Blow us a breeze,
Blow us a breeze,
With your bellows.

With an exclamation she tossed her book to the deck, where it sprawled at a straddle, and hurried to the rail. Fifty feet away a large rowboat was approaching containing seven men, six of them rowing and one standing up in the stern keeping time to their song with an orchestra leader's baton:

Oysters and rocks,
Sawdust and socks,
Who could make clocks
Out of cellos?

The leader's eyes suddenly rested on Ardita, who was leaning over the rail spellbound with curiosity. He made a quick movement with his baton and the singing instantly ceased. She saw that he was the only white man in the boat—the six rowers were negroes.

"Narcissus ahoy!" he called politely.

"What's the idea of all the discord?" demanded Ardita cheerfully. "Is this the varsity crew from the county nut farm?"

By this time the boat was scraping the side of the yacht and a great hulking negro in the bow turned round and grasped the ladder. Thereupon the leader left his position in the stern and before Ardita had realized his intention he ran up the ladder and stood breathless before her on the deck.

"The women and children will be spared!" he said briskly. "All crying babies will be immediately drowned and all males put in double irons!"

Digging her hands excitedly down into the pockets of her dress Ardita stared at him, speechless with astonishment.

He was a young man with a scornful mouth and the bright blue eyes of a healthy baby set in a dark, sensitive face. His hair was pitch black, damp and curly—the hair of a Grecian statue gone brunet. He was trimly built, trimly dressed and graceful as an agile quarterback.

"Well, I'll be a son of a gun!" she said dazedly.

They eyed each other coolly.

"Do you surrender the ship?"

"Is this an outburst of wit?" demanded Ardita. "Are you an idiot—or just being initiated to some fraternity?"

"I asked you if you surrendered the ship."

"I thought the country was dry," said Ardita disdainfully. "Have you been drinking finger-nail enamel? You better get off this yacht!"

"What?" The young man's voice expressed incredulity.

"Get off the yacht! You heard me!"

He looked at her for a moment as if considering what she had said.

"No," said his scornful mouth slowly; "no, I won't get off the yacht. You can get off if you wish."

Going to the rail he gave a curt command and immediately the crew of the rowboat scrambled up the ladder and ranged themselves in line before him, a coal black and burly darky at one end and a miniature mulatto of four feet nine at the other. They seemed to be uniformly dressed in some sort of blue costume ornamented with dust, mud and tatters; over the shoulder of each was slung a small, heavy-looking white sack, and under their arms they carried large black cases apparently containing musical instruments.

"'Ten-*shun!*" commanded the young man, snapping his own heels together crisply. "Right *driss!* Front! Step out here, Babe!"

The smallest negro took a quick step forward and saluted.

"Yas-suh!"

"Take command; go down below, catch the crew and tie 'em up—all except the engineer. Bring him up to me. Oh, and pile those bags by the rail there."

"Yas-suh!"

He saluted again and, wheeling about, motioned for the five others to gather about him. Then after a short whispered consultation they all filed noiselessly down the companionway.

"Now," said the young man cheerfully to Ardita, who had witnessed this last scene in withering silence, "if you will swear on your honor as a flapper—which probably isn't worth much—that you'll keep that spoiled little mouth of yours tight shut for forty-eight hours you can row yourself ashore in our rowboat."

"Otherwise what?"

"Otherwise you're going to sea in a ship."

With a little sigh as for a crisis well passed the young man sank into the settee Ardita had lately vacated, and stretched his arms lazily. The corners of his mouth relaxed appreciatively as he looked round at the rich striped awning, the polished brass and the luxurious fittings of the deck. His eye fell on the book and then on the exhausted lemon.

"Hm," he said, "Stonewall Jackson claimed that lemon juice cleared his head. Your head feel pretty clear?"

Ardita disdained to answer.

(Continued on Page 99)

"Is it a Proposal of Marriage? Extra! Ardita Farnam Becomes Pirate's Bride. Society Girl Kidnaped by Ragtime Bank Robber"

CHASING THE RAINBOW

By GEORGE PATTULLO

IT IS unofficially related that a couple of oil men died and went to heaven. Of course the skeptics will now begin to jeer at the truth of this story. However, that's the way it runs. "You can't get in here," announced the keeper of the pearly gates.

"How come?" they inquired. "Our record's straight."

"Maybe so," was the unruffled reply, "but the place is full up."

The pair drew apart to confer.

"Could you just let us in to take a look round?" they urged. "That won't do any harm surely."

"All right, go ahead. I'll give you half an hour."

The oil men entered. Within ten minutes one of them returned to query the keeper as to the identity of the occupants of an apartment overlooking a choice golden street—what might be called close-in stuff.

"Let's see. Um—yes! Those men are lease hounds from Texas."

The applicant thanked him and rejoined his companion. The minutes passed. Suddenly the keeper was surprised to see a streak flash by him. Presently the two oil men came out.

"Why, I thought you had gone! Who then were those two I saw go out a minute ago?"

"Those fellows from Texas."

"And where have they gone?"

"Well, my partner here happened to mention that he'd heard they'd struck oil in Hades, and they've gone to sign up leases."

Let cavilers scoff at the authenticity of this tale all they like; let them rail that it cannot be substantiated, that it's gross exaggeration—I know men so hard-boiled they will only accept the story of Jonah and the whale with reservations. It nevertheless reflects with some accuracy what is happening in many portions of the United States to-day. Men and women in every walk of life are abandoning the security of choice locations on the boulevard of opportunity to chase the rainbow of oil.

Oil Wells, Goose Creek, Texas

Hope Capitalized for Billions

THE outpouring of good American dollars into the petroleum industry is colossal. During last November 141 companies were organized with a capital in excess of $50,000 each, the aggregate authorized capitalization being $490,760,000. October put this record in the shade, when companies whose authorized capital totaled more than $613,610,000 were floated. That is to say, the indicated investment in the oil industry for only two months of 1919 amounted to $1,104,370,000, and in this compilation the hundreds and hundreds of lesser enterprises organized and financed by individuals or small groups of persons living close to the oil fields are not taken into account. I wonder how much new capital found its way into our railroads during this period?

Plans were under way to float so many new companies in the early part of this year that they threatened to swamp the market. Then money tightened; the Federal Reserve Bank clamped down on loans for speculative purposes; and it may be that the drop in the stock market and a general reaction toward caution and conservatism will nip a lot of these ambitious projects.

During the war it was impossible for the oil boom to attain great proportions, though the opening of new fields started stampedes in portions of the Southwest. The larger production companies had to proceed with caution in development work, and the wildcatter was handicapped by lack of easy money. At the time of the signing of the armistice the indicated investment in the petroleum industry of the United States was $1,809,215,400. Between that date in 1918 and the end of last November the indicated capital jumped to $3,207,797,000.

In other words, the indicated investment in oil increased $1,398,581,600 in eleven months of 1919—practically doubled. And close to four-fifths of this increase came during the last two months of the period under consideration, which suggests that the boom was due to results obtained earlier in the year.

What prompted such an enormous expansion? Surely there must have been a remarkable increase in production to justify doubling the total capitalization of the industry!

According to the preliminary statistics of the United States Geological Survey, production of crude oil in the United States last year totaled 377,719,000 barrels, as against 355,927,716 barrels in 1918. That is an increase of 21,791,284 barrels, or about 6⅛ per cent. Would an increase of 6⅛ per cent in your business cause you to double your capital stock?

Figured in dollars, the increase in production of crude oil amounted to about $41,839,000. Without taking into account production costs, taxes or any other item of expense, that return would mean nearly three per cent on an investment of $1,398,581,000.

Of course these great investments were made with an eye to future development; they represent hopes. But one cannot get away from the fact that the basis of these hopes was a mere 6⅛ per cent growth in the crude oil output, which would seem to indicate a rather extravagant optimism. According to my way of thinking, hope is at the bottom of nine-tenths of the expansion in the oil industry—and nine-tenths of the speculators in oil will end up without even that.

The Champion

TIME was when real-estate promoters were unanimously given the palm for all classes of lying—picturesque, scientific, catch-as-catch-can, imaginative and Greco-Roman. Golfers, book agents and stock peddlers by mail were their only real competitors. To-day there is a new and undisputed champion—the oil promoter.

Wild exaggeration, willful misstatement and misrepresentation, the circulation of incredible rumors seem to be part and parcel of the oil game. Many men of honest intention who are engaged in the business succumb to the lure of accepting what they wish to believe, and lend credence to the vicious oil propaganda by passing the rumors along as genuine. I know successful business men of high integrity who have relied without question on third or fourth hand reports from scouts and touts whose characters and reputations were such that they could not have gained admittance to private offices in the course of everyday transactions. Gambling in oil is a fever which causes men to discard common sense and prudence.

To appreciate at its worth the character of the oil boom and the bulk of persons engaged in trying to wrest fortunes from it one must visit a few of the oil towns and watch the crowds in the hotel lobbies and exchanges. Picture to yourself the sort of lobby one can find in hotels in hundreds of the lesser towns. Chairs are ranged round the walls and in front of the windows looking on the street. From the latter place of vantage guests were wont to loaf and view the passing traffic, giving the ladies the once-over while waiting for the five-fifteen in the humdrum days before the boom. But now nobody has leisure to sit. The lobby is packed with surging humanity; it looks like a political convention, minus the bands.

Blackboards on the walls, blackboards nailed to pillars, blackboards hung to the crook of the stairs—and all of them quoting local oil stocks. An enterprising lease hound has installed a table office on the first landing of the stairs overlooking the lobby, which enables him to bellow down to customers below and hear when they bellow at him. The girl at the cigar counter will sell you either a Lizzie Lou

at ten cents straight or a lease on some stuff only four miles from a producing well at twenty dollars an acre. Her boss is dividing his time between blueprints and shaking dice with customers.

The noise and the constant milling about are bewildering. It would be hard to find a more heterogeneous crowd. Wide-hatted cowmen, fresh from the range; farmers in huge black felt hats, dark clothes and celluloid collars; drillers wearing red corduroy shirts, with diamonds on their chests that make you blink; salesmen and business men from the cities, attired in their oldest suits, for travel in the oil country is ruinous to clothes; bankers and lawyers and doctors; lynx-eyed gamblers, hot on the trail of easy money; women peddling leases and stocks, and also women of the oldest profession on earth; drivers of rent cars and their fares, spattered with red mud from head to foot; oil scouts in brogans and leather coats, looking like civil engineers on a jaunt in town after a hard month.

And everybody is toting round a bundle of maps and blue prints. Five out of six of the men sport headlights in their shirt bosoms or dazzle the eyes with a single flick of the finger.

About the easiest things to sell in an oil town enjoying a boom are diamonds. I have seen scores of roughnecks, as the drillers' helpers are called, wearing big stones that would bring $1000 anywhere—and the ground-in grime of their work still on their hands. But as Diamond Jim Brady once remarked to a critic of his splendor, "Them that has 'em wears 'em."

Close-In Leases

AS YOU enter this maelstrom a dozen pairs of greedy eyes take you in from head to foot, appraising you as a prospect. And you haven't moved a yard before somebody sidles up to you and inquires in a cautious undertone if you would like to buy some close-in stuff.

Close-in stuff is the stock in trade of the lease hound. He talks it from dawn to dawn, at his meals and in his sleep. Naturally the term has a magic sound to the speculator or buyer. To be close to a producing well seems to him almost a guaranty of finding oil, so that close-in stuff always commands fine prices. In reality it may mean nothing. Dry holes have been found within twenty yards of a gusher. Sometimes there will be a rich pool on one side of a fence, and nothing but dusters on the other. And as for the distance of half a mile—and most of the alleged close-in stuff peddled by curb brokers is anywhere from half a mile to a mile away—it may be as fatal to oil prospects as forty miles. In fact, close-in stuff bears the same relation to actual producing territory as Sixth Avenue does to Fifth Avenue in regard to choice locations.

Texas Rangers Guarding Oil Properties

Perchance you espy an acquaintance amid this mass of shifting humanity and pause for a word with him. Hardly have you passed the time of day before a suspicious-looking individual with a harassed, important expression, whose air suggests that he is carrying something secret and precious about with him and is in fear it may be stolen, gives a tug to your friend's elbow and nods mysteriously toward another part of the lobby. Right in the middle of a sentence, and without a word of explanation or excuse, your friend abandons you and hustles off in the wake of this person. You see them conferring earnestly, close together, talking in whispers.

Of course the man who interrupted has heard something—*ah, oui*—he's picked up something hot from the stove and is passing the tip along. Probably he got it from somebody he never set eyes on before, whose informant was a scout who had overheard a couple of officials of one of the big companies in conversation in the elevator, one of whom had remarked that things looked better to-day—referring to the weather. And this was interpreted to mean that the company's new well, Last Hope Number Eight, was about to come in a gusher—maybe 2000 barrels—which would make all that track owned by Old Man Tatum, which he was holding for sixty dollars an acre, worth a coupla hundred easy. A minute, and away dashes your friend to invest five or six thousand dollars on the strength of this official information. With him goes his informant, sticking closer than a burr, for of course he will receive a percentage. I may remark in passing that the bulk of the leasing in wildcat territory is just as loose as this.

Burkburnett Field, Texas

Hush Stuff

IT IS practically impossible to talk three consecutive minutes to anybody in an oil town during the excitement following the opening of a new field. If you want to hold a man long enough to borrow a match you've got to lock him in a room. They are all tearing round, red-eyed from lack of sleep and everything, as nervously tense and eager as hound dogs on a warm scent. Every mother's son of them is tinglingly afraid he may miss a chance, and so during the livelong day and until two or three o'clock in the morning he courses madly about the lobbies and lease-brokers' offices, or wherever oil men congregate. There is enough lost motion in the oil-boom towns to run the United States Steel plants.

They are great on mystery. Whisper! Ssh! Ssh! Whisper! A wink, a nod, and the hungriest man in town will leap from the table to learn the latest dope. All done with heads close together, as though spies were lying in wait at every turn to steal their information—and the joke of it all is that ninety-nine per cent of them might just as well shout what they know from the housetops for all the value it has.

And it's amazing how many oil experts we have with us. A newcomer to a field feels a measure of embarrassment to hear everybody he meets talking in technical terms—discoursing illuminatingly on outcroppings and Dutcher sand and rotary rigs and flow by heads and specific gravity and

(Continued on Page 186)

WAY I SEE IT

By SINCLAIR LEWIS

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

A tale of unparalleled woe, as related by young Mr. Ray Moller, former salesman for Tribby, Burkett & Day, real estate, to his friend, Mr. McNew, of the Crescent Sign and Poster Company. Diligent research has determined that these confidences were revealed at the Good Red Beef Chop House in the city of Vernon; and it is believed that at the time Mr. Moller was lunching upon hash creole.

LET me tell you right now, Mac, I'm not going to boast or anything, but believe me, there's nobody that can give me the razz and get away with it; and that's why I threw up my job and simply refused to work for Tribby, Burkett & Day one second longer. Bum firm anyway, to tell the truth.

You know how I am; you've seen me there in the office. I'm awful easy to get along with if anybody hands me a square deal, but nobody can put anything over on me. I stand up for my rights. I guess Homer Huff felt foolish when I up and quit on him. But he got just what was coming to him. Course it's a good firm, but I wouldn't stand Huff. See how I mean?

There's one funny thing about me: I can tell just what a man's like the first time I lay an eye on him. But I did get fooled for once in sizing up Huff. That's why I want to tell you how it happened. You don't want to get the idea for one second that I cared for my rotten old job. I just want to illustrate to you how hard it is to tell about a crank like Homer Huff. It's like I said to Sim Jenson.

"You can't most always sometimes tell," I said, and Sim said to me: "Ray, that's exactly the idea."

See how it is?

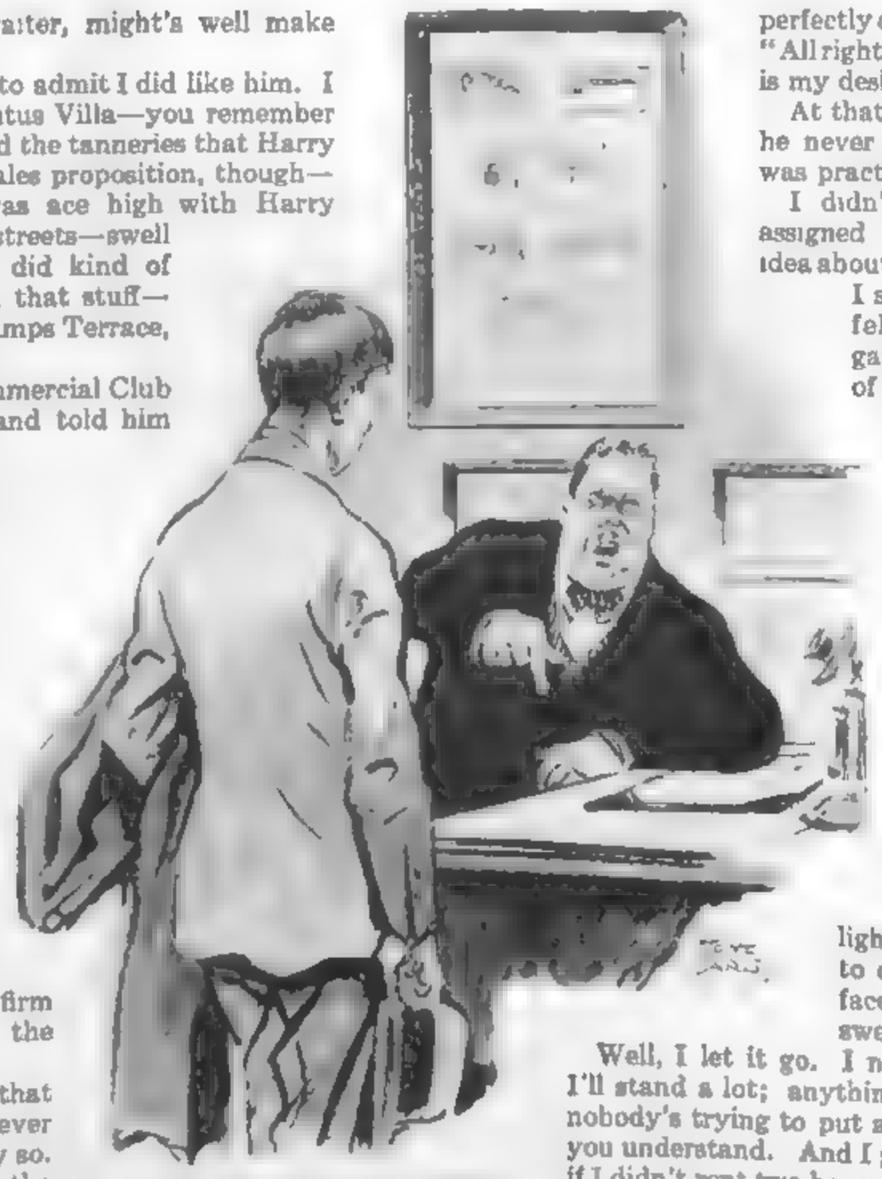
Way I see it, Huff's character is just naturally soured. He hasn't got any ideals or sense of humor. Man like that, you can't do anything with him; mistake to go on tolerating him; only thing to do is to tell him he can throw his old job in the lake, way I did.

You know we salesmen used to call Huff by the nickname of Old Huffy. Pretty good take-off, don't you think that is? Well, I guess I was the very first fellow to give him that name. Get it? Huff—Huffy. Way I look at it—and I don't want to hand myself anything, but if I just see a thing once I guess I can come pretty dog-gone near getting onto the philosophy of it, all rightee—that's how he is. Kick him in the face—that's all he can understand, see?

Well, here's how it all happened—huh? No, thanks; no coffee for me; I find it hurts my digestion; never touch it at lunch, hardly ever—hey, wait, don't know but what I will, too, just this noon. Large cup with cream—or say, waiter, might's well make mine a pot.

First time I met Huff I got to admit I did like him. I was selling lots out at Arbutus Villa—you remember that bum development behind the tanneries that Harry Jason flivvered on? Good sales proposition, though—swell commission—and I was ace high with Harry Jason—fact, I named all the streets—swell names. You know I always did kind of have a fancy for poetry and that stuff—Magnolia Lane and Beauchamps Terrace, and so on. High-class stuff.

I ran into Huff at the Commercial Club banquet; sat next to him and told him what I was doing with Arbutus. Well, make long story short, Huff offered me thirty cold bucks a week to go to work for him in the rental department at Tribby, Burkett & Day's. He'd just recently been made manager of the department. And say, you'd of thought that night that nothing was too good for me. Huff gave me a cigar and slapped me on the back and called me "my boy," and said: "You're too bright a fellow to be hitched up with a fly-by-night tin horn like Harry Jason. You want to come to a real firm where you can grow up with the business."



He Yelped at Me. "In This Office the Saving of the Country Begins at Eight-Thirty A. M. Daily"

And I fell for it—me, that there aren't so very many ever put it over on me, if I do say so. I walked with Huff over to the Fandall Avenue car line and told him about my ideas for triple-deckers, and you'd of thought we were a couple of old college chumps, you might say.

But the first morning I showed up to work for him—the very first morning—once I'd quit Harry Jason and was at Huff's mercy—was old Huffy chummy? In a pig's eye he was! I blew in about ten o'clock—course no boss that was a human being had ought to expect a fellow to be a stickler about office hours on the first day when he was just learning the ropes—kind of on a vacation, you might say. I breezed up to Huff's desk and looked at him in a way that'd of showed any decent fellow that I wanted to be friendly and work together with him, and I told him: "Well, boss, here's little Ray all ready to save the country."

You'd of thought he'd of laughed, wouldn't you? 'Stead of that he looked me over like I was a book agent, and he snarled—oh, he's got the meanest, nastiest, doggondest unpleasantest way—he yelped at me: "In this office the saving of the country begins at eight-thirty A. M. daily."

Well, d' you know, I had a darn' good notion to quit right there. Bawling me out because I showed my good will! First crack out of the box! Can you beat it? But thinks I, "Oh, he's just fooling," so I kind of looked dignified to show him he'd better not presume on his position, and I says perfectly cool and businesslike: "All right, jus' you say. Which is my desk?"

At that, he's so dumm I bet he never got the fact that I was practically snubbing him.

I didn't like the desk he assigned me. I've got some idea about office lighting; fact, I suppose I'm the only fellow in the realty game in the entire city of Vernon that's got what you might call anything like a scientific knowledge of lighting problems. I'd made a study of it, see? So I kicked about the way the desk faced the window, and old friend Huff, he looked sore as a crab.

If truth were known, guess he felt kind of cheap that I'd showed him up about this lighting proposition, and to cover up he shot his face off about what a swell desk it was and all.

Well, I let it go. I never start anything; I'll stand a lot; anything for peace, long as nobody's trying to put anything over on me, you understand. And I got busy, and darned if I didn't rent two houses to a couple of tough old prospects the very first day, and say, maybe the other fellows weren't jealous of me! But Huff didn't say anything; just grunted—him that had been so mouthy at the banquet when we met. Yes, sir, it was the big boss, old Burkett himself, that congratulated me and told me they were tickled to death to have me with 'em!

Guess maybe that didn't grind Huffy, to hear his own subordinate getting a swell line of appreciation from his own superior—from the president of the firm! He looked mad as a wet hen. You bet! But I didn't rub it in. I just grinned and told Burkett I'd do all I could to put some pep in the firm, and got busy digging into the prospect file.

What you might call the first real fracas between Huffy and I was over my car. Huffy wanted to get me a bum old secondhand flivver to take prospects out to see houses in, though both the salesmen of the Guarantee Realtors, that handled about the same line of business and customers that I did, had swell Disselbourgs. I put it right up to Huffy. And do you know—not that I believe in brass or anything like that; I think a fellow should be modest and hep to all his faults and study to improve 'em way I always do. But still I always have sort of prided myself on having nerve enough to tackle most any kind of proposition. But do you know—and I hadn't been with the firm but four days—Huff had almost got my goat? And darned if I didn't find it hard to brace him for a decent car.

And he turned me down like a mice. Turning down is the easiest thing that old grouch does. And whadyuh think finally sold the idea for me? Why, the big boss himself, old Burkett, happened to waft in, and he asked what was the big stew all about, and I told him. Burkett suggested I might use the nifty little Schnitzel sedan that was assigned to Huff himself whenever Huff wasn't using it—and that was most of the time.

Well, Huffy blew up like a molasses factory. Said he wouldn't trust me with his boat. You know how I am, Mac. I'll stand any amount of joshing, long's a guy is a gentleman, but when they step beyond the bonds—and it don't make no never-minds if it's my boss or anybody else—yes, by golly, even if my girl, Sue, gets too fresh with me—why, then I just get as cold and dignified as a United States senator. That's how it was this time. I just shipped old Huffy one frozen visage, charges collect, and I says: "Mister Huff"—just like that; chilly as a lemon ice-cream soda—"Mister Huff," I said, "I've taken the full course in motor repairing at the Y. M. C. A.," I said, "and I guess I'm not going to have the ears scared off me by chuffing a car round on city boulevards."

Burkett got it. Tickled him stiff to see me call Huffy. He said: "Let him have it, Huff," and walked off.

I'll Stand Any Amount of Joshing, Long's a Guy Is a Gentleman, But When They Step Beyond the Bonds, Why, Then I Just Get as Cold and Dignified as a United States Senator

"I Wonder if You Expect an Intelligent Stenographer to Waste Her Time Listening to Your Misspellings of Inappropriate Words"

And do you know, Huff never even looked at me! Too everlastingly crushed to let a single yip out of him. Just said, "I keep the key in this box with the rubber bands," and turned his back on me.

Honest, I was sorry for the poor zob, having it put all over him. And that was one sweet little darling of a car—that sedan. And say, Mac—now for Pete's sake, don't go telling this; Huffy never got onto it, and of course I was always careful of the machine—but say, maybe I didn't have one-two nice little joy-rides in that sedan with Sue and Sim Jenson and Sim's girl!

But's I was saying, I saw there were bad times coming. It made me sore. I really wanted to glom onto that job for keeps.

There's some knockers in this burg—course I never pay any attention to 'em; there's some folks that it don't seem as if they could be happy without they're shooting off their faces and trying to get somebody in Dutch; and way I figure it, it's beneath a fellow's dignity to notice 'em; but there's some hammer throwers in this little ole hamlet that say I ain't steady and that I don't hold onto jobs. And I wanted to show 'em I could keep this one, and I liked Burkett. Not wishing Huff no harm, still I figured out that in the course of time I could just neatly lift the old crab's job off him, and with me as manager the rental department would show a little speed, and Burkett and me would get along like a coupla sunbeams in the merry springtide, ho!

And I had a swell five-dollar room at Ma Stirner's, right next to the bathroom practically, and there was a dandy joint where I could get breakfast right round the corner, and me and Sue were thick as thieves—engaged, you might say; and, believe me, if there's any prettier telephone girl in town than Sue just lead me to her, that's what I say! So, you see, I was settled down like an old ladies' home, and I wanted to coax the job along.

But I saw there was going to have to be an understanding between Huffy and I, and one of two things—either I'd up and quit, or sometime when he got just a little bit too flip I'd make him eat his words.

And now I'm out of a job and Sue don't hardly seem to know whether we're sure-enough engaged or not and—but, Mac, I'm going to stick to her through everything. There's no other girl I'll ever look at besides her. When I go to New York—I figure that there, where they'll appreciate a fellow, I ought to be making five thousand bucks a year inside of eight-nine years, and then I'll send for her, and oh, you joyous weddink bells! That's the kind of a fellow I am—count on me to stick. And she's too swell a skirt for this bum city. New York, that's her class.

But—well, 's I was saying, I guess about the second real scrap I had with Huff, not counting lot of times he was sarcastic and I let him have it right back, you bet—second row was over that punk stenographer, you know her, that Tillie Groat; stuck-up little nit; can't write "cat" without getting too many Z's in it, and the way she wears her hair, prissy stuff, parted in the middle like she was a saint—some saint, all right! Worse temper than old Huffy himself, and ignorant as a Finn lumberjack!

Trouble started: I was nice to Tillie same's I am to everybody—you know how I am, Mac. I guess maybe I jollied her a little, but nothing but a little fun, you understand, like calling her Millie the Monk and Willie the Catawampus, and things like that—you know how I can make up funny names for people—I don't claim any special credit for it, just comes natural. Did you know I was the first one to call Huff old Huffy?

Well, it used to get Tillie sore. She thought I was trying to be flip, and she insisted I had to call her Miss Groat.

"Sure," I said; "you got the right idea, sister. Us highbrows is long on the formal stuff. All right, kiddo; I'll call you by your full name mit the handle on it."

And then whadyuh think I called her? Miss Goat! Sa-a-y, maybe I didn't have her wild!

Then bimeby I kind of got to liking her. Me and Sue had been having a little spat, and I will admit Tillie looked good to me, though I can't say I care much for those skinny, serious dames with no pep and fun to 'em. Neither Tillie nor Huff got a sense of humor, and whatever ails me, I do have one elegant sense of humor; it's just natural with me. Don't you think a sense of humor and the ability to see your own faults are the most necessary things a fellow could have, Mac?

Well, 's I was saying, I didn't care much for Tillie. But I could see she was getting moony about me, and one time I sort of patted her on the head—made out like there was something the matter with the way her hair was fixed. But, my heavens, just kidding her—same's I would the Queen of Patagonia if she walked into my office!

But Tillie—it does beat all Hades how seriously these dames can take themselves and any little thing a fellow says to 'em—she goes and gets an idea I'm making love to her, and she gives me to understand she's all plenty engaged up mit a young dentist out in Rosebank, and will little Ray can the flirtatious chatter? And she didn't think I was such a much-a-much anyway, even if I was her superior, and she'd take my dictation, but she wouldn't take my lip and—man, you never heard anything like the way she threw it into me! I mean, she thought she was handing it to me. But Lord, I never paid the slightest attention to her squawking, no more'n a rabbit!

Well, that got me kind of irate—her having the gall to think Ray Moller would think of falling for her. Why, say, when I marry it's going to be somebody with class, like Sue, that can put up a front anywhere! And I'll back Sue to kid any of these sassiety wrens up on the Boulevard and get away with it to a fare you well—yes, and in New York too, and just between you and I, Sue thinks I'm the candy kid myself!

So I says: "All right, Miss Goat; we'll strictly observe office eti"—what was it I said now? Oh, yes! Sure; that was it! "We'll just observe business etiquette," I says.

And I did. When she made a bull in my letters maybe I didn't bawl her out for fair! She'd gone and asked for it, hadn't she?

And then—you remember how it was? I had to share her time with Huffy and two other salesmen. Believe me, that was some punk arrangement. It cer'nly did use to give me a pain to have to sit round waving my feet in the air waiting for Tillie to get through with Huffy's long-winded dictating. Why, say, that fellow Huff may know a little something about real estate, but he's so plumb illiterate that when he tries to compose a letter he Fletcherizes his words—like this:

"Dear—uh—dear—uh—dear sir—In reply to your—in reply to your—in reply to your favor would say that—uh—that—uh—would say that—uh—the house regarding which you ask about is still unrented—no, cross that out, Miss Groat. Make it, is still available. No, no! Leave it the way it was."

Oh, it used to get me simply wild to have to listen to him, and me all ready to sling out a nifty little epistle if I could just get hold of that scrub stenog. Well, after our talkee-talkee, blamed if Tillie didn't try to take it out on me by deliberately putting the other fellows' letters ahead of mine, and if I spoke to her about it she'd do the injured innocent and pipe up: "I'm very sorry, but I have to finish Mr. Huff's mail first." Oh, gee, girls, aren't we the snippy little schoolma'ams! I could of slapped her!

But I got even. She wasn't very long on vocabulary and—I don't want to toot my own horn or anything, but I will say that all through my two years—almost practically two years—in high school I put it all over the class in English, and I used to read The Merchant of Venice aloud. The English teacher said I could spout it like a regular actor, and if I haven't got anything else I certainly have got a three-ring vocabulary. So 'stead of giving her a lot of lowbrow junk like she was accustomed to from Huff and the other roughnecks I'd gabble off something like this:

"Dear Sir: As to further details regarding the many elegancies and refinements of apartment mentioned, would

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"Mr. Burkett," I Says, "I've Fired This Yahoo. But I Guess He Wants to Fire Me Instead and Take My Job. How About It?"

White Lights and a Lean Larder

By FORREST CRISSEY

Horse-Drawn Combined Harvester in Field, Eastern Oregon

NEXT fall, "When the frost is on the pumpkin and the fodder's in the shock," the citizens of this country are going to receive some returns with a personal kick to them that will make those from the tally sheets under the head of Presidential Electors seem cold, remote and inconsequential. And a very large proportion of those who awaken to the fact that we have been making a national decision other than that of choosing a new chief occupant for the White House are going to get the jolt of their lives when the real punch of this collateral and almost noiseless ballot is delivered to their inner consciousness.

Those who are headed to receive the full force of this shock belong to the smug class of city dwellers who live without the slightest realizing sense that they have any personal relation to the farm. And the extent of this metropolitan public, whose members would define wheat as something sold on the Board of Trade and milk as a costly fluid left on doorsteps, is amazing.

Of course the towns and the cities are full of men who have come in from the country and carved out careers in the great industrial and social centers, who could, on a pinch, tell a head of barley from other cereal samples in husk if they were allowed to finger its whiskers—but the speed with which these transplanted farm boys can forget their direct economic dependence upon the fruit of the farmer's toil is somewhat surprising. However, they are scheduled for an excellent opportunity to recall that dependence when the returns are in from the farms this fall.

You may not believe in fairies—but this is the big political season when all American citizens pin their faith to straw ballots. One of the biggest and most important straw votes of this presidential year has just been taken under Federal auspices, and its results make the question of who is going to move into the White House next March look like a side issue—at least to those who still retain a theoretical knowledge of the fact that foodstuffs are grown on farms, not in grocery stores, markets and milk depots.

The Scarcity of Man Power

THIS straw ballot, in the form of a nation-wide survey by the Department of Agriculture, reveals the facts that the productive punch of the farm is being sapped by the insatiable demands of industry and that if this leeching process is not stopped before long agriculture is going to be bled white and the frolicking city dwellers are going to stop the cabaret jazz dance long enough to inquire: "Where is the food?"

Fortunately the Secretary of Agriculture is a man of enough vision to see that the big job right now for his department is to compel the people outside of agriculture to do a little plain, open-eyed thinking on the subject of their relation to agriculture—otherwise this survey on the cut in farm production and its causes would not have been made. Possibly the fact that he discovered, soon after taking his chair, that industry was raiding his official household and taking scores of his ablest lieutenants, at salaries which his appropriation handicaps did not permit him to pay, may have helped to a livelier realization that the same process of depletion was taking the pep out of the farmer and slowing down his productive capacity.

When the administrative head of a great organization confronts the fact, as did Secretary Meredith, that his loss of valued men in the fiscal year is more than 12,000—not counting those who were removed or dropped as temporary—and that they were absorbed by industry at an average increase in salary of fifty-one per cent, it is not strange that he suspects that industry is out on a raid. In a single bureau of the department 178 men went out. Of these the salaries of 158 were known, and these represented an average increase of $4940, or 339 per cent. But the Secretary of Agriculture must get his pay-roll funds from Congress—not from a board of directors of business men—and consequently he must stand the gaff as best he can, in spite of the fact that the pay roll of his department is very likely the best profit producer in which Uncle Sam's money is invested.

But the American farmer doesn't have to ask Congress for an O. K. to his pay roll or for running orders, either, which is one reason why his attitude toward the raid of industry on his man power and his decision on production for 1920 are matters of direct personal concern to every man, woman and child in America, and more than justify a special straw ballot involving the sending of thousands of letters and telegrams to Uncle Sam's trained corps of reporters on crops and agricultural conditions throughout the country.

Reduced to their least common denominator, these thousands of reports show conclusively that farm production is this year going to suffer a decided slow-down—not because the farmers are going on a strike but because the city has robbed them of their man power and they cannot help themselves; that thousands of farms are being entirely abandoned as to operation and thousands of farmhouses left empty of tenants; that other thousands of farmhouses serve their main purpose as overflow dwellings for industrial wage workers who cannot find housing accommodations in near-by towns and cities; that almost innumerable farms will be only partially worked by their owners, who are too old to go into the factories and plants to reap the harvest of high wages that have drawn their sons, daughters and hired hands into the zone of the bright lights; that farmers have been feeding the wage workers and the rest of the world at less than a living wage, at least in the latter-day definition of that term, and that farmers generally are decidedly tired of working twelve and even fifteen hours a day to feed industrial workers who limit their own day to eight hours and receive a wage that looks "beyond the dreams of avarice" to the tired, plugging tiller of the soil.

There are many other things which the haul of this great dragnet has brought to the surface which could be studied with great profit by the busy and important men at the heads of chambers of commerce, commercial associations, booster clubs and labor unions—not to speak of city merchants and housewives.

In this haul, too, there is special food for thought for ambitious prosecuting attorneys whose favorite idea of a safe and sure way of making a showing has apparently been to climb to greatness as the champions of the baby's milk bottle. "Get after the profiteering dairy farmers," has long been a favorite slogan with city prosecutors and officials generally. A patient perusal of the returns of this agricultural straw ballot may suggest to these metropolitan make-a-showing prosecutors that if this pastime of hunting rube scalps is continued much longer the family milk bottle is likely to be about as scarce an article on the doorsills of city apartments as are bottles of Old Scotch at the present period of national drought.

Unless I read this straw vote with a prejudiced eye the dairy farmer is about through with his morning and evening finger exercises over the milk pail unless he is permitted to make at least as good a wage for his thirteen hours of toil as a sixteen-year-old boy is paid for eight hours at the treadle of a factory punch press—and this without any more pestering indictments or profiteering back talk!

A Canvass for Facts

AND the industrious business agent of the union, whose motto is also "Make a showing," might do worse than to fix his thoughts for a moment upon the future of the lowly milk bottle and the man in the cow stable. Before he decides to give the wage jack another turn he might well pause to consider whether it is going to be the last squeeze that will burst the can of the milk supply for his own family and the families of his union brothers.

Still another fact revealed by this country-wide survey of agricultural conditions is that the farmer has been producing pork at a loss. If the antihog sentiment among farmers is not checked by prices which yield him at least a shadow of profit the sedentary porker seems doomed to become a rarity in the feeding states.

But first for a bird's-eye view of this coast-to-coast examination of the situation and the attitude of farmers toward production!

Here is the situation as seen by Dr. Henry C. Taylor, now chief of the Office of Farm Management, Department of Agriculture. It is not a snap judgment, a casual opinion based on haphazard evidence. His foundation of fact is the mass of reports sent in by thousands of experienced crop reporters all over America whose judgment and vision have been carefully tested. The dragnet which brought in these intimate data from every important agricultural commonwealth of the country consisted of about a hundred telegrams to state directors and field agents of the Coöperative Crop Reporting Service and to the directors of extension work in state universities.

The state directors of the crop-reporting service sent telegrams and letters to their official crop reporters throughout each state calling for an immediate report, covering

their localities, as to the attitude of farmers toward increasing or reducing production, and the reasons for their attitude. In some states 1500 or more of these urgent inquiries were dispatched; in virtually every state the state director had several hundred careful reports from trained observers on which to base his own analysis of state conditions.

Doctor Taylor's Opinion

IN ORDER that the opinion of Doctor Taylor, as based on this nation-wide report of local conditions, may be taken at its fair valuation it should be said that probably there is not in America a sounder or abler master of agricultural economics; that until very lately he has been a farmer himself—and a very successful one, too—and knows the problems of the farmer at first hand. From the vantage point of a survey combing the whole country this able economist says:

"The farmers of the country are not up in arms. They are pushing steadily ahead and producing what they can. They show a fine spirit. They also show no more than a reasonable amount of prudence in limiting operations to what they find themselves in a position to handle with some hope of a reasonable return. Since 1918 wages have been rising very much more rapidly than prices. This is likewise true of the cost of all the tools and machinery which the farmer has to buy. During the war he was using machinery he had bought at pre-war prices. He is now having to replace much of this at an advance of 100 per cent over old prices. Thus when the farmer is buying the product of the city man he pays at least double the price he paid before the war. Likewise when he hires help he pays double the price he paid before the war.

"Is it not obvious, therefore, that he should expect to receive double the price for his produce this year as before the war? The objection on the part of the consumer to paying this price discourages production and will tend to limit the supply, with the well-known effect upon prices. There are those who believe that we are permanently on a new price level. But during the period of unrest involved in making the adjustment of prices of all products to the new level, or in case we are not on a permanent basis a readjustment on the basis of the old level, there is grave danger of suffering due to uneven production.

A Modern Tractor Mows, Rakes, Loads and Hauls Your Hay, But Won't Eat a Bit of It

"Fortunately the farmer is not in a state of mind to strike and leave the city man without a product. He is going steadily on doing what he can with his own hands, and I think anyone who knows the situation will not blame him for being conservative about investing more than $100 a month in cash and board for hired men who, under unfavorable weather conditions, may not be employed in productive labor much more than half of the time, and the product of whose labor is wanted by the consumer at a price below the cost of production. The time is ripe for the city man to recognize that the farmer should be as well paid for his services as any other member of society using equal skill and energy in producing the things which are wanted. That is all the farmer asks for. Who would deny him this?"

Now for another expert and wholly independent view of the food-production situation as revealed by these thousands of reports from all over the country. Leon M. Estabrook, chief of the Bureau of Crop Estimates, is Uncle Sam's specialist in this line of diagnosis. His batting average is high and his forecasts have given him the confidence of farmers, traders and food-product manufacturers over a long term of years. Mr. Estabrook makes this terse diagnosis:

"The supply of hired farm labor in the United States is only 72.4 per cent of a normal supply, which compares with 84.4 per cent of a normal supply a year ago, indicating a decrease for the year of nearly fifteen per cent, notwithstanding that wages are fifteen to twenty-five per cent higher than they were last year according to reports received in the Bureau of Crop Estimates. Farmers are unable, or at least believe they are unable, to meet the competition of cities for such labor. Inasmuch as crops cannot be produced without labor, such a situation cannot fail to have an effect upon production and therefore have a tendency to maintain high prices for farm products."

Eight-Hour Farmers

"NOT only is farm labor scarcer than usual but it is less efficient, according to reports of farmers generally. Those who are attracted to towns, cities and public works get more pay and work fewer hours than they did when on the farms, and those who remain on farms are demanding shorter hours also. There is wide complaint among farmers of the eight-hour movement.

"The total acreage in crops will probably be reduced, though not in the same proportion as the reduction in the labor supply because the farmers themselves, with their families, are exerting practically their full powers. Cultivation will be more extensive—that is, less intensive—than formerly. More land will be put into grass and crops which require a minimum of labor. Crops will be less intensively cultivated than when labor is plentiful. The farm-labor

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Palouse Wheat Fields, Washington

DERELICT ISLE

By Elizabeth Frazer

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR D. FULLER

A Tale of Reconstruction

"You Lazy Devil—You're Getting as Gross as Kaiser Guillaume. A Good Soldier Should be Thin"

MADAME CECIL, queen of Derelict Isle, was debating within herself a problem. It was a hard problem, a desperate, desolate problem of harsh reality involving the suicide of a very good friend of hers—a friend who at that very moment, less than ten feet away from her particular gay, flag-draped corner of the barracks where she dispensed wine and wisdom to the derelicts of her realm, sat pushed back from the big central eating table, his wooden leg stretched upon a chair, his leather leg stuck out straight before him like that of a fat, overstuffed sawdust doll, and with his thin face alive with merriment regaled his comrades, ex-poilus and derelicts all, with jokes which kept them in a constant roar of laughter. He was, in fact, relating to them the night adventures of one Monsieur Revenant, the ghost of his own leg, who still haunted the battlefields and by all accounts was a very naughty fellow indeed.

He was in fine form to-day, Monsieur No Legs—Pas de Jambes, as his friends affectionately nicknamed him. He did not look in the least as if he contemplated suicide, or any other shocking, unconventional escapade. On the contrary, in his faded horizon-blue tunic, with his curly blond hair standing on end, his blue eyes shining with gayety and his thin cheeks tinged with color, he looked like a jolly tousled young recruit, flushed by the good wine inside of him, the rude jokes of his comrades and the joy of physical life surging warm and strong through his veins. But his legs—one wooden to the thigh and the other with a great leather contrivance strapped about the knee—the two canes by his chair, the heavy violet shadows beneath the unconquered blue eyes and the deep vertical furrows on either side of the smiling mouth revealed the fact that this young Frenchman belonged to that vast forgotten army of derelicts, millions strong, which the war had cast upon the shores of peace, wrecked, battered, broken, and then left to creep back to life—or to die.

It was plain that among all that company of comrades gathered at the table there was none who suspected that Monsieur Pas de Jambes had made the fight of his life and had lost that fight. None save Madame Cecil, watching him furtively out of the tail of her eye as she chatted now with one now with another of the men as they lounged up to her counter for a smoke or advice upon their work in the fields, suspected that Monsieur Pas de Jambes, sitting there so young, so supple despite his disability, cigarette in hand, blowing one smoke ring through another smoke ring and watching them through smiling narrowed eyes dissolve into the ever thickening air, had already made his rendezvous with death, had said good day to the world and was even at that moment coolly deliberating how best to shatter down the solid door which separates this present actual world of pain from the hypothetical next one of joy. To Madame Cecil, who knew him well, this decision was written over him big and clear, like an afternoon communique of disaster, but to the others his gayety was the usual, the normal thing. It resembled the average communique from a quiet sector: "Nothing of importance to signalize upon this portion of the Front."

But Madame Cecil knew better. She knew that his moral resistance had at length caved; caved after months of torment and savage resistance. Finally he had succumbed to despair, and this sudden burst of joyousness, unfeigned and spontaneous though it undoubtedly was, rose from his determination to give his comrades one final celebration as a farewell souvenir. Convinced of this by innumerable small signs and incidents which had piled up in the last three days, ever since his return from Paris, the problem which Madame Cecil posed to herself was this: If he intended to commit suicide, what was she to do about it? Prevent it? How? Say it was the act of a coward, a deserter? Say that to Felix, who wore the Croix de Guerre and the Medaille Militaire and had been cited before an army corps for distinguished courage while under a raking fire from both French and enemy machine guns? Tie him up with a rope in his chair? Dissuade? Implore? Weep?

None of those things would answer with Felix, her infallible instinct said. Life had cut him too deep for that. No, if he did not confide his intention to her it was because he did not intend that she should interfere. And more than that, it was because he felt she had no right to interfere. This was his very own particular affair.

For the past three days Madame Cecil had been trying to get through to his isolated and determined spirit; trying to make him confide; trying to break down that wall of impenetrable reserve behind which secretly he planned his assault on life. But all her attempts had failed, like a barrage which falls short. She had not reached him. Intrenched in his own decision, Felix had not budged; he had not even let her see that he knew she was aware of his intention. Not a word, not a sign, not a flicker in the gaze of those unfaltering blue eyes.

Madame Cecil sighed as behind her counter she washed up the small half-pint bottles in which she sold wine. She never had a sufficiency of those small half-pint bottles—*petites demoiselles*, the men called them—and she was forever washing up the empties as they were returned, in order to keep up with the demand. She washed up half a dozen *petites demoiselles* and stood them bottom up on the counter to dry.

And all the while, without conscious volition, her mind marched wearily round and round this wall of silence which Felix had reared to keep her out, seeking some breach, some weak spot by which she could win through to the inside where his soul sat on guard, terribly watchful, poised, alert.

In this affair Madame Cecil was not altogether single-minded in her desire to save. Arrived herself at tranquil middle age, her experience with life, with disillusion and pain, had taught her that beyond a certain point no one could help another. Beyond a certain point each soul stood alone. Up to that point love, sympathy served. Beyond it nothing served. One went on alone—or one refused to go on at all. And Felix had refused. Well, and had he not a right to refuse? Certainly, if ever a mortal had a right to rebel, to go on strike against the fantastic cruelty and irony of life, Felix indubitably had that right. What had life done for him the last four years but strike him down again and again? Each time with incredible stamina he had risen up and staggered on. He had fought at Verdun, on the Somme, in the Champagne, on the Piavi, and had participated in the sanguinary fiasco at the Dardanelles. His body bore the scars of seventeen wounds. A veteran, he was not yet twenty-five. And now this past month had come the final *coup de grâce*. During the war, on the Front, when a Frenchman was mortally wounded and no surgeon or anæsthetics near, it was the custom of the men to put their agonizing comrade out of pain. One merciful revolver shot. One clean bayonet thrust. There was the case of Henri. Henri, a young sergeant in the infantry, during a futile French attack on the Chemin des Dames, was struck in the chest by a shell. His comrades, assaulting the fatal heights, rushed on. They were repulsed. The German tide swept them back. And Henri's friend, his *copain*, in mad flight across that field of death, suddenly felt his boot caught, tripped and looked down. It was Henri, his *copain*, kneeling, bathed in blood, his arms wound round his leg.

"Name of God!" murmured the suffocated voice of the dying man. "Finish me! Don't let them trample me!"

And his comrade had stayed his retreat long enough to stoop and put his comrade out of pain. Tales like this Madame Cecil had heard by the score. That was the code of the Front. When human torment rose beyond a certain height, became unendurable, it was deemed justifiable to make an end thereto.

Well, Felix had arrived at that point. But instead of calling on a comrade he would achieve his purpose by himself. Knowing his character, Madame Cecil divined he would give it the appearance of accident. He would accidentally fall from the station in front of a train, or he would blow out his brains tinkering with an empty revolver, or he would take an overdose of sleeping potion. Ah, there were scores of ways! And nobody would ever suspect but herself.

Madame Cecil was cruelly uncertain whether as a good friend she ought not permit him to depart in peace. A good *copain* would do that. What right had she to sentence him to such pain? First the amputation of one leg; then the other knee gave out; finally the domestic tragedy. Her mind, marching restlessly round and round, paused before this aspect of the situation. What was his little feather-headed wife's name? Lisette! Felix and Lisette! Well, devil take all butterfly-brained demoiselles like Lisette! Hard as the cobblestones over which they tripped in their high-heeled boots! They turned the world upside down for a whim. And yet by a fatal perversity it was nearly always the Lisettes of earth who snared the best men. And so before the war Lisette had snared Felix.

"She is a little Greuze, madame," Felix had said, showing her the photograph of his wife. "*Jolie! Jolie! Mon Dieu, comme elle était ravissante!*"

And this charming little Greuze was his wife. She played the piano. She sang—like an angel, madame! Before the war they went to the concerts together; and to the opera—hand in hand, like two infants. Felix and his ravishing little Lisette! He loved the Hérodiade. She loved Thaïs. And they loved each other to distraction. But Madame Cecil had no doubt, even in those first dewy days of wedded bliss, which one of the two loved best. The Lisettes of the world, the little Greuzes, the *jolies, jolies petites filles*, fresh and fragrant in body as a rosebud, do not trouble themselves about love. What does a rose, or a Lisette, want with a heart?

In the tranquil days before the war Felix and his little Greuze had tripped about Paris hand in hand or arm in arm, to musicales, to open-air concerts under a pale radiant sky; and Felix had showered her with gifts, flowers from the Madeleine market—he worked as accountant in a music firm hard by—sweets, fascinating negligées, jewels, theater tickets, everything on earth that a young accountant who dwelt modestly in the Faubourg St. Antoine could think of to express the passion of beauty and joy which flooded his life like a sun.

Then came the war and blotted out his sun and moon and stars. First it took his right leg. That he lost behind the Somme lines, down in a stuffy abri, where by the light of a candle the commandant, looking like a deep-sea diver in his British gas mask, amputated his leg without ether, and Sergeant Felix had borne it with a grin.

"*Brave garçon!*" muttered the commandant as they bore off Felix on a brancard.

But Felix did not care—much. In those days one was a lucky devil to escape with life. One was twice lucky to escape blindness; thrice lucky to escape the loss of both legs or a frightful facial disfigurement. So Felix reasoned that he was a very lucky devil indeed. For there remained still his other leg, and both his arms and his eyes and his face. And also there remained Lisette. So he still possessed his sun and his moon and his stars.

Never was a gayer patient in the wards. Then his other knee petered out. Then Lisette went back on him. That little Greuze had not been equipped with a heart. She began to grow indifferent, petulant, cold. Nothing he did could please. She complained that she could not endure the annoyance, the shame, of dragging him along on the streets. He was so slow, so clumsy with his two canes. And the grotesque twistings of his body! It took ten minutes, before gaping crowds, for him to mount the steps to the Opéra. And forever he must halt to mop the perspiration from his face. Then down fell his two stupid canes and Lisette must stoop and collect them for him. It was disgusting, clawing about in the gutter for canes. It took years to go anywhere by foot, and they could not go by taxi, for who was to haul Felix in and out of the *voiture*. He would do better to stay in his chair!

It was about this time that the firmament of Felix began to grow shaky and show signs of disintegration, and he had the sense of holding up the sky with his two good arms, picking up the stars one by one as they fell and pasting them back into place. But they fell out more and more. At first he could not believe his stupendous, his unique misfortune. He could not believe that little Greuzes are made without hearts.

He perceived that he put her into a nervous frenzy of irritation as he went tap-tapping clumsily on his two canes, or dropping these two aids as he paused to wipe away the perspiration which trickled down into his eyes. She said little, but her eyes, her gestures spoke volumes. She grew more sullen day by day. Felix, who was intelligent, decided for the present to sit still in his chair. But the forced immobility tormented his body and ravaged his nerves. Nor was his burden lightened by seeing Lisette trip off to concerts with some comrade who still retained his legs and an eye for the Greuze type. Chained to his chair, he fought off the fits of depression, the *cafard*, the black butterflies which settled down on his soul.

At night, when his maimed leg grew cold in bed and the tortured nerves quivered and throbbed, Felix had wild nightmare dreams. He dreamed that his leg, which was amputated behind the Somme lines, came forth from its anonymous grave and searched for its master over all the battlefields. This devil, this imbecile of a leg, vowed Felix, walked like a ghost every chill night. Up and down the battlefields it searched. Along the Somme, the Chemin des Dames, through the mud of Flanders, down on the Piavi, on the red, drenched plains of Saloniki, that dirty pig of a leg went stumping, stumping, talking with ghosts of comrades, laughing, carousing with dead men, marching through snow and mud and blood in the black night, seeking its master and its mate.

And the worst of it was, declared Felix, that instead of making his campaigns alone, this villainous Monsieur Revenant, this Monsieur Ghost Leg, must needs drag him along too. And who wants to go campaigning every night after campaigning every day for years?

'Twas disgusting! Species of an oyster! Species of a dirty pig! What did Monsieur Revenant take him for, to drag him out every night?

Ah, he was a very pretty profligate, that Monsieur Revenant! And traveling as he did by night and in the dark, nobody got onto the fact that he was only half a man. He swilled in every low pothouse, he kissed every *jolie femme*, he cursed like a marine, and he had a collection of naughty chansons that would do credit to the demoiselles of the Folies-Bergère. In short, he was a drunken, swaggering, disreputable *salaud*, this Monsieur Revenant, *un grand diable*, whom he, Monsieur Felix, was excessively ashamed to be connected with, even in ghost land.

"*Pauvre Madame!*" She Murmured. "*See! How Frightfully Pale She Is! For a Long Time I Have Wanted Her to Go Away, But She Would Not*"

For the first thing this species of an oyster did upon meeting the ghost of a comrade upon the dusky road was to sing out:

"*Hé! Halte là!* Have you seen my *copain* pass this way?"

"What regiment?"

"Two Hundred Twenty-fifth Infantry. Company Ten."

"What name?"

"Felix Leroux. Sergeant. I am his *copain*. I have searched for him this long time."

And once, declared Felix, this Monsieur Revenant got on his trail. It was in the trenches before Verdun. He had met up with some pals. Monsieur Revenant put his customary question: Had they seen aught of his *copain*.

"Has he lost his right leg, this *copain* of yours?" asked a burly poilu.

Monsieur Revenant cried out eagerly: "*Oui! Oui!* His right leg at the thigh. It was on the Somme, in an attack. I was with him, you comprehend, and so I know. The boches were shelling our lines. *Les sales brutes! Les carnes!* The shells were breaking ten meters away—five meters—three. I said to my *copain*, 'We'd best shake a lively leg out of this.' And he replied, 'Tis worse behind, old man.' And just then—pluff!—a shell hit me square. After that I knew no more. And did you see him? Where, then?"

"It was in a hospital behind the Somme lines. I lay in the same salle, in the next bed even, with a bullet through my lungs."

"Ah! Rotten luck! Through the lungs, eh? You were attacking without doubt?"

"*Non! Tonnerre de Dieu!* Running away! We were all running that day. And as I ran suddenly I felt a blow between the shoulders. Not brutal, you comprehend, but swift, sharp, pricking, like the sting of a bee. It was death, monsieur, that bee sting, but I did not know it at the time. I ran on. Presently I began to stumble, fall, fetch up bright red blood, and the field, my running comrades, the trees, swam round me in a red mist. I came to in the hospital beside your friend, where I lasted out the week. They couldn't stop the hemorrhage. And there you are! Oh, yes, I remember that comrade of yours very well! He was a bizarre type. An original. What do you think was the first postal he sent to his wife after his amputation? Just one line: 'They have cut off one leg.' That's all! When the doctors began to fool with the remaining member he sent a second postal: 'They've begun on the other.' And will you believe it, monsieur, he made me laugh not half an hour before my time came? And did you say he recovered?"

"That I do not know. You understand, I lost sight of him. I went; he stayed behind. So now I search for him."

Thus that filthy ghost of a leg, Monsieur Revenant, would stump up and down those dead and cold battlefields, accost other ghosts, drink and carouse and palm himself off for a man and the *copain* of Sergeant Leroux. It was intolerable, for one did not like to bear an evil reputation even among the dead.

These Odysseys of Monsieur Ghost Leg, Felix would relate with grim humor upon the mornings after a cold night when his leg had ached in bed. He would relate them to Lisette. His face haggard, deep violet shadows beneath his eyes, he would ease himself clumsily into his chair by the fire, stretch out his stiff leg, extend thin hands to the

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The Leaven of the Pharisees

By WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

Republican Convention at the Coliseum, Chicago

THE things about to be written need preface. They need explanation, that all men may know by these presents that the writer hereof is not an outsider to the things under discussion and that some of the rocks that will be heaved hereinafter come not from the outside in, but from the inside out of the Republican Party. Hence a few autobiographical facts.

To begin, I am a delegate to the Republican National Convention—this year; regularly elected. I made the usual fight for my election as delegate, and in a primary carried my ward by five to one, my town by three to one and my county by more than ten to one. Instructions for me were carried in nine out of ten counties in my district and I was elected by the unanimous vote of my district convention.

Before the district convention the little Kansas country paper which carries the liability of my political views had contained articles upon the various presidential candidates, indicating the good points of General Wood, reiterating faith in Hoover, setting forth the courage and optimism of Johnson, viewing Harding with alarm and Lowden with distrust, while coming out with an enthusiasm generally regarded as somewhat Pickwickian for Governor Allen of Kansas. No attempt was made to duck or straddle any issue or to hide any preference. So much for the present. Now for the past.

Passing the Word to be Careful

I HAVE served the Republican Party in my town, county and state as ward committeeman, as county chairman, as Republican state committeeman, and once for a few brief, inglorious days in 1912 I was Republican national committeeman from Kansas, which job I resigned an hour before the nomination of Mr. Taft to become Bull Moose national committeeman, in which job I raised the funds necessary for two state campaigns from Kansas Bull Moosers without accepting any of the money which came from the National Progressive Committee. Going back into the Republican Party, I was chairman of a subcommittee of the Allen-for-Governor organization which financed the primary campaign for the present governor of Kansas. This campaign enabled Mr. Allen, while he was in Europe serving his country, to be nominated without making a speech or even writing a letter, in a hard-fought primary contest in which he carried one hundred out of one hundred and five Kansas counties.

Now these facts are set down not in vainglory, but to explain that what shall hereinafter follow is not written by a pink-cheeked reformer who is trying to build a world of cream puffs above what he considers the decaying mudsills of a lost humanity.

Still there is an "on the other hand." The gentle reader must not get the impression that my mouth always has been agape to take whatever treacle of program the Squeerses of politics might pour in. My short way in politics has been sloshed through a sea of spilled beans. In politics always there abideth these three—the giant at the top of the bean stalk, the giant killer at the bottom of the bean stalk, and the bean spiller, always more or less on the toes of both.

To get at the moral of this tale it is necessary to tell the story of how one delegate was elected, for that election in some manner must epitomize the story of the election of most of them. And this means Democrats as well as Republicans, for the party system and all its infernal gantlet of caste, conservatism and ritual is fastened upon both parties. And the grotesque and gorgeous nonsense of it all provokes a laugh in both parties, which laugh saves the Republic. For if we ever really, honestly, in our heart's core as Americans, accept it seriously we should go mad or revert to barbarism.

The organization is a self-perpetuating institution, hard and at times inflexible. Public opinion moves it slowly. Delegates to conventions are selected largely of the organization, by the organization and for the organization. And these delegates go to conventions to do the bidding of the organization, which is guided largely by an instinct of self-defense. Contests for delegations too often are contests of factions in the organization. So the whole business of party organization—in both parties—becomes a cult, a caste, an estate in government.

In the Middle West the primary has crippled the organization somewhat by allowing citizens to vote in primaries who have not registered in the party. But the crippling is not universal, and in years of doubt and confusion and small partisan interest, such as this year, the organization controls, unless someone goes out with blood in his eye to do it to death—which is, after all, the greatest outdoor sport in the world.

The announcement of my candidacy for delegate to the Republican National Convention this year came with the public announcement that the organization desired me to enter the race. Then naturally came words of warning from my friends, as for instance, from Governor Allen—thus:

"Now," quoth the governor to his friend girding up his loins for this race as delegate, "do be careful!" Adding further, for my soul's good, that the other fellows, meaning the conservative Republicans, had small sense of humor and could not appreciate the free, glad way in which one is sometimes tempted to tell the truth about their owlish eccentricities; that this is no time to emphasize the instability of property rights which are affected by public use; and finally, beloved, that the chief end of man is to lick the Democrats.

And mind you, the ink was hardly dry on the order of the Kansas Supreme Court literally confiscating to the public use in an emergency every coal mine in the Kansas mining district, and the governor had asked for the order. He took millions of property from its owners overnight, because the owners and the miners could not agree upon wages. He sent five thousand troops and as many volunteer miners into the district and mined coal for the public good and at a profit—and distributed it in his state, relieving suffering and breaking the coal strike. And the people of the United States rose as one man and called him blessed, and began talking of him as a presidential possibility. More than that, this same Henry Allen was the lad chosen by Theodore Roosevelt in 1912 in the Republican convention officially to lead the bolt and bid good-by to the Republican Party in its own house. And he did it with such éclat and enthusiasm that he swallowed his predicate in one sentence and hurled at the moss-covered, graven images before him a whole forty-word sentence laden with exquisite sarcasm that would no more parse than it would fox-trot. Yet this spring he breezes into the campaign in the Fourth District in Kansas and says "Do be careful!"—not in sorrow exactly, certainly not in anger, but in affectionate admonition. Such is the fear of freedom which party regularity puts into the human heart.

Nor is this all. Going out into the county I found that in every township the party organization was pale with fear lest something intelligible should be said. Ike Herdling, committeeman in Hancock Township, met me at the front door of the bank in his town, took me to the cashier's private room, went back of that to a storeroom inhabited by a broom, two empty boxes and a wrecked adding machine, dust-covered and hoary, and after locking the door Ike looked all round and whispered: "Say, be careful! Don't get us into trouble! You know we just got to elect the county commissioner in this district or the Democrats will get the board."

Mr. Rankin File Gives His Orders

AS I AM getting the county printing from the Republicans, and have that gratitude which is a lively sense of favors to come, it was hardly necessary to call attention to this strategic necessity for caution. I thought I might be trusted to look after that need for circumspection. But Ike wanted to make sure, so he went on: "Now whatever they do up there, let's us be ready to take it. It makes no difference who they name for President; what we got to do is to elect Payne commissioner, and we can't do it with a split ticket. So let's take what they give us, and keep regular."

Up in Fremont Township, where there is a budding candidate for county treasurer, the same reaction of the leadership was apparent. The seven-devil lust to elect the county ticket was whitening the faces of all the committeemen and all the workers in the party. They wanted regularity in Chicago and a full courthouse in Emporia.

But moving among the folks I found no such aspiration. The citizenship came stomping into the Emporia Gazette office demanding that something be done. Mr. Rankin File is in no docile mood. He told the candidate for delegate to give them a two-years' respite before establishing compulsory military training; to get the high cost of living reduced if it took a leg, meaning at whatever cost of existing economic establishments, and to get peace and forget it. Opinions conflicted violently about the League of Nations, about nationalization of railroads and packing

houses and the like. But these issues are alive. People like to discuss them.

As for presidential candidates, probably Wood was leader, but by no means in the majority. No one had anything like a majority of public opinion, but for second choice Hoover was extremely popular. Probably he had a second-choice majority of considerable proportions. But the big difference between the voters and their leaders lay in the way in which the leaders played everything in pianissimo and the folks played it fortissimo. They are as confused as Babel, but emphatic about it. The organization is scared stiff, and afraid to admit it.

Speaking broadly, the rank and file of Republicans wanted results, wanted relief from the miserable economic tangle which the incompetency of a stupid Government had wound about them. The leadership, clear down to the grass roots, wants a regular Republican, one who will be acceptable to the Republicans of the strictest caste. And in the Democratic Party it is the same way. The whole organization of both parties is set in the cement of caste—party caste.

Unrest That Wants Efficiency

IN 1910 an insurgent group inside the Republican Party, composed more or less of party leaders from the grass roots to Washington, rose up and overthrew the Cannon organization in the House. In 1912 the same organization in both parties—composed of small party leaders in both parties—turned out the reactionary Republicans and overturned the Clark machine in the Democratic National Convention. In those days insurgency permeated the leadership of both parties. To-day insurgence without leadership, large or small, is working in the hearts of all the people. It is making for confusion, for inaction, for political paralysis. But also it is breeding a volcano. Chiefly this popular unrest wants efficiency. It is not radical in the sense that it is seeking change in government forms or economic customs. It wants brave, constructive leadership to take the American Government as it is, the American civilization as it is constituted, and work out a livable, equitable status so that the devilish dance of death revolving from one set of impossibly high prices to another higher set will cease; so that the honest, thrifty workingman need not fear poverty in old age if he educates his children in his manhood; so that the capitalist need not fear to venture forth upon new seas of enterprise, and that the skilled laborer with his head or his hands, the mechanic or the professional man, need not suffer between the grinding millstones of rising living costs and the lowering value of his invested dollars.

It is the belief of one delegate to the national convention who has been out among the voters that they are not intensely interested in presidential candidates. Indeed they are cool toward political parties, though they do feel that upon the Democratic Party rests an intolerable burden of blame for the present snarl of our American institutions. So naturally if there is no change in the political status, and if the people have nothing else to vote for but two meaningless parties as they are just before their national conventions assemble, the folks are going to hit the Democrats such a jolt as will make the Republican defeat of 1912 look like a tie vote. But that is not what they want. They want something real, some real man, some real, unequivocal program, some definite promise of concrete performance, and not the tiresome clanking brass and tinkling cymbals of the party claptrap.

And at this writing in spring, just before the big political battles in Chicago and San Francisco, party leadership in America is stone blind and stone deaf. Both parties are playing the old game.

"What good would it do the Democratic Party to take this man Hoover?" declares your Democratic statesman who knows that his party is doomed. "Suppose we did elect him—he doesn't know the organization. He would go into each state and name a lot of business men and engineers and experts, and what would become of the party?"

And the Republicans have a sadder answer:

"Why should we throw away victory now that it's in our hands—waste it on a rank outsider who hasn't identified himself with the party? Let us have someone who is a product of our institutions!"

Which, being translated, means someone who has been county attorney, district judge, congressman and then either governor or senator; someone who has climbed the slippery ladder which too often has disguised his real feelings, his real aspirations, his real self, and has built about him a sheet-iron mask, tattooed with cheap maxims, stupid homilies and false issues that have no relation to the situation. A dozen candidates of both parties have been speaking two or three times a day all spring, and what has been said? Balanced sentences, elaborate insignificances, a fierce fe-fo-fi-fumism to hunt 'em out, stand 'em up and shoot 'em down. The Red has taken the place of the unspeakable Turk in the list of those whom it is safe and popular to abuse. But no one of all the horde of presidential office seekers running up and down the land seems to have realized that the Red is an economic problem, an engineering job, the product of seasonal labor, unskilled, congested labor, ignorance and an exploiting system which twists men's brains and drives them crazy. As deportation is the only solution for the Red menace, so putting people in jail is the only solution offered for the problem of the high cost of living.

We have a problem of governmental waste and extravagance which has increased taxes to undreamed-of proportions, yet an indignant Republican Congress has been in session a year, and the problem of waste and extravagance still looms in the campaign a spectacle for the two groups of Pharisees to quarrel about; one group declaring that the other started it; the other answering that the accusers did not stop it when they had Congress.

The Reaction of Partisans

AND here's the trouble: It's the Pharisaism of the parties. We have become more partisan than American. The socialists who were expelled from the New York legislature were put out for placing their party creed above the public welfare. But about the only thing which branded them as typical Americans was their typical un-Americanism. For millions in all the parties unconsciously place party above country.

The reaction of the bitter partisans of both parties to the candidacy of Hoover is well in point. Here was a man who obviously would make a President extraordinarily equipped for the great work of the hour—our international relations and our economic reconstruction. Yet the leaders of either party would rather be defeated than name Hoover. They realize that he is not interested in any party's welfare except as it incidentally is well for the country for the party to thrive. They realize that after he had crossed himself and bowed before teamwork his ardor for the party would be vastly cooled, while his zeal as an American would rise. They understand thoroughly that the independent vote which would rally to Hoover would not be interested in his policies, and that the independent attitude of mind would govern his course in the presidency.

And so even though there is a strong minority in the leadership of both of the old parties in fairly perfect accord with the things which Mr. Hoover believes in, still

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Inside the Coliseum at the Last Republican Convention

Sweden's Position in the New World of To-Day

By IRA N. MORRIS
AMERICAN MINISTER TO SWEDEN

Typical Waterfall Only Partly Harnessed

FOR the twelve months immediately following the armistice a veritable tidal wave of traffic from America has beaten against the Scandinavian shores, drawn by the reopening of trade routes paralyzed for five years by the war. In the commercial maelstrom there have been many wrecked enterprises, countless financial disasters and ruined interests; and now that the storm is subsiding it leaves in its wake an aftermath of bitterness and misunderstanding. It has been a year of remarkable and bewildering events to these neutral states and especially to Sweden. Her people have watched a galaxy of new republics materialize out of the surrounding peoples, all taking upon themselves modes of government new and strange to this part of the world. Five years ago the whole of Russia was under a despotic rule, and south of Sweden lay the greatest of all militaristic empires.

Gone! All lost in a sudden giant convulsion, but here in the midst of it Sweden remains almost unmoved, a constitutional monarchy with a Socialist cabinet, the first, I believe, ever formed in the world without bloodshed. The smooth running of this difficult combination is a tribute to the tact and progressiveness of King Gustaf V, who has steered his government alike between the rocks of war and the shoals of anarchy, a feat deserving great credit in days when dynasties have fallen like houses of cards.

Even while the political earthquake was in progress the wave of traffic from America started, and it is due to the disturbing elements on all sides that the course of commercial and social intercourse has not progressed more smoothly. To-day, trade is almost at a standstill as the result of chaotic exchange rates and finances; but a glance into the immediate future opens up the brightest vista of history—a new era of vigorous and healthy activity in every phase of intercourse between the western nations and the smaller but equally ambitious countries of the east. New trade routes for passengers and commerce are in the process of development; new means of communication will place the Stockholm banker in hourly touch with the business men of the far west. In the course of a few years Sweden will be producing and trading with America in a way hitherto considered impossible.

For those of us who have been closely in touch with affairs over here it is plain that a mutual understanding must be developed, and old wounds allowed to close as quickly as possible. Each national unit in the Old World is of vital importance to America, and none more so than

Stockholm's Industrial District is Easily Accessible for Small Craft

The Royal Family of Sweden

Sweden and her Scandinavian sisters. They are curious peoples of an old civilization, but just as progressive and capable of great future achievements as any of the newer countries. They have had a new birth politically and economically.

During the latter months of the war I stood in an ancient Swedish church where all of her kings have been buried. From the vaults beneath the stone flooring the body of one of the early Swedish monarchs had been exhumed. There before me on the moldering catafalque lay the mummified body of Sweden's great hero, Charles XII, the wizened, leathery features still bearing a strong resemblance to the once living face. On either side of the head were holes where the fatal bullet had passed through while he was leading the Swedes in combat against the Norwegians. There had been much disagreement over the question of whether the bullet that killed the king had been fired by the Norwegians or by one of the king's own men. It is doubtful whether the question can be satisfactorily answered even after the exhumation of the body and the evidence of the photographs that were taken, but to me the sight of the old warrior's body carried a different story. The past, typified by the disintegrating body, is dead; the present is alive, active and progressing toward a future more glorious than any dreamed by this heroic figure of another generation.

New Business for America

THE whole course of events in the past two centuries brings Sweden up to her present position of unusual power for such a small nation. Her close alliance with Denmark and Norway and her position in relation to other countries in Europe, and to the Western continents, make her an exceedingly important factor in the period of reconstruction. I am anxious that the great body of Americans should understand these things and not come driving eastward with the idea that Sweden is frozen up for ten months of the year and that her commerce is limited to one or two months in the summer when the inhabitants dig themselves out of their snow huts.

The business men from America who have come to me in recent months have shown clear ideas of Sweden's position geographically, but they had an entirely false idea that it was merely a country of transit and that her future was in no way involved with that of the United States.

They know that a great and profitable market lies to the east, but they stop not to study the great communicating links between that market and America.

A few months ago a large Western American factory sent a representative to Christiania to inquire into the fate of a shipment of goods that had apparently been lost on this side. The instructions given this representative were merely to go over to Scandinavia, trace the missing shipment and take the next boat home. This firm had never gone in for export and it was only through the exigencies of the war that they had produced one shipment for a Scandinavian purchaser. The directors of the firm had never even considered Scandinavia as a market. Being a keen business man the firm's representative took a look about the Scandinavian countries. After he had located his missing goods he proceeded to Stockholm, and in the course of three weeks he cabled back to the Middle Western factory the largest single order the firm had ever received, and mentioned casually in his closing words that there were a score or more such orders lying about which he would be glad to investigate if they wanted him to remain on this side.

The Nation's Possibilities

THIS, of course, is looking at the question of Sweden's position in the world from a commercial viewpoint, but in a more æsthetic sense her possibilities are equally great, and she offers an interesting study from almost every possible angle. In the matter of size, Sweden may be compared to California, which has an area of about 158,000 square miles and a population of about 2,500,000. While Sweden has approximately the same area she has somewhat more than twice as many people; and to make the

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Royal Opera Viewed From the Entrance to the Palace, Stockholm

It's a Long Worm That Has No Turning

By Ferdinand Reyher

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY DUNN

There He Sat, the Rick. Anything in Six Figures Looked Like the Eiffel Tower to Him

VIII

WHEN the great god Freedom and little Obadiah Mansions got into the New York train at Fairland Junction together the dawn had left them and was way out over the hills coming up in some other place. Obadiah was tired. He had broken up and away from his old household gods, crossed the Willow River, which is Heliotropian for Rubicon, burned his bridges behind him, scuttled his ships, impersonated a Kansas zephyr in a town that had no cyclone cellars and in other mixed-metaphorical ways announced: "Good-by, Heliotrope City, I'm through!"

Now he was tired.

He emptied his pockets of several uncomfortable wads of papers. They were the unexamined mail which Mrs. Mansions had brought home the evening before, the last batch he was ever to get from behind the old combination of "One after M, between D and E." He stuffed the whole business into the little antique alligator bag, down with the literary appurtenances of the defunct Independent Producing and Refining Company. He had the whole blamed company right there in that little bag—oil machinery, Mr. Blade's Duppeltag tract, his own tract, one hundred per cent control and everything.

He went to sleep—soundly; until the train reached the second town beyond Fairland Junction. Czechoslovakia then captured the train, and the hugest Slav Obadiah had ever seen crowded into the seat beside him and flattened him against the window. Behind, the great god Freedom was being sat upon by two other near-Balkan problems, a heavy squat one and a heavy tall one. Three stops beyond the garlicky giant got out, to swarm along with a thick drift of high-priced labor pouring across a brown field toward a cluster of chimneys and conical brick buildings. Thence to Manhattan Obadiah slept foot firm and serenely.

He unkinked himself and picked up his bag. He wanted to get rid of this the first thing. He was seeking the ultimate in sweet liberty, with no encumbrances, and in the course of events he found himself before a checking counter where they gave him a cardboard check for ten cents and his oil corporation, yesterday's mail, the blue tie with yellow diagonals, three collars, two shirts, a set of underwear, razor, handkerchiefs, three assorted socks and a pair of police-and-fireman's suspenders, all except the dime being equally surrounded by an old worn alligator skin.

He unlabyrinthed himself out of the station eventually, but when he stepped into the streets of Manhattan he was still in the stage where he didn't know it. For all the real comprehension he brought to bear upon the subject of his presence there, then—he might have been mooning round in the after effects of some powerful drug. The molten excitement which had streamed through his little veins and turned him berserker in the twinkling of an eye the night before was now replaced by a buzzing narcotic day madness. He was in the position of a man who has lived through a soul-revising series of events and hasn't realized it yet.

Men there are who have captured machine-gun nests single-handed, and taken it for granted; taken the Victoria Cross or the Croix de Guerre or the Medal of Honor for granted; even taken their old jobs back for granted. And then—one night—months, years perhaps, afterward—they suddenly come to in the dark; come to, out of the shock and stupor of the heroic into the realization and incredibility of the everyday. And then they don't take it for granted; in fact, if they are imaginative men they flatly refuse to credit themselves with any such fantastic circumstance. They rise in bed and say—or have even been known to cry out in the night: "Good Lord, that wasn't me!"

Unless they are mental prigs as well as physical heroes, and then they say or cry out: "Good Lord, that wasn't I!"

All that afternoon and evening Obadiah enjoyed the sensation of doing nothing; it was some sensation for him too. He looked in shop windows; he ate in a restaurant; he studied the posters in front of the movies; he dodged death at a hundred street corners; he gaped at the Elevated and the cornice lines; he watched a woman demonstrating a brand of cigarettes in one window and a man demonstrating a darning-and-patching apparatus in another.

At precisely ten minutes past eleven o'clock by the chronometer in the jeweler's window, at which he had stopped to look at something he wasn't interested in, having already acquired the Gotham gaze, his pocket was picked. Not much left in it to pick: merely the last of twenty-two Heliotropian dollars was taken from him by the city which is the pure essence of extract. He had put the check for his little antique alligator bag in his pocketbook that morning, and this, too, was gone. Obadiah could see no way by which he could get back his assorted socks, tie with the yellow diagonals, police-and-fireman's suspenders and his one hundred per cent control of the Independent Producing and Refining Company and his yesterday's mail, without the bit of cardboard. He was It in the game called Manhattan Tag.

Presently he wandered into the long waiting room of the Grand Central Station and sat down in the middle of an unoccupied row.

Now the great god Freedom had accompanied Obadiah all that day through his tour of Manhattan, but it must be confessed that the great god Freedom can be a trying companion.

Lots of people refuse to believe this, but despite them and their excellent rights to an opinion of their own 'tis so. If you have a few other boon comrades to occupy you daily from nine to five, let us say, the great god Freedom is a gay old dog to go off on a bat with now and then; but as a steady diet he's as nourishing as a life spent on a merry-go-round or shoot-the-chutes.

After Obadiah had sat for one hour and twelve minutes on the granite wood bench in the drearily vast waiting room he was sick and tired of the great god Freedom. He wished for his bed and his hose fact'ry. He wished for anything to which he was accustomed. He lusted for the power of performing any of a dozen of his old habits, such as winding up and setting the old alarm for quarter after six and depositing his thin shanks between a clean thin blanket and a deep soft mattress. And yet wild horses couldn't have dragged Obadiah back to Heliotrope City. He longed for the old, and he didn't. Slightly sooner than others come to it he was in the hang-over stage of New York City, and when he became cold sober he would be ready to think clearly. That's all there was of it. But ——

Gentlemen and ladies! Have you ever sat penniless, disheartened, stranded and bewildered in a railroad station through the night? Sat slouched on a hard bench? A bench whose shape at first seemed designed to conform to the contours of the human frame, but with prolonged acquaintance proved itself a fiendish contrivance having its origin in medieval instruments and devices for torture—second cousin to the Iron Virgin; stepson of the haircloth; daughter-in-law of the rack and the wheel. Have you sat upon that adamant punisher of mortal flesh through the crawling, elongated hours of early morning, spasmodically stabbing your elbow into space for an inch of leaning place which is not a slipping place? Have you ever longed for a peg to hang your growing feet upon in easeful posture longer than a minute, and avoided the accusing all-searching eye of the patrolling attendant as

you persistently refused to catch the two-two for Cockaigne, the three-three for Mirage, the four-four for Lollypop and —— No, by the time the five-five for Elysium had left you had been put out.

But you are sturdy self-reliant cusses, built probably on the all-English nonperturbable plan. Imagine, ladies and gentlemen, if imagine you can, the sensation of Obadiah Mansions in the magnificent dungeon of the Grand Central!

A man doesn't change from the meekest of the meek into spirit brave and fit for any daring in one night and day. Not if the conclusion of the change is a bench in a railroad station with the eye of the patrolling attendant alight with invitation—invitation to leave. Only two things sustained Obadiah through this night. The first occurred shortly after one o'clock.

He thought of J. Merton Blade, that finest type of big American, and progressive genius in the oil game. He thought of him as the chuckling possessor of $110,000 of Heliotrope City cash, which Obadiah had paid for, been baited, bullied, broken and bamboozled for, discontinued housekeeping for, resigned from Heliotrope City for, and was now trying to snatch a minute's sleep on a railroad station's bench for. Obadiah was not for Mr. Blade from that moment on. He began to think of Mr. Blade intensely, with an accompaniment of the same growing blood pressure which had turned him into a miniature combination of Gabriele D'Annunzio and Jim Jeffries on the preceding night. Worst of all, the more he thought of Mr. Blade the further and further did his dream of Valparaiso recede from the dominion of the probable.

At twenty-one minutes to five by the station clock the second thing occurred. As he was concluding his three thousand and twenty-ninth shift on the cast-iron bench something dropped from him to the floor at his feet. He leaned over and picked it up. It was the check for his little antique alligator bag. He had not put it into his pocketbook after all; where he had put it he did not know, but sufficient for the promise of a new interest in life thereof, here it was again. And somehow, it was an omen to him which brought Mr. Blade within reach.

Obadiah got up and walked past the prowling attendant, who was now headed straight for him. He evoked a cadaverous youth from the bowels of a cave, raftered and columned with metal tiers bulging with suitcases, valises, doubled raincoats, emigrant bundles, umbrellas, stuffed duffel bags, farm produce, tool boxes, packages of gold bricks, wrapped-up bombs and parcels of anarchistic literature—all the apparatus of living which the amiable human race stows away in its station checking rooms at ten cents per twenty-four hours.

The cadaverous youth approached the counter, walking sideways in his dawn sleep, swayed hypnotically for the check which Obadiah held toward him, and staggered out of sight into the recesses of the cavern again. Eventually he reappeared with a monstrous suitcase with fat side bellows like a puffed-out accordion. He seemed incredulous when Obadiah insisted that the portable van wasn't his. Also he out and out regarded Obadiah as a helluva crank for not taking it and letting it go at that. He must have been overcome by lugging it back, knocked out into slumber in some secret niche in his cave, for minute after minute passed and silence reigned and no youth reemerged.

Suddenly next to Obadiah a hard-blowing heavyweight materialized, looking as though he were either just off the earliest train in from Stamford or about to catch the earliest out. He banged on the metal covered counter with a tightly rolled newspaper and sent a barrage of racket rolling into the parcel grotto. The cadaverous youth drifted slumberously into view with Obadiah's little antique alligator-skin bag. He made three separate and distinct efforts to give it to the fat man. The fat man wanted none of it under any condition; in fact the third time he fairly knocked it out of the youth's somnambulistic clutch. It was plain to see that the latter was utterly worn out with the petty and self-willed types he had to deal with this morning. Disgusted beyond anything in the line of comment with the incomprehensible vagaries of human nature in the early morning he was just starting back again with the little bag when unintelligible but beseeching noises from the direction of Obadiah drew his attention. Hope flickered in his eyes. The little guy—the little bag! He shot it upon the slippery plate of the counter with a mechanically expert twist which sent it sliding kerplunk into the middle of Obadiah's front. Then he staggered off.

Clutching his hard-won righteous possession Obadiah backed away from the window, gulped for breath, and stood for a moment in the center of the corridor way, confused as to where he should go. As he turned, his attention was pulled back to the window of the checking room by a furious bellow from the stout party. The cadaverous youth had dragged the gigantic blown-out suitcase forth to another unwilling customer. The successive idiosyncrasies of the human race now altogether overwhelmed him with something sublimer than anger. Infinite sorrow was in that faint shrug of eternal forbearance with which he turned him about and philosophically tugged the young storage house after him.

Anyhow, what was the use? Nobody seemed to want the damned thing that morning!

Obadiah walked round and round the station in his efforts to get out. Seemingly the only way it could be done was to buy a ticket, get on a train, alight at Yonkers or Poughkeepsie or some place, and walk back to Forty-second Street. It hadn't seemed so difficult to get into New York the day before. But then a crowd of professional guides had been flocking out of any number of trains, which presumably hadn't begun to come in yet, and he had just followed them. Finally he came to a darker opening, which seemed to promise things ahead. He slipped past a cute little house that stood by the path leading into the opening.

There was a violent rapping on glass behind him, and language. Obadiah turned. A man whom he had not noticed was in the little house and he was calling Obadiah back for conversation. It appeared that he wanted to sell Obadiah a ticket. Obadiah couldn't understand why he needed a ticket to go out on the street. Of course New York was notoriously expensive and all that, but there's a limit. He explained this all timidly to the man, who began to behave insultingly. He glowered at Obadiah and in the course of a series of unnecessarily forceful remarks which followed, Obadiah sufficiently recovered from his bewilderment to glean certain directions that in time brought him to the upper floor of Forty-second Street and Madison Avenue.

Presently he found himself in front of the library. He absently nodded good morning to the stone lions and mounted to a bench on the terrace. Here he opened his little alligator-skin bag.

The first thing he came to was his mail. There was a holiday plenitude of the usual communications from strangers solicitous about helping him get his oil corporation into shape, tax declaring, stationery, advertising, legal service, filing cabinets, and so on. He discarded them all. There were old trade journals, two numbers of

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By Nightfall a Shack Had Been Put Up in a Diminutive Hollow Beside a Pathetic Trickle of Water

THE MAN FROM ASHALUNA

By Henry Payson Dowst

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

THE great Lafayette Jordan sent word to Messrs. Eggleston and Dabney that he thought it about time they reported progress in the matter of the Ashaluna purchase.

"What'd I tell you, Dab?" complained Eggleston. "Old L. J. won't see us for days on end, then roars like a bull because we haven't kept him posted. Wait until he learns just what the situation is. We must go together, Dab. He won't believe the unsupported word of either."

L. J., in his big private office, sitting at a huge desk whose top was furnished with the plainest of glass inkwells, pens and blotter, but wholly free from any other evidences of business, was a striking figure. His broad shoulders supported a massive head covered with iron-gray hair, a trifle thin on top, always closely trimmed and parted meticulously in the middle. He owned a dominant nose at whose bridge met a pair of bushy black eyebrows from beneath which his restless light-blue eyes peered out with what his enemies called cold ferocity. His friends, however, insisted that L. J. was far from ferocious and that he was a genial soul, shrewd but kindly. Of his shrewdness there could be not the slightest shadow of doubt. Large charities testified to his philanthropy. If good works, as measured by dollar standards, prove kindness L. J. was the softest-hearted man alive. If the bleaching bones of the opposition are evidence of ferocity L. J. was indeed a ruthless enemy. His pathway across the far-spread plains of finance was marked by many a skeleton.

There was a certain vast calm upon the craggy countenance of L. J. when in repose that reminded one of a rough-hewn carving in granite. He wore no beard, save for a sparse drooping mustache so black that people said he dyed it. This mustache emphasized rather than concealed the wide straight mouth and slightly protruding under lip. The under jaw was staunch rather than bulky. When L. J. spoke you perceived well-preserved even teeth that seemed to bite off the crisp short sentences by which he communicated to his listeners such of his thoughts as he deemed expedient to set adrift in a world all too eager to know what was going on inside that massive head.

People had good cause to be afraid of L. J. His very appearance discouraged any who were inclined to disagree with him. For this reason he had always found it necessary to form correct judgments. If he made wrong decisions few dared correct him. His habit of thinking independently of others had built up about him an atmosphere of aloofness which he often regretted, and the fact that he seldom talked at length enhanced his reputation for secretiveness. L. J. would very likely have been glad to take people further into his confidence, but they were too timid in his presence to invite it. In a long life, therefore, there had grown up in L. J.'s soul a large contempt for the general run of men.

Eggleston and Dabney were a couple of smart sharp fellows whom he had found trustworthy and rather efficient. They knew how to mind their own business and obey orders. His relations with them were confidential and in the years of their association with him they had handled in a satisfactory manner many delicate matters.

In Wall Street everyone knew that Eggleston and Dabney were L. J.'s men. But no one ever knew until after it had happened just what particular work they were doing at any given time—unless it suited L. J. to allow it to be known. They were men of discretion and they likewise knew to a nicety how to camouflage their operations so that if you believed them to be doing one thing they were pretty sure to be doing something else. Their association with L. J. had brought them a prestige which resulted in a good deal of profitable business from other sources. If you wished to ascertain the name of their profession you would have a long and tedious task. They were expert at many things, possessing no recognizable vocation.

"Sorry, Sir, But Mr. Dunlap Says to Tell You He's Just Going to the Movies, and if It's All the Same to You Would You Mind Dropping in To-morrow Forenoon as Soon After Breakfast as Possible"

Eggleston had once been an attorney, acquainted with the intricacies of corporation law. Dabney had held a responsible position in a bank. Eggleston, however, did no legal business. Dabney neither borrowed nor lent.

If you were a railroad president desiring ten millions of new capital Eggleston and Dabney would tell you where and how to get it. If you wished to organize a line of ships to trade with Borneo Eggleston and Dabney's advice would be of great assistance. They were not promoters; they did not deal in stocks. In their beautifully equipped offices there was no ticker. Yet they were always well informed concerning the market. They brought big men together and helped weed out the pikers. They were always making discoveries of new channels for the ships of finance.

They were free lances of Wall Street, making big money by reason of their brains, discretion and experience, and never investing a ten-dollar bill except for current expenses. There was hardly anything they couldn't accomplish, and though they appeared never to do anything themselves they specialized in getting things done. They knew the ropes, commercial, financial and—not the least important—political.

"Do I understand that this Dunlap is now in New York?" demanded L. J. on the morning Eggleston and Dabney found it possible to claim a few minutes of his time.

"He is," confirmed Eggleston. "He's stopping at the Hotel Arthurfield and he's raising the devil."

"You mean on a spree?"

"No, but he's fiddling with Mogridge and that young Duley."

"What Duley?"

"Austin Parsons Duley. He's nobody—and that's what worries us."

"Marston Duley's boy. Why do you worry about him?"

"Because we can't seem to find out what Duley's game is. He's in this thing somehow, but we don't know where he fits. He may be working for Mogridge."

"Hm! What's Dunlap say? Have you made him an offer?"

"Oh, he's a queer one. He won't listen. He's got a churn."

"A what?"

"A churn. He wants someone to take his patents and build up a churn business. Says it's a heap bigger than the water-power idea. That's because he doesn't know who is behind the water-power plan."

"He says he's going to know, though," put in Dabney, "before he'll do any business."

"You haven't told him?"

"No."

"I'll wager he knows."

"Not from us. He wants you—that is, Mr. Brown, our client—to call at his hotel."

"Did you tell him my name was Brown?"

"As a matter of convenience in discussion. He knows Brown isn't the name."

"What else did you tell him?"

"We told him you couldn't be bothered to go to see him."

"Well?"

"All right, he said he guessed he didn't care to do business. Then we offered to try to get him an interview with you here and he said that didn't interest him. I tried and Eggleston tried. He's as stubborn as a mule. In fact, he doesn't know whether he wants to sell to our client, anyhow, because he might not like him."

"What's that?" cried L. J. "What's whether he likes me got to do with it?"

"Everything apparently. I'm only telling you the facts."

L. J. glowered at his two agents as if at a pair of delinquent office boys.

"You chaps have fallen down," he announced. "You've bungled a very important matter. If I can't trust you to handle an ignorant countryman in the matter of buying a farm and a little waterfall I don't see where your usefulness lies."

L. J. clipped these fateful-sounding sentences with those white even teeth. His brows met in a scowl of perplexed displeasure. The two maintained a discreet silence.

"You say this backwoodsman insists on meeting me face to face in his own hotel—and then won't do business unless he likes the cut of my jib, eh?"

Followed another period of heavy silence. Suddenly L. J. threw back his head and laughed, a great booming laugh that shook his broad shoulders with an effect like an earthquake.

"Like me, eh? I've got to get friendly with this fellow and make him like me, have I? What does he expect? Do I have to chum about with him? Do I have to take him out and go over the cocktail route with him? Put him up at two or three clubs? Introduce him to my family and friends? Like me! Good Lord! Like me!"

The financier sobered abruptly.

"Look here, you men!" he said. "Your trouble is that you're not good salesmen. You don't know how to deal with difficult people."

"It ought not to be necessary to remind you," said Eggleston as testily as anyone ever dared be with L. J., "that we've handled some very hard problems for you, and this is the first time ——"

"Something wrong somewhere. What was it you said about Mogridge and that other chap?"

"Duley? Why, Dunlap dined at the Union League with Mogridge's man Vail, and we understand Mogridge himself was there. As for Duley, he's a mystery."

"You have made a mess of this thing," scolded L. J. "You should have handled matters so Mogridge and this Duley never would have had opportunity to reach him. I'm afraid you've been niggardly in the matter of entertainment."

"He won't accept anything of that sort. Keeps harping on his churn."

"All right then; why didn't you buy his churn with the power rights thrown in?"

L. J. paused, for Eggleston and Dabney were exchanging smiles, which said plainly enough: "Will you listen to that? Suggesting things we've tried and tried again!"

L. J. called his secretary.

"Walter," he said, "have my car at the door as soon as possible."

Then to his agents: "Do you know what I'm going to do? This Dunlap wants to see me. Very well, I'll see him. I'll go to his hotel—I'll go now. You'd better come with me. Come along and see if he likes me. Likes me! Good Lord, I'll make him like me! Damned if I think I should have any trouble making him like me better than Jacob Mogridge."

Half an hour later Lafayette Jordan, accompanied by the two faithful but somewhat scandalized henchmen, stepped up to the desk of the Hotel Arthurfield. Of the half dozen loungers seated in the lobby a majority recognized the great financier. There was considerable nudging and sidelong staring.

"I want to see Mr. Dunlap," said L. J. "Tell him Mr. Jordan is here."

"One moment, please," replied the clerk.

He picked up a telephone and called Jud's room. After a brief conversation he returned.

"Sorry, sir," he said, "but Mr. Dunlap says to tell you he's just going to the movies, and if it's all the same to you would you mind dropping in to-morrow forenoon as soon after breakfast as possible."

L. J. glared at the clerk; then he turned and glared at Eggleston; he also glared at Dabney. Following this he glared comprehensively at the half dozen curious loungers, who suddenly became exceedingly engrossed in newspapers or—lacking newspapers—the toes of their shoes.

Leading the way out of the hotel office, L. J. said nothing. But when seated in the limousine he became afflicted with a devastating fit of laughter, during which he managed to gasp half a dozen times that he would be damned. Yes, he would be damned! Dabney and Eggleston, fearing that he might laugh himself into a fit of apoplexy, weren't sure that this eventuation would be long deferred.

XI

"FIVE thousand dollars cash, Mr. Silver," said Austin Parsons Duley, "and twenty thousand in quarterly payments of five thousand each, beginning with the first deliveries of churns. That what you understand, Jud?"

Suddenly the Fear That He Might Succumb to the Lure of the City and its Environs Gave Place to a Fear That He Might Not

"Suits me all right," agreed Judson.

Mr. Silver, representing the great Chicago mail-order house of Burns, Elkman & Co., sighed resignedly.

"I suppose I gotta be satisfied," he said. "You boys drive a hard bargain, but you got the churn. No one can dispute it. My attorney's looked up the patents from A to Z and I assure you if they weren't all O. K. he'd know it. When you consider the money we shall spend merely to advertise your churn you got no cause to complain."

"We're not complaining," grinned Duley. "We're delighted. And now all we've got to do is to make you a few thousand churns by fall. A small matter, no doubt."

"Many a manufacturer would be celebrating his head off when he made such a contract," said Silver. "A ten-year deal for your entire output on a cost-plus basis and twenty-five thousand dollars for the exclusive use of your goods. Believe me, it don't happen every day."

The mail-order man rose and reached for his hat and stick.

"Come on, Morris," he said to a fourth member of the group, an alert little swarthy man whose appearance of shrewdness was enhanced by an enormous pair of spectacles. "You got those contracts? Good! Pleased to have met you, gentlemen, and our treasurer will mail your check the moment I reach Chicago. Now don't let the grass grow under your feet. We can sell your churns faster than you'll be able to deliver 'em for the next year."

Silver and the little lawyer left without further parley. When the door into the corridor was closed behind them Jud and Austin Parsons Duley seized each other's hands and executed an elephantine dance of triumph that was hardly calculated for the limited space in which it was staged and which caused on the part of the occupant of the room below acute concern for the integrity of the plastering.

"Jud, old socks, you're a wizard. That twenty-five-thousand-dollar-bonus idea of yours was a bird. How'd you ever happen to think of it?"

"Well, one reason I thought of it was because I wanted twelve thousand five hundred dollars."

"You mean twenty-five ——"

"I mean what I said. Half that twenty-five is yourn."

"You mean yours."

"Are you correctin' my grammar or refusin' money? If it's the grammar it goes; if it's the money you make me sick. Good land, ain't you worked your head off helpin' me with this churn? What have you got for all the trouble you've been to the last three weeks? Wasn't it you that

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"Now You Just Look at the Way We Cut Our Staves. Ain't That Simple? All Our Machinery is From Stock Too"

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PHILADELPHIA, MAY 29, 1920

Compromise

AN EARNEST and obviously sincere correspondent views us with alarm because our campaign for business government and constructive legislation has involved sharp criticism of the old parties and their partisan leaders; because we have advised voters to disregard party lines and to stand behind any man with a clear-cut, constructive program wherever he shows; and to scrap the old gas-burning machines in favor of modern electric motors, run by engineers whose sole recommendation is their fitness for the job. Our correspondent concludes that in our place he would "try to preach and teach the value of education, loyalty, unselfishness and cheerfulness—things which we will need in the years ahead of us"; and that he "would waste no time in trying to destroy the implements which we must use in holding the nation together"—meaning the old parties.

We gladly subscribe to the first or Pollyanna part of this program—in fact it is exactly the dose that we have been prescribing for what ails our national politics, excepting that there are times when our smile does come off; but it seems worth while to examine the implements, to discover whether they can be reclaimed by cleaning and sharpening, or whether the hired men have let them stand out in the rain and the weather until they have rusted beyond repair.

We believe in political organization for a definite constructive purpose, but not for the sake of the organization. When organization ceases to be the means and becomes the end, it has reached the limit of its usefulness. We believe in political parties, but not in political partisans. Party loyalty may at times involve disloyalty to the best interests of the country. There can be no compromise then. When the good of the party takes precedence over the good of the country we must abandon the party.

Organization must stand not only for party but for governmental efficiency. Parties must stand not only for a desire for office but for the ability to fill the offices with big men who are pledged to carry out a definite, constructive program of legislation and administration. When parties talk proudly of the past and vaguely of the future they have no future. What Cleveland accomplished is not a sufficient reason for electing McAdoo President; what Roosevelt stood for has no bearing on Johnson's candidacy. The past performances of the Republican and Democratic parties do not justify their lack of performance since the armistice, and cannot excuse a failure to reorganize to meet the future. Gray hairs should stand for wisdom, but they may stand for senility. Age as well as youth must prove up for leadership. All the wise things have been said, but not all the wise things have been done.

If one is satisfied with the present organization, leadership and principles of the two old parties—we do not know just what they are, though we hope to after the conventions—it is, of course, a crime to criticize. When all is sweetness and light and the old car is hitting sixty without a miss, the man who scatters tacks before the tires is deserving of the severest reprobation. But some of the knocking that we hear—and it is loud and insistent—comes from the engine. So why not have a look under the hood and see what can be done to fix it up?

We know of no way to correct abuses, without first admitting them; no way to get good government, except by first cleaning out bad government; no way to have good leaders, unless we first throw out the poor ones; no way to get what we want and are entitled to, except to fight for it and lick or be licked.

The record of the two old parties since the day of the armistice is an open book. With the exception of the railroad bill, passed under forced draft at the eleventh hour, when further delay meant national disaster, the record is largely one of politics, partisanship and buck-passing. Though whenever we lift up a stone and let in the light the Bolshevist bugs scuttle to new cover, we are still marking time when it comes to tackling the fundamental conditions that give them their real opportunity to find listeners and to foment trouble. If a few simple and helpful laws that would dig below the surface to the root of things are beyond the abilities of this Congress, a temporary embargo on all legislation would help the situation. Then Congress could put in a profitable and useful six months repealing about half the laws that now cumber the statute books.

We are still letting partisan, class and race conditions affect our consideration of legislation. As this is written, the soldiers' bonus bill is up and receiving official and unofficial, public and private consideration. To its merits as a vote-getting proposition a good deal of its support is due; on its demerits—the effect that it will have on the finances and prosperity of the country—it is properly damned. The retroactive tax bill that is favored by a certain element, entailing large borrowings and forced marketing of securities by those who will find themselves unable to borrow, is simply confiscation of capital and might very well mark the beginning of that panic and national disaster for which our red element is working and to which our economic babes and sucklings are in danger of contributing, even though unwittingly. Ourselves, we think that the Legion is in danger of selling too cheap something that is beyond price.

Looking over the party candidates that are now in the field, we find that with few exceptions they are promising too much or too little. We should feel more cheerful over the prospect if there were more expressed determination to do the dull, hard fundamental things. For the next four years must be a slow grind uphill. Any man who can rally to his standard all the fifty-seven varieties of alien and un-American malcontents in the country stamps himself as a demagogue, because he is making promises that he cannot make good. Any candidate who can get behind him all the rapacious interests of the country is making promises that the people will not let him make good. On the one hand the song of the demagogue is heard in the land, trilling out sweet promises of socialism and confiscation; and on the other the deep diapason of the reactionary rolling out thunderous nothings. But the candidate who blows a long blast on the seven-o'clock whistle, calling us all to a full day's work, who promises us nothing that we are not prepared to sweat for, and who pledges himself and those whom he bosses to hard work and economy in the public interest, with the modern governmental machinery by which alone it can be effective, is making the only kind of speech that is worth listening to or that means anything at this time. The world will be saved by platitudes, not by epigrams; by the dull, the hard and the commonplace, not by the catchy, the easy and the revolutionary.

We want a Congress and a President for all classes, not for any one class. Our correspondent is a lawyer. With all due respect to the bar, a fundamental defect of our Government is that it is dominated by lawyers. Government dominated by lawyers is no more desirable than government dominated by preachers, or teachers, or farmers, or artisans, or shoe manufacturers, or grocers. We want government by and for all classes, not by a majority of any one class. We want parties that understand fundamental conditions and that, in office, will pass laws based on them and not give us promises and panaceas. We need men who understand that unless a proper balance is maintained between agriculture and industry we are headed for disaster; representatives who will pass tax laws that are based on sound economic knowledge instead of a desire to soak the other fellow; lawmakers who will bring order out of the disorganized chaos of the Washington departments.

The old parties are meeting in June and July to determine their programs and their leadership. The questions that they are to settle are questions of life and death for them, and of grave import to the country. If they approach their problems with sincerity and courage; if they sink petty partisan considerations; if they recognize the new spirit of these new times; if they declare themselves fully and boldly, without straddling and equivocation, on the big simple issues of the day; if they offer well-considered plans for their solution and select well-balanced, well-equipped men to solve them—they will open up new careers of usefulness for themselves.

The American form of government has been fully tried out and it is eternally right. The American parties are sometimes right, but they are always on trial. They are useful only so long as they devote themselves to perpetuating American ideals, instead of to perpetuating themselves in power; only so long as they are organized to transact the public business in a businesslike manner; only so long as they divide to find the best possible solution of fairly debatable questions.

Men who are frantically seeking high office at this time, who are pushing themselves for place, are either ill informed or ill equipped for the work ahead. Those who know enough to do the things that need doing, who are big enough to solve our home problems and to clean up our part of the world mess, will understand what personal sacrifices must be made, what hard, dull, grinding work must be done by anyone who hopes to accomplish anything worth while for the country. The next President, the new congressman, must have the training of an engineer, the practical knowledge of a great business man and the determination and courage of a pioneer, to fight off the enemies of his country and to plod sturdily ahead to safety and prosperity.

Only a sense of duty, only the clear insistent call of their country will lead the men whom we need to consider office at this time. Will the old parties have the sense to hunt out and bring out these men, instead of the self-seekers and the place seekers?

The primal problem, which must always take precedence over all others, and to which all others finally go back in one form or another, is the struggle for existence, or making a living. The modern term for this struggle is business—meaning agriculture and that agglomeration of mining, manufacturing and distributing that we call industry. Always the major concern of government, the destruction and demoralization consequent to the war will make business adjustments and readjustments almost the sole concern of the coming Administration. For this reason we believe that the country must choose a man of wide experience, with broad knowledge of agriculture and industry—in short a business man—for the next President.

Good Scouts

LUTHER BURBANK probably knows as much about boy culture as he does about plant life and its improvement by scientific means. Let his knowledge be judged by a single fine and wholesome declaration in which he sets out the birthright of every American boy who is to be reared under the best conditions:

"Every child should have mud pies, grasshoppers, water bugs, tadpoles, frogs, mud turtles, elderberries, wild strawberries, acorns, chestnuts, trees to climb, brooks to wade

in, water lilies, woodchucks, bats, bees, butterflies, various animals to pet, hayfields, pine cones, rocks to roll, sand, snakes, huckleberries and hornets; and any child who has been deprived of these has been deprived of the best part of his education."

The largest single agency in the world that uses these raw materials as part of its regular stock in trade is the Boy Scouts of America, which is this week celebrating its tenth birthday by giving public demonstrations of its activities and by taking in fathers as associate members.

Persons who have not closely watched the growth of this lusty young giant can scarcely be aware of the stature it has attained or of the tremendous power for good in American life that it has become. There are to-day nearly half a million Boy Scouts under the volunteer leadership of more than one hundred thousand men, who are, in the main, the leading men in their respective communities.

Perhaps the most useful scouting to the credit of this organization is that done by its responsible leaders in blazing out new and pleasant trails for boyish enthusiasms. They have attained to a unique success in making play serve useful ends and in linking up native love of outdoor life with the homely, old-fashioned virtues of loyalty, pluck, thrift and kindness. They have made hiking and camping and woodcraft the outward and visible signs of the inward stirrings of manliness and good citizenship.

At the tenth birthday dinner of the organization, held a few weeks ago, Mr. Herbert Hoover went so far as to say: "I do not know of any form of Americanization that produces so real an American as the Boy Scouts program. I am told there are eight million boys of scout age; if we could have eight million Boy Scouts for one generation, we would no longer have an Americanization problem."

The executives of this organization are well within the truth in declaring that the boys of the nation, when organized into Boy Scout troops, are recognized by our communities from coast to coast as a reserve branch of the civic service ready to be called upon in any emergency. Their annual report, just off the press, is a powerful antidote for the trouble news of the daily papers.

King Canute on the Job

WE ARE told that practically all gold producers, some Wall Street men and a few bankers who should know better heartily indorse a proposal to require users of gold in the arts to pay ten dollars an ounce more for the metal than is paid by the Government for gold bullion that is to be minted. One member of the House is even backing a measure to exempt producers of precious metals from excess-profits taxes.

The argument behind these naïve proposals is that if gold miners were thus subsidized rising production costs would bear less heavily upon them and they would be stimulated to work mines that are not now profitable, with the result that the output of yellow metal would be materially increased. With more gold—so the argument runs—we should have more credit, more currency, more loanable funds and cheaper money.

Apparently no consideration is given to the fact that if the first of these proposals had the force of law our gold coinage would instantly descend from its high estate and become token money like the copper cent or the nickel five-cent piece. That is to say, its face value would be less than its bullion value for nonmonetary purposes.

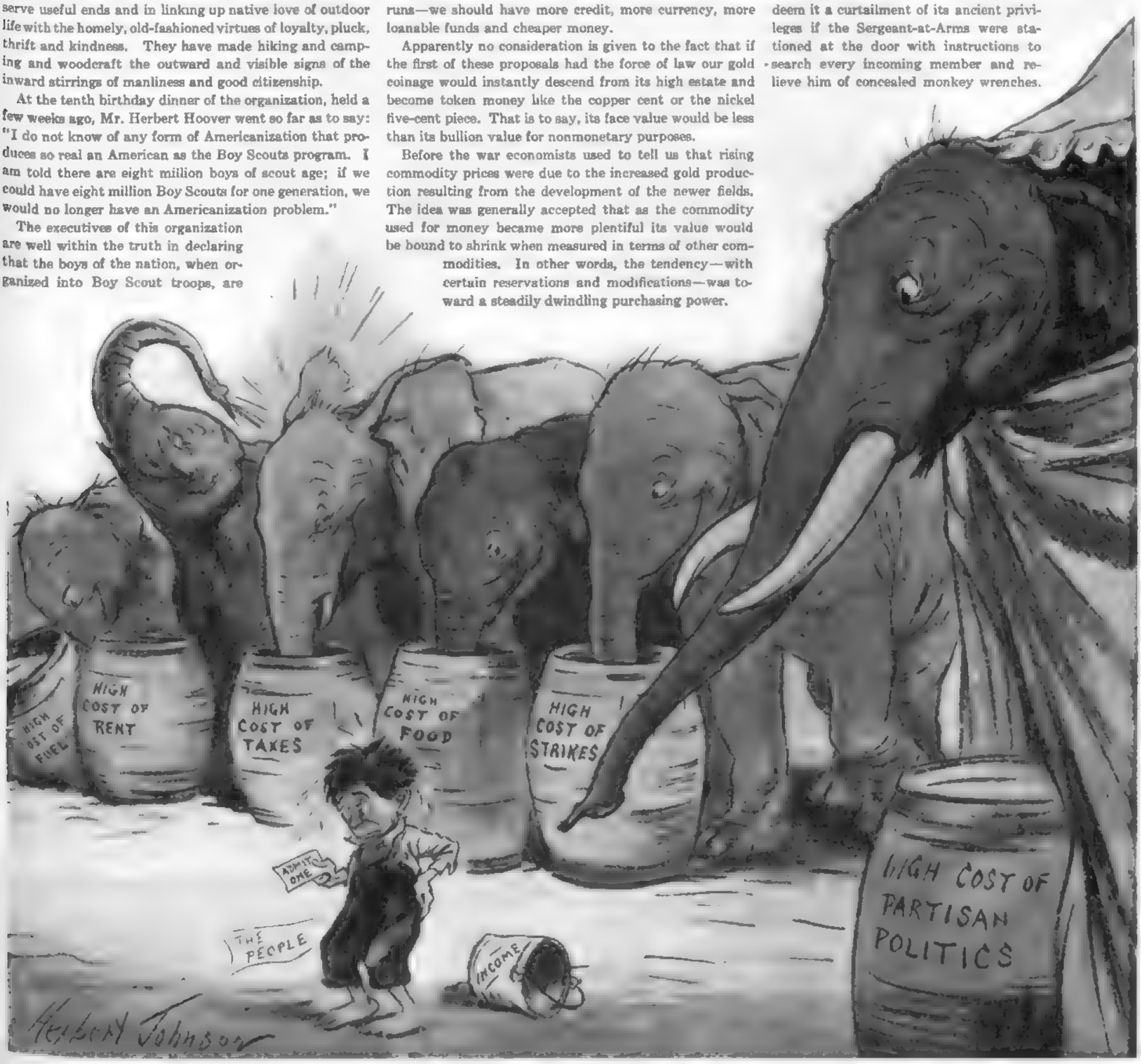
Before the war economists used to tell us that rising commodity prices were due to the increased gold production resulting from the development of the newer fields. The idea was generally accepted that as the commodity used for money became more plentiful its value would be bound to shrink when measured in terms of other commodities. In other words, the tendency—with certain reservations and modifications—was toward a steadily dwindling purchasing power.

Most of us think that the dollar buys little enough as it is. The whole world cries out for a restoration of its old purchasing power through the natural processes of orderly deflation, but in the face of this cry the proponents of artificially stimulated gold production endeavor to dam up the high tide of prices and prevent its natural ebb. King Canute and Dame Partington before them attempted to regulate the ebb and flow of the sea

Hippocrates, Father of Medicine, who flourished some twenty-odd centuries ago, used to caution his students in words so indisputably wise and so broad in their application that they might well be emblazoned in letters of gold on the walls of the House of Representatives where they would meet the eye of every amateur tax inventor, tariff tinker and brash member of the Fixit family who rises in his place to hurl a legislative monkey wrench into the already decrepit economic machinery of the nation.

"At least," said this sagacious old physician, "be sure you do no harm."

The country would be better off if this wise injunction were more often heeded, but the House would no doubt deem it a curtailment of its ancient privileges if the Sergeant-at-Arms were stationed at the door with instructions to search every incoming member and relieve him of concealed monkey wrenches.



THE BAND BEGINS TO PLAY

THE HOUSE OF FULLER

By Maryse Rutledge

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

THE third and youngest Fuller, Benjamin, was being hurried along in the swift car which had fetched him from the station three miles distant. He had spoken to the chauffeur only once, when the car, instead of turning in the familiar direction of the mills, sped past the prospering village. His question met with a brief answer. "Mr. Fuller moved into his new house last week, sir." No one had told him of any new house. He felt disappointed, cheated out of his homecoming. He had so looked forward to sleeping that night in his old room, from whose windows he could see the lean towers of the mills. He could have borne their gaunt outline now that he had escaped from them. His feeling for his father quickened into sympathy as he reflected on the loneliness of those empty rooms peopled only by family ghosts. No doubt after his mother's death, when his two brothers had gone their easy ways, the house had seemed too large.

Suddenly he straightened with amazement as the car swerved through ponderous iron gates, flashed by a stone lodge and started to climb a winding concrete road. He remembered the hill as wild, almost inaccessible. With the trained eye of an engineer he took in the transformation of the place, the miracle wrought in that heavy rocky land now carved out and limbered into formal shapes. Here were lawns, gardens, terraces, where natural dwarfish growths had been replaced by trees of every sort and age, by statues and fountains.

A huge stone house of Tudor towers and massive wings loomed on the hilltop against the wintry sky. And there, in the great entrance of stone stood J. T. Fuller, his father. A bulky fur coat reaching to his heels gave him the look of a powerful animal reared on hind legs. His grizzled head rising above the thickness of collar was bare and jutted in bold relief from the gray of stone.

As the car drew up Benjamin sprang out impulsively, but over the grip of his hand the hard blue eyes of his father did not soften.

"You should have been here this morning," he said gruffly. "Your brothers arrived on the morning train."

"I did my best, dad, but South America is a long way off."

"So That's the Kind of Girl You're Going to Marry? A Vain, Fly-About, Society Butterfly"

He stared over his father's shoulder at the open door, through which at that moment a footman was carrying his one stout suitcase.

"Didn't expect anything like this, did you? Come in. Come in."

"I should say I didn't. Never was so surprised in all my life." His father looked mollified. The two moved forward together. They were of the same height, Benjamin lighter in build.

In the big paneled hall hung deer and moose heads elaborately mounted; over the door a gigantic pair of antlers spread their polished prongs. Everything round was large and massive, overlaid with gloss. J. T. Fuller emerging from his fur coat stamped about, rubbing his hands.

"You should have seen John Paul and Prentice," he chuckled. "They couldn't get over it."

"Didn't they know?"

He had supposed his brothers in close touch with their father's doings. The old man eyed him shrewdly.

"They knew I was building, but they hadn't figured on anything like this. Want to go to your room?"

"Thanks, I tidied up a bit on the train." He found himself curiously tongue-tied.

"You're not one of these dudes, are you?" dryly observed his father, and led the way into an immense vaulted room opening from the hall.

At the farthest end a fine blaze leaped and crackled in a great carved fireplace of stone. The youngest, so like his father in the set of his jaw, the set of his square shoulders, the short, strong legs, stepped gingerly over the brilliant Oriental rugs, heading for the fire.

"I can't get it all yet," he said almost in the manner of an apology.

"Take your time."

Benjamin bent to warm his hands. He felt overwhelmed at the magnificence of these surroundings, a trifle ill at ease before the glow of rare stuffs, rare porcelains, the polished surfaces, the heavy furniture which seemed darkly to grow out of the rich tints of rugs. It was difficult to fit his father in such a frame.

"Have a cigar?" The old man was bent on hospitality.

"Thanks."

"Help yourself. John Paul only smokes cigarettes." His opinion of such an insipid preference was unmistakable. He waved to a box, over which Benjamin bent with a sudden exclamation of pleasure, as at finding an old friend among formal strangers. His father had kept cigars in that box for twenty years. It was an ugly object, squat, shabby of wood, ornately cornered with silver.

"Gee, dad, I'm glad to see this!" He grinned at memories of sundry boyish pilferings and the beatings they had cost him.

"Yeah," drawled his father. "I've held on to a few things. Remember that?" He pointed to a gaudy modern Japanese vase. Beside it on a small table in a corner stood the bronze figure of a newsboy. "Your mother and I bought those on our honeymoon. And, would you believe it, I had to fight like blazes to put 'em in here. That fool decorator nearly had a fit. Talked a lot of twaddle about spoiling the effect."

"I think they're beautiful," said Benjamin sincerely.

For a moment they stood gazing down at these homely symbols of the past. The image of the mild little woman who had held her family together as long as she could seemed to drift between them in an almost palpable presence.

"I suppose you wonder why I sent for you?" The question was abrupt.

The youngest son squinted down the long black line of his cigar. "I'm glad you did, dad," he said a little awkwardly. "I've felt pretty homesick at times. I always hoped we'd make it up some day. And this being Christmas, it seems kind of natural." A shyness came over him. Hands in his pockets, he circled the room. "It sure does look like a museum," he said presently.

He had struck the right note. "It ought to for the price," his father proudly declared. "Two million dollars." He twanged the figures out as if he had been waiting for just such an opportunity.

Benjamin whistled, gazing about with increased respect. "It's wonderful!" He hesitated a moment. "How about the old house, though, dad? I'd kind of like to see it again."

"There's nothing to see," said the old man, wrinkling his heavy brow. "It's empty."

"I might run over there to-morrow if you have no objections," Benjamin persisted. "And how are the mills getting on?"

His father frowned again, chewing the stub of his cigar. "I'm thinking of closing them down."

Benjamin wheeled about quickly. "Oh, you wouldn't do that!" he cried.

J. T.'s ruddy cheeks went a shade redder, his eyes grew steely.

"Why not?" he snapped.

"It's too easy," said Benjamin quietly. "Shutting down the mills when you've made a fortune out of them."

"You mind your own business. I haven't asked your advice," growled his father.

The old antagonism between the two blazed up in the big room, which seemed to retreat in dignified contempt from the crude ways of men. Suddenly the old man looked his sixty-five years—lonely and bitter, the grim line of his mouth wavering downward, the flush on his harshly seamed face subsiding.

(Continued on Page 32)

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF CAMPBELL'S SOUPS

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Serve hot — **15c a Can** — Serve cold

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Campbells' BEANS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

(Continued from Page 30)

Benjamin had not traveled these many miles to quarrel with his father. He smiled boyishly. "I guess you'd like to wallop me again like you used to."

"It wouldn't do you any harm," retorted J. T. He stopped short to listen. "Here come your brothers. It's about time."

John Paul, the eldest, entered first with the light-footed elegance of a stout man accustomed to managing his weight gracefully. As he came forward, both hands effusively outstretched, Benjamin had time to observe the foreign quality of his ease, the slight foreign inflection of his voice. His "Well, Benjy, how good to see you again!" held just the correct note of welcome to a returned prodigal.

Behind him, at a slower pace, came Prentice, a sporty-looking young man in tweeds of English cut. His greeting was lazier, more casual.

Grouped before the fire in that flickering light the sons formed a loose unit—unquestionably Fullers all three, yet subtly dissimilar in manner and expression. Benjamin's glow inexplicably faded. He had wanted to go out to them in the old intimate way, but somehow they made him self-conscious. They were full-grown men now, worldly and distinguished, though Prentice had kept full-colored boyish looks, his good-natured air.

John Paul broke the brotherly circle to join his father, who hovered near, his shoulders hunched, his broad head thrust forward. On being approached he began at once to talk of the house in a loud, eager way which permitted Prentice to sidle up to his younger brother.

"What do you make of it all?" he whispered. "Got any idea what the old boy is going to spring on us?"

Benjamin gave one of his clear, pleasant smiles. "Perhaps he's thinking of getting married again," he suggested.

"Good Lord," groaned Prentice, "I never thought of that! Look here, we can't let him make a fool of himself, you know." He seemed genuinely disturbed.

"I guess he'll do what he wants to," murmured Benjamin. His attention was distracted to John Paul, who on a tour of inspection round the room was agreeably holding forth on the Tudor Period.

"I never would have thought that such fine old things would feel at home in a new house," he was saying with his charming smile. He caught Benjamin's eye and moved nearer his brothers. "Over there, you see," he went on, "the great houses mellow with generations. Everything in them has a meaning; every piece has played its part in the history of the family."

The old man listened intently. "I guess they're not above selling," he dryly observed. "Look at those." He pointed to three large tapestries which nearly covered the walls opposite the bay windows. "I got 'em right out of one of those houses you're talking about. They're genuine Gobelins." He pronounced it Goblins. "Eighty thousand dollars!" he boasted. "Look how the silver and gold is worked in 'em. Nothing better in their line anywhere, they tell me."

John Paul shrugged his shoulders ever so slightly. "Necessity breaks down even tradition," he said with an accent of regret. "I'm glad you have them, father. They're beautiful specimens, but it seems a pity that whoever owned them had to sell."

"They should worry," grunted his father. "Eighty thousand dollars!"

"Well, your plumbing is good old twentieth century," broke in Prentice.

The old man looked pleased. "Oh, I keep up with the times." He consulted his watch. "Say, boys, how'd you like to go over the place?" he suggested. "You haven't seen everything yet."

He marched to the door, his sons trooping at his heels. His voice became louder, more confident as they went through the spacious rooms. Nothing had escaped him, it would seem, in the putting together of this great house. He had gone into every detail of it and rumbled forth exact information as to the provenance and cost of each object. He would stop before a picture or an ornament and, his short-fingered, powerful hands suddenly expressive, he would give its history, its points of interest. He had a way of showing these things which made him part of them, binding him up in their dignity.

He Could See the Old Man Bitter, Disappointed, Pacing the Floor, Muddled by the Fire

They came at last, on the first floor, to a door before which he paused to fit a key into the lock. Turning suddenly, he faced his sons. "Your mother's room," he said soberly.

They tiptoed in, keeping close together, shy and silent in that gentle place of memories. It seemed hard to believe that it was not the same room they had known in their boyhood. There was a mild brooding quality to these familiar inanimate objects, so animate in their associations. The air moved with the maternal presence. It was as if the great house of costly materials receded into unreality before these neat, simple objects faithfully composed to create an illusion of the past. Everything was as it used to be—the flowered rug, now faded, the four-poster bed, the black-oak dresser and the rocking-chair by a small round table with its work basket and Bible, the photographs and little ornaments scattered about. With a quick stir of emotion Benjamin glanced at his father. He seemed to have forgotten his sons. His big head bent, his hands loose at his sides, he was standing staring at the rocking-chair. It was there she always sat, her agile, busy fingers at their eternal mending, her quiet smile ever ready for husband or boys. Prentice, with an instinctive gesture, reached for his cigarette case, but drew away his hand, empty.

"How it takes one back," murmured John Paul.

The old man wandered to the window. Then, as if he wished to shake off the gentle spell which lay over him, he trod heavily to the door and flung it open. Once in the hall, his voice boomed with recovered briskness.

"It's time to dress for dinner. We're going to do this up in style."

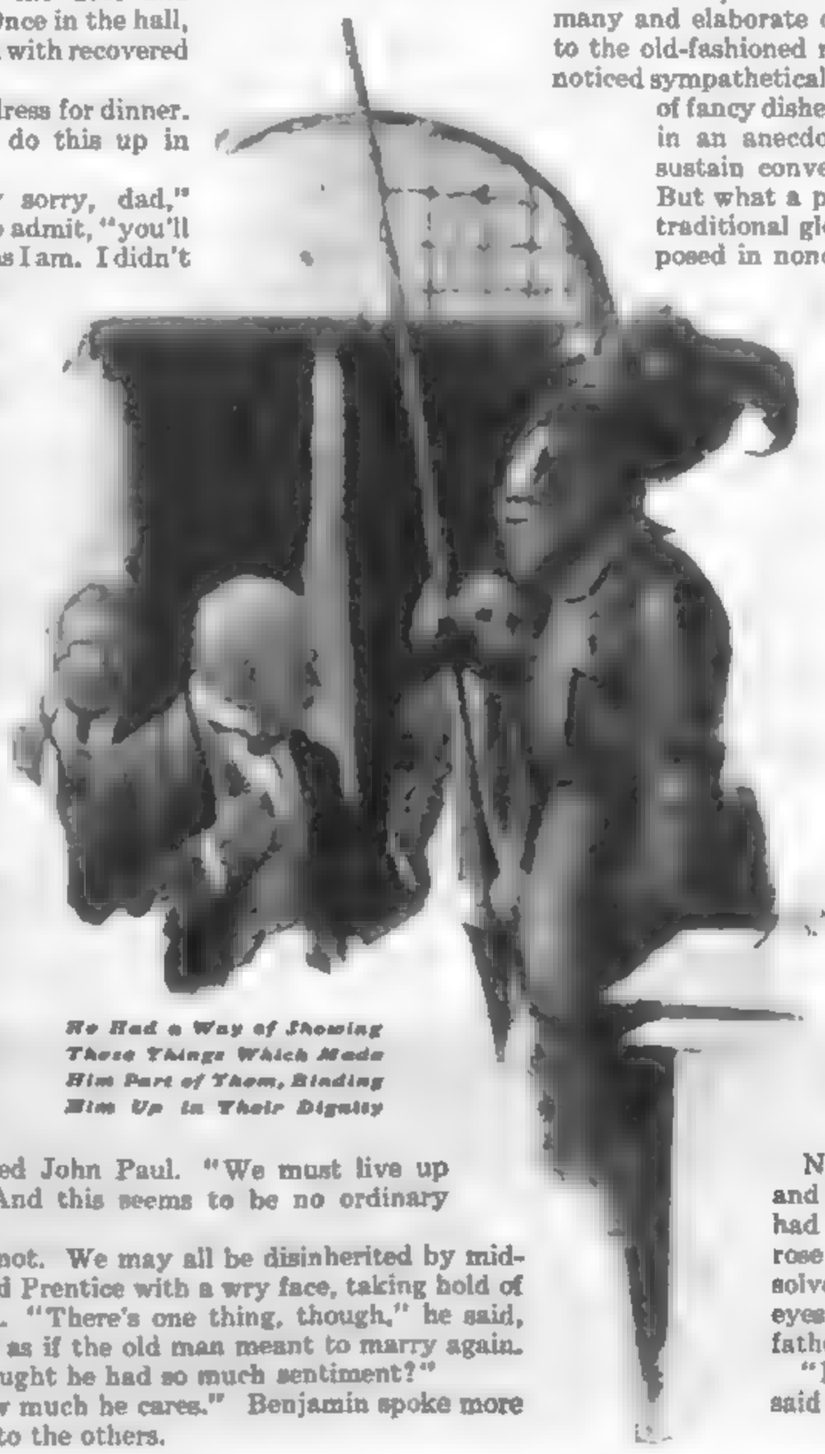
"I'm awfully sorry, dad," Benjamin had to admit, "you'll have to take me as I am. I didn't bring any other clothes."

"That's all right," his father gruffly assured him. "Your room is next to Prentice's," he added; and nodding with a brief "See you later. Dinner at seven sharp," he strode down the hall.

The brothers lingered before the door of their mother's room.

"Can you beat it?" Prentice murmured humorously. "It's lucky I thought to bring a dinner coat."

"Quite proper, my dear fellow," approved John Paul. "We must live up to the house. And this seems to be no ordinary occasion."



He Had a Way of Showing These Things Which Made Him Part of Them, Binding Him Up in Their Dignity

"Apparently not. We may all be disinherited by midnight," remarked Prentice with a wry face, taking hold of Benjamin's arm. "There's one thing, though," he said, "it doesn't look as if the old man meant to marry again. Who'd have thought he had so much sentiment?"

"It shows how much he cares." Benjamin spoke more to himself than to the others.

"Perhaps he wants to break into society," Prentice suggested with his good-natured laugh. "But in that case why in heaven's name did he build in this God-forsaken place?"

"The mills ——" Benjamin began.

"A jolly good reason for building somewhere else," declared Prentice.

At the turn of the hall John Paul stopped to light a cigarette. "It's a pity," he said in a low voice. "The house is really too showy. Poor old father! He's got a few fine things—that Holbein, for instance, and the Gobelins; but the rest ——" His gesture was expressive.

"Why didn't you tell him so then?" Benjamin flashed out.

His eldest brother gave him an indulgent glance. "Why make him unhappy when he's so proud over it all?"

They had at last reached their quarters in the left wing.

"Well," said Prentice, "we'll know soon enough if there's anything up. As a matter of fact," he hesitated, "I've got a little surprise of my own I'm going to spring to-night."

With a flexible motion John Paul consulted his wrist watch. "Better start dressing," he advised. "If you need anything, Benjy, call on me. I'm two doors down."

"John Paul's a good sort," Prentice assured his brother as the stout man, nodding in a friendly way, disappeared into his room, "but he's nutty on art ever since he went to live in France. He collects, you know. All kinds of old things. Give me a trim little yacht. Here you are, old top. Try the shower. It's fine." He ushered Benjamin into a large, well-appointed room, and sauntered off, humming.

The dining room was brilliantly lighted and decorated. Benjamin darted a whimsical glance at the liveried personage posing behind his chair. It was enough to take one's appetite away. The glittering display of glass and silver, the glow of holly stiffly arranged in flat garlands of crimson and prickly green on the creamy napery seemed to accentuate the drabness of his attire, as did the immaculate appearance of his brothers. He could not help comparing it all to the simpler setting and mood of former holidays.

His father, settling his bulk at the head of the table, jovially ordered: "Here you, bring on that wine right away."

Benjamin bent squarely over his soup. It tasted good enough, but every time he raised his head he met the glassy eye of the same footman, who seemed ever waiting to snatch his plate and replace it with an empty one. The many and elaborate courses bore but vague resemblance to the old-fashioned menu prescribed by the season. He noticed sympathetically that his father eyed the procession of fancy dishes with gathering gloom. The others, in an anecdotal vein, were trying their best to sustain conversation when the turkey appeared. But what a poor creature it was, deprived of its traditional glory—already carved and thinly disposed in nondescript portions on the huge silver platter. The old man bent forward to glower at its dull progress round the table.

"Say, what d'you call that thing?" he rudely broke out, and staring at the fleet of smaller dishes which accompanied the anonymous bird, he let fall in the sudden silence, "This is the hell of a Christmas dinner!"

John Paul caught up the rough edges of the ensuing pause with one of his tactful remarks, daintily lifting a bit of white meat on the tip of his fork. Prentice nervously emptied his glass.

Benjamin spoke up unexpectedly. "D'you remember our old dinners, dad? That girl we had certainly could roast turkeys. And her mince pies—gee!"

He smacked his lips.

"Yeah," muttered his father, restlessly moving in his chair. He was evidently impatient for the meal to be over. Frowning he watched the succeeding courses. Every now and then he rumbled an order, tapping the table with his short fingers until it was obeyed.

Near the end, when a blazing pudding and pies had been passed, Prentice, who had been likewise fidgeting in his seat, rose with a sudden dashing air of resolve. He held his glass high, his blue eyes and full-blooded face turned on his father.

"I want you all to drink a toast," he said loudly. "To the sweetest girl in

(Continued on Page 54)

IN RECENT YEARS no cigar has attained so rapidly the standing enjoyed today by WHITE OWL. Three facts explain why — ① the fine character of its leaf, mellowed slowly by time and ripe experience, ② the handsome, tapering, full-size Invincible shape, fashioned with real craftsmanship and ③ the superior buying resources of its sponsors, the General Cigar Co., Inc. Under existing conditions the production of WHITE OWL at its present price is a genuine achievement in cigar making.

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EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

By Floyd W. Parsons

The Stuff Roads are Made Of

An Asphalt Storage Yard

THE manufacture of modern highway vehicles has outstripped our advance in the construction of roads, and yet we have too few vehicles to satisfy the present demand for highway rolling stock. This means that greater effort must be applied to the building of roads in order that the industrial development of the nation shall not be unduly restricted. No words need be devoted to proving the fact that better highways reduce the cost of living. Not many years ago eggs were ten cents a dozen; to-day they are a bargain at seventy cents in many cities. A far greater part of this increase than is generally supposed has been caused by deficiencies in our national system of transportation.

The mud road is the chief cause of farm waste, as it is largely responsible for the producer's inability to deliver with profit the maximum production of his soil to the consumer. Federal investigators state that the waste due to unimproved roads has already reached the huge sum of $500,000,000 annually. The yearly loss of time and labor caused by difficult hauling on unsurfaced highways, if applied to crop production, would mean an agricultural army of more than 250,000 men. All efforts to increase the output of our farms will avail us but little unless we simultaneously speed up road construction so the larger food supply can be moved to market. The railroads of the nation should by all means be made more efficient, but let us not forget at the same time that in the matter of transportation our combined railway systems constitute only fifteen per cent of our haulways, while the country's public highways make up the remaining eighty-five per cent.

Good roads make possible the successful maintenance of municipal markets where the farmer can come with his truckload of vegetables and sell this produce direct to the consumer who buys on the cash-and-carry plan. The rapid growth of American cities has pushed the farmers farther and farther from town; improved highways and motor trucks will act to bring them closer again to the consuming centers. Good roads add immeasurably to the value of real estate and frequently double the productive areas that can serve our populous communities with food. It is also true that smooth, easily traveled highways will afford great protection to the country in case of a nation-wide railroad tie-up, which so often has been threatened. During the big transportation strike in England, shortly after the war, the situation in that country was saved by good highways and motor trucks. With our present inadequate system of roads here in the United States no such relief would be possible except during a short season of the year when warm, dry weather prevails.

The total expenditure during 1919 for hard-surfaced highways set a new high record at $138,000,000, but even this large sum is small in comparison with the available total for road construction in 1920, which is stated to be more than $625,000,000. If good roads, therefore, are so highly essential to our national progress, the ingredients required for highway construction are of no less importance. Close observers already tell us that the spending of the recent record appropriations for new highways will be dependent chiefly on the availability of the necessary raw materials and adequate railway facilities to transport same.

In going over the reports from fifty-one of our larger cities we find that asphalt was used in constructing 60.7 per cent of the pavements; stone brick, 13.9 per cent; brick, 13.7; concrete, 4.1; wood block, 4; and all other paving types only 3.6 per cent. New York City has nearly 25,000,000 square yards of asphaltic pavements; Chicago, 19,000,000; Philadelphia, 10,000,000; Los Angeles, 9,000,000; Portland, 6,000,000; Kansas City, 5,000,000; and Buffalo more than 4,000,000 square yards of asphalt streets.

When the value of asphalt as a paving material was first recognized the United States was largely dependent upon Trinidad and Venezuela for its supplies of this material. Little by little our domestic asphalt industry was developed, until in 1913 we produced 453,586 short tons of asphalt from domestic petroleum, 114,437 tons from Mexican petroleum, and imported 208,809 tons from Trinidad and Venezuela. From these figures it is evident that less than seven years ago we were getting nearly twenty-eight per cent of our asphalt from foreign sources, exclusive of Mexico. In 1918 our production of asphalt from domestic and Mexican petroleum totaled 1,177,819 tons, while our imports had fallen to 114,686 tons. In other words, we were getting more than ninety per cent of our asphalt from sources of supply in our own country and in Mexico.

At the present time it is estimated that more than fifty per cent of the asphalt used in the United States, though made here in our own plants, is produced from Mexican petroleum. The crude asphaltic material is brought from Mexico to the United States refineries in great tank steamers, while the crude petroleum from the United States fields is conveyed to the refineries through pipe lines. Upon its arrival at the refineries it is placed in immense storage tanks and from these tanks the crude materials are pumped into the stills, where they are maintained at specified temperatures for certain periods of time. The lighter oils are driven off, leaving the binding, adhesive asphaltic base in the stills.

The petroleum-asphalt industry of the United States has developed into a mammoth business. The largest asphalt refinery in the world, which is located in Texas, employs 4300 people. Approximately twenty-eight per cent of all the asphalt we manufacture and import into the United States is used for street and road paving purposes.

The general public is well acquainted with the properties of such road materials as stone, brick and cement, but the majority of people have a rather hazy idea concerning the characteristics of the principal bitumens used in highway construction. The bitumens may be divided into two general groups—those made up of petroleum or asphalt, and those containing or consisting of tar products. The common error is to think of asphalt and tar as the same thing. It is true that both are composed chiefly of hydrocarbons and their derivatives, but tar comes principally from the destructive distillation of coal in the manufacture of gas or coke, while asphalt is a more solid substance derived chiefly from the distillation of certain petroleums. The native or lake asphalts of Trinidad and Venezuela have likewise come from the evaporation or distillation of petroleum, though the process has been carried on over a period of time with Nature as the transforming agent. Tar and asphalt when used in highway construction behave in totally different ways.

Aside from the asphalt that is produced from Gulf Coast and Mexican petroleum, and that which is derived from the native deposits in Trinidad and Venezuela, small amounts of asphalt are obtained from three other sources. About 31,000 tons of asphalt is being obtained annually from a mineral rock called gilsonite, which is found in Utah and Colorado. This product is used chiefly in the manufacture of paint and varnish. Approximately 4000 tons of asphalt is derived each year from a mineral called grahamite, which occurs in West Virginia, Texas, Oklahoma and Colorado. The government reports for 1918 show that 25,346 tons of bituminous rock containing asphalt were mined in Kentucky, Missouri, Oklahoma, Utah and California. The asphalt derived from this source was used for paving purposes.

It is evident from the foregoing figures that the production of asphalt in recent years has been going ahead at a rapid pace. It is also plain that so long as we are able to get an uninterrupted flow of crude asphaltic material from Mexico we are in no immediate danger of facing such a scarcity of this essential material as to hamper the execution of our big road-building program. However, let no one assume that Mexico is a part of the United States, and that the petroleum supplies of our near-by neighbor are in any way a part of our own domestic resources. It is likewise worth noting that the uses of asphalt are increasing in a remarkable manner, while on the other hand we are able to see an end to our yearly increases in the production of petroleum in the United States.

Several years ago much trouble was experienced with bituminous macadam roads because the builders of such highways paid too little attention to the design of a substantial foundation and to drainage facilities. Recent practice has shown beyond doubt that in most cases bituminous macadam forms an economical pavement when laid on a road that has been given a good foundation. One such highway in Rhode Island carries an average daily traffic of approximately 3500 vehicles, of which ninety-seven per cent are motor driven. More than 300 trucks travel over this road per day, and yet the bituminous macadam has borne the load in a most satisfactory fashion. Engineers state that a good base is responsible for the success of this highway.

City pavements are now being laid with much success in many rural communities. In one New Jersey county the principal highway through the farming region is a road that was constructed by placing a sheet-asphalt surface upon a well-made macadam road. This highway carries an extensive traffic and already has been subjected to extremes of temperature varying from ten degrees below zero to a maximum of 106 degrees Fahrenheit. On one day

(Continued on Page 37)

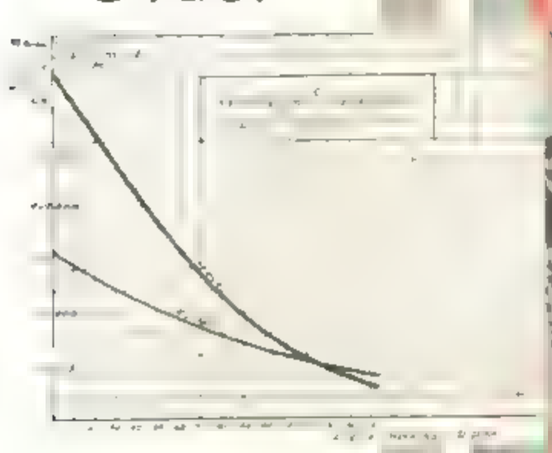
FISK

THINGS honestly *made to a real ideal* are both beautiful and durable. Fisk Tires *are* made to an ideal. It is:

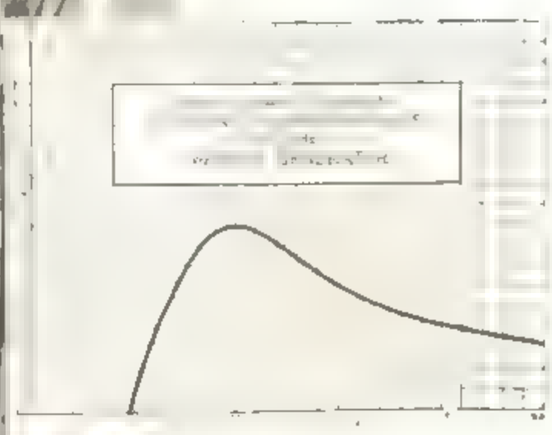
"To be the best concern in the world to work for, and the squarest concern in existence to do business with."

Next time—BUY FISK from your dealer

The Starter That is Built to Order



This curve shows the pull, or torque, at the crankshaft, exerted by the Wagner Cranking Motor. It also shows how the pull diminishes as the speed of the motor is increased, thus causing a minimum use of current from the battery.



This curve shows how the Wagner Generator charges the battery at the maximum, when the car speed is from eighteen to twenty-two miles, thus quickly replenishing the battery under city traffic conditions. It also shows how the charging decreases as the speed increases, thus preventing overcharging during the longer runs when touring.

Three Units Working As One

Simultaneously with the first touch on the starting pedal, the Wagner Cranking Motor spins the fly wheel—the Wagner Ignition supplies the hot spark for combustion—and the start of the car awaits your pleasure.

Meanwhile the Wagner Generator keeps pace, supplying new energy to the battery as the Ignition and Cranking consume it.

This splendid performance is made possible by the unity of the Wagner Made-to-order Electrical System—the Cranking—the Generating—and the Ignition.

Each of these Units works in perfect harmony and exact co-ordination with the other, and all in accordance with the power requirements of both the engine and car, of which they are a part.

This means to you, the owner of a Wagner equipped car, quick "get away"—ample battery charging—and dependable ignition.

Insist that the car you buy is equipped with a Wagner Made-to-order Electrical System.

Wagner Electric Manufacturing Company
Saint Louis, U. S. A.

*Factory Branches and *Maintenance Stations:*

						Selling Agencies:
*Atlanta	Cincinnati	*Detroit	*Minneapolis	*Pittsburgh	St. Paul	Memphis
*Boston	*Cleveland	*Indianapolis	Montreal	*San Francisco	Syracuse	New Orleans
*Buffalo	Dallas	*Kansas City	*New York	*Seattle	Toronto	Salt Lake City
*Chicago	*Denver	*Los Angeles	*Omaha	*St. Louis	Washington, D. C.	
		Milwaukee	*Philadelphia			

Wagner Quality

CRANKING
GENERATING
IGNITION

(Continued from Page 34)

when the temperature was above 100 this road carried 140 heavily laden trucks passing in a single train. The road has been in use three years, and so far no patching or maintenance of any kind has been necessary.

One of the newest uses for asphalt is in the repairing of brick pavements that have become filled with ruts. It is expensive to remove the old brick surface, and even if this were not so such a job would mean the closing of the street for a considerable length of time. For this reason a number of municipalities have adopted the plan of resurfacing the worn brick either with a mixture of sheet asphalt or asphaltic concrete. Such an improvement costs only sixty per cent as much as would be required to lay a new brick surface. Furthermore, by laying the new surface on one side at a time, the work can be done without excluding the traffic from the street.

One engineer suggests this working formula for resurfacing a brick pavement with asphalt: Remove broken brick and clean out the holes; flush surface; give surface a light paint coat of naphtha and asphaltic cement; fill all holes with asphaltic concrete; put on a two-inch asphaltic-concrete surface and seal the coat.

Some few years back, when brick pavements were first being laid, one of the big problems was to find a suitable material to fill the joints so as to prevent the brick from moving round on the base. The first material that came into use as a filler was sand, but brick pavements constructed with sand proved unsatisfactory because the sand filler was anything but waterproof. This permitted water to collect between the foundation and the wearing surface, resulting in the final destruction of the brick. It was also found impossible to keep the sand in the joints, and streets so constructed became extremely noisy. Engineers investigated this problem and discovered that a bituminous filler not only eliminated expansion troubles and the consequent heaving, but furnished a waterproof bond.

As a result of this new use for asphalt the manufacturers in recent years have devoted themselves to producing an asphaltic filler that will give even greater satisfaction than the fillers first used. After a brick pavement has been laid it should be rolled, but not so heavily as to cause the sand on which the brick are laid to push up through the interstices, thereby occupying the space which the asphalt should fill. The simplest filling method is to pour the asphalt into the cracks from pouring cans. After the filler has been poured in it often shrinks in cooling, and for this reason it is best to give the pavement two applications of the cement. Best results are obtained when the filler is heated to a temperature of not less than 350 degrees Fahrenheit. After the joints between the bricks have been filled, clean sharp sand, heated to the same temperature as the filler, should be spread over the surface. This hot sand sinks into the filler and provides a better joint. It is best to roll the pavement again before the asphalt is thoroughly cool.

In many small communities an asphaltic road oil is now being used as a binder in the construction of roads that are surfaced with cinders and gravel. These latter materials are frequently available for the cost of hauling, and when bound together with a heavy asphaltic oil provide a road that is extremely satisfactory in view of the small outlay incurred.

It is also true that in dozens of communities where durable paving cannot be had at once the road officials are resorting to the use of heavy asphaltic material that is applied to the dirt roads by the penetration method. Dust is the curse of many rural districts, and in order to overcome this nuisance many localities have used water, salt, calcium chloride, oils and waste liquors, with varying success. Practically all such remedies have the same great fault—they afford only temporary relief. The latest scheme for conquering the dust demon is to use bituminous materials, which not only settle the dust but cement the particles of earth together and cover the road with a waterproof mat.

In this connection it should be remembered that all road oils are obtained from petroleum, and that such oils may be asphaltic, semiasphaltic or paraffin. The value of an oil for dirt roads may be accurately measured by the binding power of the material, and this cementing quality is in direct ratio to the asphaltic character of the oil. The paraffin oils, besides being only temporary dust layers, have no binding power, so that the road surface treated with them soon disintegrates into a greasy dust which is carried by the wind and is destructive to both vehicles and clothing. The oiling of roads is looked upon with disfavor in many communities simply because the local officials practiced false economy and purchased a cheap grade of oil instead of one possessing cementing qualities.

Not only is it necessary to purchase the proper bituminous material but the oil must be carefully applied if the job is to prove successful. The road should first be dragged, holes filled, soft spots repaired and loose dust broomed away. The oil should be applied to a clean surface of road that has been properly crowned. An ordinary sprinkling wagon will do, but a pressure distributor will, of course, insure deeper penetration and a more uniform distribution. Competent road engineers suggest the use of from one-quarter to one-half of a gallon of oil per square yard. After the oil has had time to soak in, the surface of the road should be covered with sand, stone, chips or dirt dust, to take up the surplus oil and prevent its being gathered up by the wheels of passing vehicles. If sand cannot be procured, and dust must be spread over the highway, only sufficient dust should be used to take up the surplus oil.

The ideal condition in all communities is to have paved streets constructed of high-grade durable road materials, built in accordance with the latest knowledge on the subject. If this cannot be done, and dirt roads must answer for the time being, local authorities should not forget that the use of a good asphaltic oil will insure complete freedom from dust in the summer and comparative freedom from mud in the winter. Hundreds of communities that cannot have asphalt or macadam roads appear to believe that any other remedy for unsightly, disgraceful highways is not worth trying. This is an erroneous idea, as has been conclusively proved by some towns, where, though the luxury of expensive paving could not be indulged in, the people preserved the looks of their property and maintained their individual self-respect by adopting a policy of grading and oiling the roads they used.

Business Research

GUESSWORK is being eliminated from modern business. Laboratory methods are being applied to commercial phenomena and the results are recorded and analyzed as rigidly as are the findings of scientists. Several years ago, when little was known about bacteria, the physician diagnosed or, in plain English, guessed that a patient had this or that or the other illness. Very frequently the guess, based on the patient's symptoms, was entirely correct, but absolute certainty was impossible. Later the pathologist came along and succeeded in isolating and getting the thumb prints, so to speak, of many disease germs. As a result the family physician can now definitely say in most cases just what is troubling his patient, as the presence and identity of the disease-causing germs are discoverable by means of well-known tests.

Just as medical men have largely succeeded through scientific investigation in taking the guesswork out of their profession, so modern business men are arriving by a similar route at the facts regarding various types of industrial practice. There has come an awakening on the part of those who control corporations and industries to the desirability of including in their organizations a research body to carry out specific investigations and to analyze valuable scientific knowledge.

Pioneers in industrial research have made material progress in recent years in the way of establishing fundamental truths that may form a basis for this line of work. Primary among the facts discovered is the idea that no scientific research is separable from the rest of knowledge. Hidden discoveries have no utility or value in any practical sense. Large corporations and large industries can better afford to carry on extended research than small ones; however, it must not be overlooked that the object of spending money on research is not to support the research, but to be supported by it. As a general rule the smaller the business the more important it is that all available knowledge shall be utilized.

Pure scientific research is properly supposed to relate to the work of chemists and physicists in laboratories fully equipped with the most delicate kinds of measuring and testing instruments. Everyday business research requires much action but little machinery. An interesting example of what may be accomplished along business lines by a carefully planned system of investigation is furnished by the results obtained by one branch of the electrical industry which took steps recently to supplant uncertain assumptions with positive facts.

For many years lighting experts believed that the quantity and quality of goods which any factory could produce were largely dependent on the lighting conditions that prevailed in the shops where the work was being carried on. This belief of illumination experts, that a poorly lighted factory meant sick production, was based on a simple line of reasoning. Assume a pitch-black night and a factory running full tilt; turn off the lights and all production stops instantly. Turn on one or two lights and a few operatives can work. As more lamps are lighted additional workers can resume their activities, and finally all of the lights are turned on and everyone is again busy. Or imagine putting blindfolds on the workmen. It is plain that in such a case the men wearing a thin covering over their eyes would be able to do more work than other employees who were compelled to wear a thicker blindfold.

On such logic as this lighting engineers founded their contention that as industrial illumination is improved the amount and quality of production will increase proportionately. This belief formed quite a pretty theory that was in every way plausible; but, like the doctor's diagnosis in the olden days, there were no material facts to prove it. Numerous cases were on record where factory production had apparently increased after the installation of better lighting facilities; but nobody could state as a positive fact that the increased output was due wholly to the improved illumination.

Progressive manufacturers became dissatisfied with the lack of definite information and inaugurated scientific tests in many plants, which cleared up much of the doubt surrounding the lighting problem. It was proved that not only can the increased production be named in percentages for a given increase in illumination but previous standards as to the volume of light recommended for various industrial operations were entirely too low, and that factories can profitably afford to double or triple the old lighting intensities, provided the illumination is well distributed so as to avoid glare.

Naturally this new discovery opened the eyes of the manufacturers of lighting equipment to an apparently broader field for sales, but here again they were back in the realm of guesses. What were the prevailing conditions of lighting in factories? What proportion of factory production was carried on under artificial light? Would industrial executives accept the new viewpoint on illumination? Would they see the profit in buying two or three times more light than was called for by the old accepted standards? What official in the plant should be approached with the new lighting proposition? Would the jobber, distributor and contractor assimilate the new facts and get out of the old sales rut?

Since nobody knew the answers to these questions it was necessary to start out on a still-hunt for the needed facts. Laboratory methods were not applicable to the case, so the only effective line of action seemed to be a careful field survey among the users and distributors of industrial-lighting equipment. Trained investigators were secured; men who were not connected with the lighting industry, and who therefore might be relied upon to view the situation without prejudice.

Before being sent into the field these agents were given careful instruction in the principles of industrial lighting, and were developed to be competent judges of factory and plant illumination. They were supplied with sufficient knowledge of industrial lighting to discuss it intelligently and to estimate from another person's conversation the accuracy and extent of his knowledge on the subject. They learned the channels of distribution and all the available facts concerning lighting-equipment sales by jobbers and dealers. In addition to such preparation each investigator was required to memorize two lengthy questionnaires.

Thus equipped, these collectors of information went up and down the land, covering the fifteen principal industrial states and interviewing nearly 500 corporation officials, each one representing a different plant. They called on all sorts of mills and factories, in big cities, small towns and isolated burgs. Their visits also included calls on 200 jobbers and dealers in the states investigated.

With the completion of the field work the reports were analyzed, averaged and summarized. Not only were answers secured for the original basic questions but other unexpected facts came to light, and it was discovered that almost any question rising in regard to industrial illumination and sales conditions could be definitely answered merely by going back to the investigators' reports and making further analysis. The survey was in effect a cross-sectional view of the entire industrial-lighting situation, from which facts were accessible to apply to the country as a whole. Numerous charts were made, so as easily to visualize the information that had been collected, and these graphic records were utilized by the sales managers in formulating selling campaigns.

As examples of facts resulting from the survey that were unlooked for and which are of the greatest value, it was found that only nine per cent of our factories are at present well lighted. Thirty per cent have made no lighting change in five years, during which period industrial-lighting equipment has undergone a complete revolution which renders utterly obsolete and relatively inefficient almost all equipment of an earlier vintage. The investigation showed further that in order to sell better lighting the plant manager or president is the proper man to approach, while as a matter of fact most sales calls in the past were made on the purchasing agent.

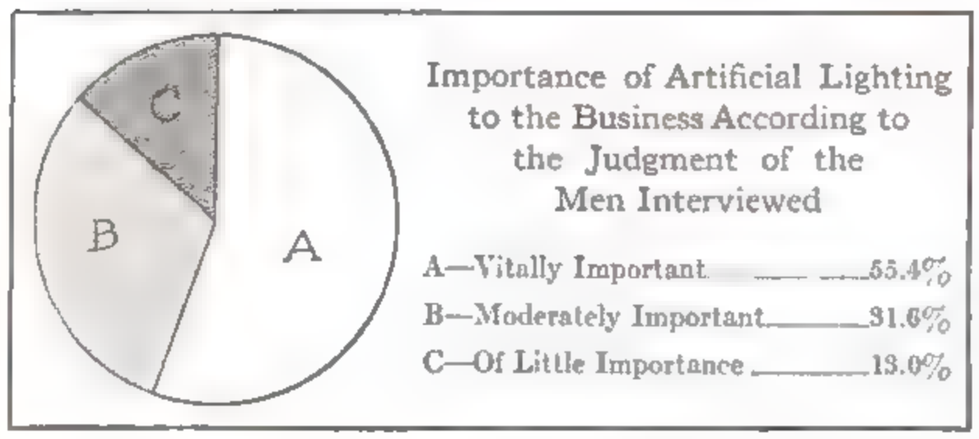
Another mistaken idea which was dispelled by the survey was the belief that the factory man seeking information in regard to better lighting would go to the local electric-light company, to the lighting-equipment manufacturer or to a consulting engineer. He doesn't; instead he asks advice of the local electrical contractor or jobber. It was also discovered that, after dividing the industrial areas into four great geographical groups, some of these groups were much more progressive on industrial lighting, better informed and easier to sell to than others.

An interesting side light on this industrial survey is the method by which the investigators conducted their interviews. In every case the official approached was encouraged to do the talking, so that the desired information might come out in the course of conversation rather than by any pumping process. The belief prevailed at the start of the survey that the investigators might experience

some difficulty in getting interviews. It developed, however, that the chief difficulty was in getting away after the desired information had been secured, for in most instances the industrial executive became so deeply interested in the lighting discussion that he was not at all anxious to see the last of the investigator.

Though this extensive survey covering industrial illumination was conducted at the expense of a single big manufacturer, the findings were promptly published and made available for the entire lighting industry. The result of the work has been a quickened interest on the part of factory executives in the lighting problem, and a consequent increase in the sales of equipment to provide better illumination. With the improvement in industrial lighting has come increased production, which is an outcome much desired at the present time.

The moral of the story is that valuable benefits always accrue in the conduct of business when facts replace guesswork. The investigation here cited should point a way out for dozens of corporations and organizations in other industries where important activities are based on nothing more substantial than mere conjecture.


C
B
A
Importance of Artificial Lighting to the Business According to the Judgment of the Men Interviewed
A—Vitally Important 55.4%
B—Moderately Important 31.6%
C—Of Little Importance 13.0%

Making Students of Salesmen

NOT ten per cent of the men and women now engaged in business are sufficiently analytical. At first glance this may appear to be a hasty assumption, but an investigation will show that the statement is true beyond doubt. Thousands of retail merchants throughout the United States employ hundreds of thousands of clerks, who sell certain kinds of goods year in and year out and yet have no knowledge whatever concerning the nature and sources of supply of the raw materials from which the product that is being sold has been manufactured. How many shoe clerks know where the various kinds of leather come from? They talk glibly to customers about high prices and their causes, but not one shoe clerk in a hundred is familiar with the facts pertaining to the production of goatskin, which comes not from America but chiefly from the other side of the earth.

The general ignorance of shoe clerks concerning the production of leather and the processes of shoe manufacture is no more pronounced than is the lack of knowledge of other kinds of clerks with respect to the various products they handle. The other day a friend asked me to step into a big automobile salesroom where he contemplated buying a car. The principal problem that developed in his mind was whether he should purchase the larger or the smaller car of this particular make. The automobile salesman, who was far from being an amateur, agreed with his prospective customer that the heavier, seven-passenger car would consume considerably more gasoline, oil and tires than the lighter machine.

The salesman went no further with his analysis, and my friend left the automobile salesroom with the matter still unsettled in his mind.

Said he: "With the price of gasoline soaring as it is I am rather inclined to believe that the big car will cost a couple of hundred dollars more to operate each year than the lighter machine."

"How many miles do you drive?" said I.

"About 6000 a year," replied my friend.

"That means," said I, "that if the smaller car runs sixteen miles on a gallon it will use 375 gallons during the season. Further, if the large car runs only twelve miles on a gallon of gasoline it will require 500 gallons each year. This means that the larger automobile will consume 125 more gallons of gas than the smaller car, and at thirty cents a gallon the big auto will cost you about $37.50 more than the small one."

A little additional figuring indicated in like manner that the increase in running expenses of the seven-passenger automobile, so far as tires, oil and grease were concerned, was far less than at first had seemed likely. The principal question in my mind and that of my friend was, "Why should an experienced automobile salesman permit a prospective customer to go away under the impression that the difference in operating costs between two cars is three or four times as great as is actually the case?" It appeared to me that this identical problem must have confronted the salesman dozens of times, and though a few minutes of figuring would have provided a definite and satisfactory answer no such thought had been given the question.

The day of the superficial man is rapidly passing. We have entered an era when intelligent people demand facts. The picture I have drawn of the average salesman applies with equal force to the majority of employers. In fact it is hardly necessary to say that the salesman is but a reflection of his boss. If the man higher up is content to rest in ignorance concerning the past and present history of his merchandise it is hardly reasonable to suppose that the clerks who work for him will be inspired to study the goods they handle.

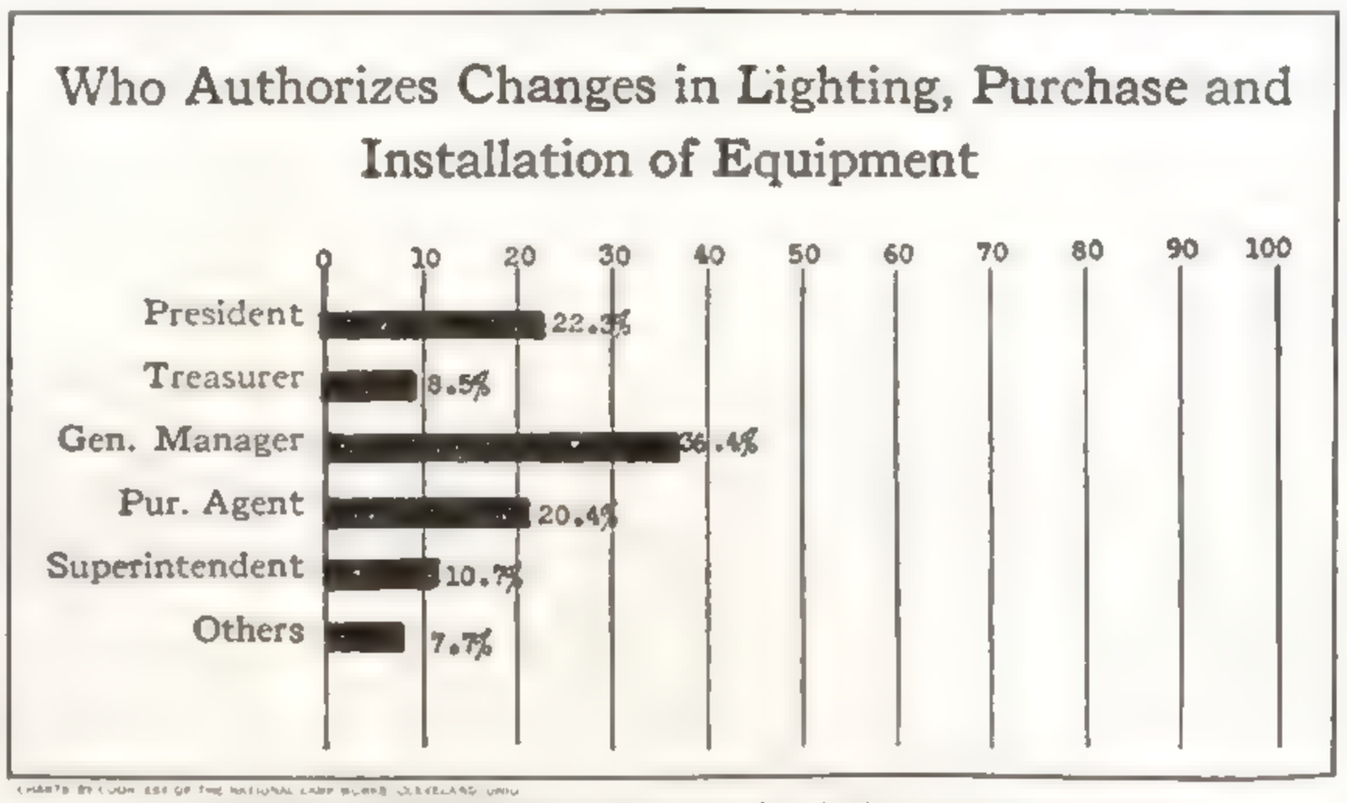
Recently an investigator carried on an examination in the retail hat business of one of our largest cities, and the fact was developed that less than thirty per cent of the managers and salesmen in this particular trade were informed concerning the early history of hat manufacture and the important scientific and industrial advances made in recent years by the art.

There isn't a business under the sun, from shining shoes to selling locomotives, but is filled with romance. It is also true that the complete story of every profession and industry is free for those who are willing to devote a few hours to study in any town or city library. Notwithstanding this easy availability of essential trade and technical information thousands of people devote years to commercial pursuits without adding a mite to the knowledge they started with. Is it any wonder, therefore, that imagination and enthusiasm are so lacking in the common run of people who are employed to sell?

It could hardly be otherwise in a situation where the average customer knows as much about an article as the salesman does.

The manager of one large store in a Southern city found himself up against this very problem. It did not require any extended research on his part to discover that though his salesmen were veritable sharks in the matter of baseball statistics they were tail-enders when it came to knowledge of the special lines of goods they sold. This manager started a beneficial current of thought in the minds of his workers by selecting as the new head of one department that clerk who made the best showing in an oral examination covering the details of the class of merchandise handled in this department.

A general business policy of selecting for advancement those employees who have acquired the greatest amount of knowledge concerning the goods they handle will fill the reading rooms of many libraries with salespeople who have suddenly developed a desire to absorb interesting and useful information covering the principal commodities of everyday life.



Two of the Charts Prepared From the Data Secured in the Survey of Industrial Lighting

Iceless Ice Boxes

ONE of the wonders of science is that we can take the heat energy of coal and convert it into ice to prevent the decay of food. Such a process has been used in the big artificial-ice plants for a number of years, but it is only during recent times that the same principle has been perfected for household service. In the large ice-making establishments the refrigerating machines are operated by an experienced engineer who is always on hand to give close attention to the mechanical equipment.

This human supervision is not possible in the average home, so the designers of a miniature refrigerating plant for household use were compelled to build a machine that was not only automatic but foolproof as well.

The evolution of the domestic refrigerator has been a matter of years. Tens of thousands of dollars have been expended in carrying on experimental work which has slowly but surely eliminated the principal obstacles that were early encountered. As a result of the progress that has been made the skilled engineer working in the central electric station is coming to take the place of the ice man with his dripping load, and the householder is only obliged to turn a switch in order to produce winter's cold in the same old ice box that holds the family's food.

This achievement of securing mechanical refrigeration from energy carried over the same wires that bring electricity to light the home is a scientific triumph which daily will be of greater importance. Investigators tell us that very few household refrigerators can be maintained with an inside temperature of less than fifty degrees when natural or artificial ice is used as the cooling medium. Our various types of new electric refrigerators will keep the air in the ice box down to the freezing point or even lower if such a condition is desired.

Ice refrigeration produces a damp ice box and provides a variable temperature if the door of the refrigerator is frequently opened and closed. Iceless refrigeration eliminates the humidity in the air and produces a dry box with an unfluctuating, crisp cold that prevents the contamination and decay of food.

Students of food preservation have learned of late that in order to preserve food properly careful attention must be given to regulating the moisture content of the air in the ice box, as well as to the maintaining of a low temperature. Not only must the air be cold, but it must be comparatively dry. Food spoils rapidly, due to germ growth, at temperatures above fifty degrees. In the average refrigerator cooled with ice the temperature always rises as the cake of ice melts away. This is due to the fact that the degree of cold in the box depends upon the surface area of the cake of ice.

With electric refrigeration there is relatively no dampness in the box, and as a consequence none of the food becomes moldy. The bacteria of decay are always present in food products, but they should not be confused with the germs of disease, though both are microscopic in size and are possessed of practically the same habits. In a temperature of less than fifty degrees the decay bacteria become dormant and do not multiply, though the freezing does not always kill them. If the temperature is permitted to rise to more than fifty degrees some of these bacteria become active and start to reproduce. As the temperature continues to increase, the activity of these agents of decay becomes greater. It is therefore evident that a uniform cold of less than fifty degrees is essential to the preservation of foodstuffs.

The large refrigerating machines used in cold-storage plants employ liquid carbon dioxide or liquid ammonia under a high condensing pressure as the refrigerating agent. When the engineers undertook the construction of an electric refrigerator for household use they found that the high pressures used in the big machines were not satisfactory for the small home units, and this caused the manufacturers to substitute sulphur dioxide—which requires a relatively low condensing pressure—for ammonia or carbon dioxide. If placed in the open air liquid sulphur dioxide commences to boil at fourteen degrees above zero. The production of cold is accomplished by the expansion, or rather by the evaporation of the sulphur dioxide, which

(Concluded on Page 44)

Members of the Quality

THERE are members of "the Quality" among modern business letters as once there were among men. The dress—the bearing—the self-assurance of the cavalier were symbols of his gentle birth. The fine texture—the fresh crispness—the dignity of superior bond paper are symbols of letter-quality, which, after all, is but a reflection of the man who signs the letter.

The fine-grained surface of a sheet of Systems Bond is a proper background for *your* signature. Its appearance, strength—its brisk crackle—these are touches of excellence which favorably affect even the man who knows little about paper. You can standardize on Systems Bond, for it is uniform wherever and whenever you buy it. And—best of all—it is a rag-content and loft-dried paper at *a reasonable price*. Your printer will tell you what this means to you.

Systems Bond is the standard bearer of a comprehensive group of papers - a grade for every Bond and Ledger need—all produced under the same advantageous conditions—and including the well known Pilgrim, Transcript, Atlantic and Manifest marks.

EASTERN MANUFACTURING COMPANY
501 Fifth Avenue New York
Mills at Bangor and Lincoln, Maine

SYSTEMS BOND

"The Rag-content Loft-dried Paper at the Reasonable Price"

THE ETERNAL WARFARE

By Stanley M. Rinehart, M. D.

IN ORDER to prevent the slightest misunderstanding it must be said at once that this article has nothing to do with the late unpleasantness in Europe, nor with any conflict or succession of conflicts between nationalities or individuals of the human race. It will concern itself with the never-ending fight for supremacy between plants and animals, and the bearing it has upon our daily peace, health and happiness.

Even that is too big a subject for a limited space, and there will be no attempt to cover it. Merely a cross section, a single instance, of the warfare will be described, using common conditions as an example. And of the many enemies of mankind, a single foe, or rather family of foes, will be chosen.

Plants live upon animal matter, either living or dead animals; and animals could not exist without the vegetable kingdom. Even strictly carnivorous animals must eat flesh that has been nourished by plant life. One essential element of all life is nitrogen, which must be obtained from the air. Plants alone have the mechanism by which living nitrogenous compounds can be manufactured. And so all animal life must get them secondhand, from plants or from other animals that have obtained them from the vegetable kingdom.

Most plants require that animal tissue shall have undergone disintegration before it can be appropriated as nourishment. But decay is accomplished by other plant life, the infinitesimally small bacteria of putrefaction which attack all dead matter of either kingdom. There are notable exceptions to this rule, but they are few as compared with the others. The pitcher plant, for instance, captures its food alive and digests it. But, whether alive or dead, animals are the natural prey of plants, and plants of animals. This conflict has gone on unceasingly from the time of the separation of organic matter into the two great divisions. And it will continue as long as both exist.

Most bacteria are small vegetable organisms of simple structure, belonging to the lowest orders of organic life. Like members of the higher orders, they require food upon which to thrive. And also like them, some live upon dead tissue and others upon the living.

The latter are the germs which by their growth in the body cause most of the acute infections. If it were not for the fact that the very vast majority of such conflicts have resulted in victory for the animal kingdom these small but exceedingly virulent enemies would long ago have annihilated it.

Mankind is continuously besieged by disease bacteria, and yet comparatively few succumb. Why is it that so many are called and so few chosen? Because everyone is possessed of fighting forces which enable him to combat his bacterial enemies. Depending upon whether these defensive forces are potent or impotent will the issue be either victory or defeat.

Attack and Defense

IN ALL infections two elements must be present—first, the germs; and second, conditions favorable to their growth. By favorable conditions it is implied that the bacteria must overwhelm by their numbers or virulence, or that the natural resistance to them is lessened. Many billions of bacteria in contact with the human body do not constitute an infection, unless they continue to grow and multiply and throw off their poisons, and cause destruction.

The living body may be likened to a citadel surrounded by enemies. They attack from every direction; they are present in the atmosphere, in the dust that collects on the surface of every object touched. Always there is skirmishing with some of the commoner varieties of the foe, and sometimes they overwhelm by their numbers and strength. But as long as the outer walls remain intact, the battlements manned with defenders, just so long will the citadel be safe.

It will eventually succumb to age or it may be weakened by internal causes. But if it be strongly guarded and wisely governed, and if the enemy do not attack in too great numbers, the siege will last the allotted time, until the hour strikes when each human citadel must fall, due to failure of the forces within.

The defenses of the body are of two kinds, outer and inner. On the principle that it is better to keep a foe out than risk an encounter after he has gained a foothold, the outer defenses are very strong. They are the skin, which covers the body, and the mucous membranes, which line all the inner passages communicating with the outside.

The mucous membrane is one of the primary defenses because it also is an outer lining of the body. Its location is different, that is all. Nothing is really inside the body until it has pierced the outer layers of the skin or the mucous membrane. To illustrate the analogy between the two, push in the finger of a glove, inverting it. The inserted finger of the hand is not within the glove; it is still surrounded by the outer covering. To get into the glove by this route, that covering must be broken.

And so it is with the body. To get within the body bacteria must penetrate the lining. This is usually accomplished by some force or circumstance other than that within the germs themselves. An injury must make the breach or an unhealthy condition weaken the defense.

The coverings of the body, then, are its outer ramparts, its first defense. They are able to withstand repeated onslaughts without harmful results. The fluids which their glands secrete—sweat, saliva, mucus, gastric juice—either kill germs or disarm them.

But as happens innumerable times to everyone, when this first defense at any point is broken down the enemy gains entrance. Then the secondary defenses are called upon for assistance. Every tissue has this defensive power, some more than others, but not one is without it. All the tissues have one characteristic in common. They are all made of the same basic substance, protoplasm. Every cell, whether of skin or brain, muscle or sinew, mucous membrane or the tiny bodies that float in the blood stream—all are protoplasm. They have many different structures and functions, but they are of one material. And they have a common antipathy toward bacteria. This applies to all germs, to those which cause pus as well as to those which produce the acute infectious diseases, such as pneumonia, influenza and typhoid fever.

White Corpuscles to the Rescue

THERE is a very numerous and prolific family of bacteria called streptococci, the various members of which cause pus. Some members of this family are more poisonous than others, but they are all capable of setting up an infection when they achieve a victory. Once having effected an entrance through Nature's first defenses, either the skin or mucous membrane, an infection will result if the secondary defenses are not strong enough to overpower them.

Suppose two persons receive similar injuries to the hand, produced by the same cause, which has broken the skin surface and introduced as nearly as possible the same number of streptococci beneath the surface. Suppose that the first-aid treatments, the cleansing and the dressings, are exactly the same.

One wound heals promptly with very little discomfort and inconvenience. The other not only fails to heal but the hand becomes swollen and inflamed; pus forms and other disastrous results follow.

By a fortuitous occurrence in each case the enemy finds and gains entrance through a breach in the ordinarily impregnable wall of the citadel. And in each case the secondary defensive forces are called upon to repel him. At once the cells of that whole neighborhood are thrown into a state of the greatest excitement and activity. They begin to secrete fluids, chemical substances, the purpose of which is to weaken the violence of the onslaught and to neutralize the poisons which the bacteria produce. Chemical warfare, then, is the first result.

But without other help the cells would not be able to withstand an attack of the enemy in appreciable numbers. A few bacteria may be overcome, slaughtered, and washed out by the blood flow. Then a blood clot may close the opening and further attacks be prevented. More often, however, the germs begin to attack and kill the nearest cells, throwing off poisons as they proceed about their nefarious business.

These poisons which they create are often their own undoing. Their presence causes a riot call for reënforcements. Soon the troops of the garrison, the white blood corpuscles, rush to the rescue. They come on the swollen blood streams and pour out through the torn vessel walls. They are so small that in times of trouble like this they have the power to penetrate between the plates which line the unbroken capillary walls. Because of this ability to go where they are needed, the white corpuscles are called wandering cells.

How do they obtain the word that they are needed, and how are they able to respond so promptly? The presence of the bacteria and their poisons irritates the small nerves which supply the injured part. The message is transmitted along these nerve wires to certain nerve centers, and the answer comes back which dilates the vessels and slows the blood stream. This enables the corpuscles to debark, and with the constant flow of blood through the capillaries more and more troops hasten to the rescue from distant parts.

Then begins an aggressive fight which cannot end for individuals on either side except in victory or defeat; there can be no armistice. In 1883 Metchnikof was observing a small sea animal, the daphnia, under the microscope, and noted that its cells had the power of digesting infinitesimally small yeast plants with which they came in contact. He saw the daphnia cells project a part of their bodies and gradually surround the yeast cells. A little later the latter had disappeared, having become a part of the animal cells.

Here was the story in miniature of the eternal fight for supremacy between plant and animal. Later, when observing the circulation in a frog's foot, he injected into it the germs of tetanus, or lockjaw. Then he saw for the first time in the history of science the fight between a germ and a white corpuscle. In the same manner, because the white corpuscle is a minute mass of protoplasm, like the daphnia cell, the hosts of the latter consume invading enemies.

To these hand-to-hand encounters he gave the name phagocytosis, and the white corpuscles which fight out battles continuously for us are called phagocytes. It is they, then, that obey the call of distress and come to the rescue when bacteria have penetrated our outer line of defense.

The number of these defenders in normal blood is enormous, but when the streptococcus has gained a foothold within the body another remarkable phenomenon takes place. At once the menaced garrison begins to mobilize more troops, to call to colors a reserve army of white corpuscles. If the need is great this force may increase to more than ten times their usual number in the blood.

Not every kind of bacterial enemy causes an increase in the army of white corpuscles. The germ of influenza, for instance, and the tubercle bacillus, among others, are incapable of inciting this call to arms.

White corpuscles are of several kinds, some of them soldiers and others merely camp followers, having different duties than that of fighting. Both kinds are called by various names, but that common to all is leucocyte, which merely means white body; and their presence in the blood in increased numbers is called a leucocytosis. In order that there may be no confusion of names for white blood corpuscles it must be understood that they are all called leucocytes, but phagocytes are the wandering leucocytes that make up the army.

Pus germs, as has been intimated, invariably cause a leucocytosis. So does the germ of pneumonia. On this fact depend two conclusions of tremendous importance to the victim of either of these bacteria. In the case of the streptococcic invasion, however obscure and remote the battlefield within the body, microscopic examination of the blood which discloses a leucocytosis helps the physician to determine the nature of the trouble. The body is fighting pus somewhere, and has mobilized additional troops.

Chemical Warfare

OR, IF one has pneumonia, the amount of the leucocytosis gives the attending physician an idea of the kind of fight the forces of Nature are putting up, and, within certain limitations, what the issue will be, whether victory for the defenders or rout and defeat.

But, to return to the two similar hand injuries which result so differently, why does one wound heal promptly and the other proceed to suppuration?

The difference in the defense is not so much in the white corpuscles themselves as in the tissue cells. Neither the former nor the latter can wage a successful fight alone; they must act reciprocally, each reënforcing the other. In the wound which heals promptly the tissue cells are able to secrete a specific antipoison in sufficient quantity to lessen the deadly activity of the bacteria and to counteract their poisons. In the losing fight, however, these secretions are less powerful. Something is wrong with an essential element of the defense, perhaps due to an inherent weakness in the individual, but often the result of other conditions over which he has more or less control.

Not being properly reënforced by the chemical warfare the wandering cells, the leucocytes, wage an unequal battle against troops whose numbers rapidly increase. It does not take bacteria long to propagate their kind. The tubercle bacillus, for instance, under favorable conditions will grow to maturity in an hour, and divide into two. Most bacteria are plants, remember, of the lowest order of fungi. These two divisions of the parent plant will again grow and divide, each into two, in an hour. Try it with paper and pencil and see how many millions of the bacillus family will result from one healthy germ between sunset and sunset.

(Concluded on Page 42)

VERY likely you have observed that the average family refers to its Hupmobile in a decidedly unusual way.

As a rule, the car is spoken of with real warmth of feeling—as one speaks of an old friend.

It naturally pleases us to see that the Hupmobile has won such a tremendous hold on the people.

We do not attempt to account for it except on the score of the car's everlasting faithfulness in the service of its owners.

Hupmobile

(Concluded from Page 40)

The pus germs, not being repulsed at their first onslaught, increase in number and in the violence of their attacks. More and more white corpuscles with reckless bravery hurl themselves upon the enemy, slaying millions, but from time to time are finally overcome. Tissue cells are destroyed, and the bodies of slain defenders and enemy alike litter the battle ground.

This débris, with the watery constituents of the blood that are poured forth, together constitute that resultant thick fluid which is called pus.

Always aggressive, always fighting, the streptococci soon seek to extend their conquests. On the lymph streams of the skin they travel, desperate skirmishing following their invasion. Now red streaks appear on the arm, marking their progress. Eventually, if not checked, these will reach the shoulder, especially if the pus is dammed up at its source.

The lymphatics of the arm pass through certain small glands in the axilla, the space under the shoulder joint. These substations are placed in various parts of the body for the purpose of filtering out just such invaders as now appear. They check the progress of the enemy host, but themselves become swollen and inflamed, a sacrifice to the cause, being Nature's third line of defense.

If the pus in the hand has not been given free exit by the surgeon's knife it will follow the course of the bacteria, and there will be a general infection of the arm. The axillary glands will soon break down and suppurate. By this time the condition will be extremely dangerous. Great destruction will follow if there is not immediate relief, if all the pus areas are not freely opened and cleaned of débris. For dead germs are poisonous as well as the living, and both the dead and the living are in the pus.

Another great danger lies in the fact that the bacteria may be carried by the blood streams to distant parts. When this occurs inflammatory processes may appear at any point in the interior. Pus will form in other and obscure places. The blood will be teeming with the enemy and the desperate fighting will be general. The whole citadel will then be threatened, and will need all the help that science can bring to bear. This is the condition known as bacteriæmia, or blood poisoning.

The Natural Air Filter

The skin is much less vulnerable to infection than the mucous membranes. Practically all the bacteria of the acute infectious diseases enter by the latter route. The skin is impervious to most of them. Typhoid-fever germs, for example, when rubbed into a broken skin surface will cause only a local irritation, because Nature's secondary defenses there destroy them.

But whether bacteria enter by one route or another, the methods of attack and defense are the same, and the same factors determine the issue. Injury to or an unhealthy condition of the mucous membrane secures the necessary breach in the outer wall, and, that once effected, the tissue cells and the leucocytes must carry on.

The mucous membranes of the nose, mouth and throat are favorite points of attack of the streptococci. The nose is the proper channel through which air should enter the lungs. Streptococci, uncounted numbers of them, are suspended in the impalpable atmospheric dust. The nose is the natural air filter and very few bacteria of any kind get far through the normal nose. There they are collected, with the dust, and the mucous secretion renders them harmless and washes them away.

But if there are obstructions in the nose or the nasal sinuses, those accessory cavities that are connected by small openings with the nose, and obstruction of the membranes results, and the bacteria find conditions favorable for growth. Then the membranes become congested and swollen, blocking the exits, and pus accumulates. Not only is the first defense broken down but the resistance of the tissue cells is weakened. Here, then, is created a focus of infection, an entrenchment of the enemy, from which he may sally forth at any time to wreak destruction elsewhere.

If the pus pocket can be drained freely and frequently washed out the danger is lessened. Especially if all obstructions to drainage are removed Nature will have a chance to fight her way to victory.

In the back of the mouth, at the portal of the throat, there are several germ filters, the largest of which are the tonsils. They have an important duty to perform, especially in infancy, to protect from infection the child so recently arrived in a hostile and menacing world. But if the tonsils have a greater burden than they can withstand they become diseased. Then they are a menace to health rather than a protection.

Mouth breathing, to which those are compelled to resort who have nasal obstructions, a habitually dust-laden atmosphere, sudden exposures to extremes of cold and heat—these are the most frequent causes of diseased tonsils. They become the depositories, the germinating ground of bacteria.

Infected Teeth and Tonsils

Within their pockets, or crypts, the streptococci collect, thrive and multiply. Pus forms and exudes, to be absorbed elsewhere. And other bacteria find a soil prepared for them, especially those of pneumonia, of influenza and of diphtheria. The tonsils and the nose are the headquarters from which these deadly germs go forth when opportunity offers, to wreak havoc.

Pus germs have another favorite point of attack, the teeth, because the teeth and gums are so frequently neglected and misused. Particles of food which are allowed to collect round the teeth soon undergo decomposition, and the result is an admirable medium for pus germs. Let the gums be irritated by the ferments of putrefaction, their margins detached by rough, unskillful use of the brush, and all the necessary conditions are present for the formation of pus pockets. Pyorrhea may be confined to one tooth or may affect many, but whether single or multiple its effect upon the general health is profound.

Just here it may be well to interpose a word of caution. A few years ago if anyone, doctor or dentist, had advised tooth extraction as a cure for rheumatism or other general bodily ailment it is not difficult to imagine what would have become of his reputation. Now there is none so poor or ignorant as not to do the theory homage. There is no question but that this knowledge may be carried too far. Teeth should not be extracted upon suspicion, or we should soon become a toothless race. If there is the slightest doubt an X-ray picture of a tooth root should establish the charge of guilt before sentence of execution is pronounced.

One who is otherwise in good health can withstand for a long time poisons which are absorbed gradually and in minute quantities, whether they are produced by bacteria or by any other cause. They are antidoted and cast off by the natural forces of the body. But if the amount becomes greatly increased or the natural resistance is weakened, then the balance of power will be upset.

In the case of the pus pocket in a tonsil or round a tooth, for years the germs may have been entrenched, relatively dormant, their depredations limited and their poisons neutralized. But at any time there may come a change. Another disease condition may affect the general health. Perhaps adjoining teeth may become infected or the bacteria may start up an acute inflammation of the tonsils. Then the enemies break through the walls which have been thrown up about them to protect the surrounding territory, and the former intermittent skirmishing becomes a general combat. They are out in force, full of blood lust, eager for plunder and destruction.

As in the case of the hand infection, they leave by the blood and lymph streams. In the latter they find their destination and fate in the glands of the neck, which swell and become the sites of bitter conflict.

Those that get into the blood, however, will fare farther. Billions and billions will be destroyed, but that will not affect the activities of the others. Some will find lodgment in a remote organ or in distant tissues, where conditions favor their growth. They may stop in a joint or in many joints, causing acute or chronic arthritis; perhaps in the large muscles, and the result will be rheumatism. Or the heart lining may be affected and a chronic heart disease ensue. If the lungs are susceptible there will be a streptococcic pneumonia. Any place where the defense is weak may become the site of their new growth. Focal infections of the teeth or nose or tonsils are now charged with producing thirty-seven acute and eleven chronic diseases.

Frequently the appendix throws open a hospitable door, offering a welcome. This little shriveled remnant of intestine has a poor blood supply and little resisting power. Soon the owner of the tooth abscess or diseased tonsil will begin to experience an uneasiness deep in the right side of the abdomen that may be so ill-defined that he is unsuspicious. That is chronic appendicitis, and will bear watching. Or his pain may be acute, with fever and all the symptoms of an acute fulminating attack. Pus will form and will need immediate exit. Call the surgeon, for death is approaching with quickened footsteps.

How Resistance is Weakened

The ability to overcome bacteria and antidote their poisons is called natural immunity. Everyone possesses it, but it varies in different individuals, and at different times in the same person. The devastating onslaught of one disease may lessen one's immunity to another. A prolonged attack of typhoid fever may render one susceptible to tuberculosis, the germs of which he has been successfully fighting and conquering since childhood.

During the influenza epidemic it was not that disease which slew so many thousands. It prepared the way for the bacteria of pneumonia by destroying all the natural defenses against them. After three or four days' illness, just at the time when the victim, weak and exhausted, was about to come off victorious, he was stricken with pneumonia and was unable to put up a successful fight.

Natural immunity may be broken down also by bad habits. Starvation will weaken it, but so will overeating, which taxes the liver and kidneys beyond their power of endurance, and clogs the blood with waste. Care is another friend of bacteria. Constant anxiety will reduce all the vital forces of the body. And so one might run the gamut of crimes against Nature. Impure air, dissipation, lack of bodily cleanliness, want of proper exercise, continuous work unrelieved by open-air play—all these and many more will lessen the natural resistance to disease.

An additional, greatly increased immunity to certain diseases may be acquired by a successful fight against them. Smallpox, for instance, and scarlet fever seldom succeed in bringing down the same victim twice. With certain other diseases, such as typhoid fever and pneumonia, this acquired immunity does not last indefinitely. Sooner or later the chemical substances stored in the blood disappear, and only the original natural immunity, the power to manufacture them again in case of need, remains.

But in each disease the acquired immunity is active against the bacteria of that disease only. It will antidote the poisons of no other disease than that for which it was made.

There remain two other kinds of acquired immunity, of which one is created within the body, and the other is obtained from animals. It is a curious and wonderful fact that dead germs will rouse Nature's fighting forces also. The introduction of dead bacteria will not produce a disease, but they will stimulate the manufacture of the chemical antidote for the disease which would result from the presence of the living bacteria. This is the basis of the theory of vaccination.

Toxin and Antitoxin

The best and oldest example of vaccination is that against smallpox. The vaccine is obtained from a cow affected with cowpox, which is only a modified form of smallpox in that animal. Dead tubercle bacilli are used as a vaccine against tuberculosis with more or less success. Every year new vaccines are discovered which are helpful in the struggle of mankind with his enemies, the bacteria.

The chemical substances manufactured and stored in the blood serum are another valuable aid. In the making of these the horse is used. The animal is inoculated with diphtheria bacilli, and when all his combative forces are roused, when his fighting blood is up, a quantity of his blood serum is drawn off. This is the antitoxin which has saved so many lives.

All persons who have diphtheria manufacture this antitoxin, but it is a slow process and about twenty-five per cent of the victims would die if left to their own defenses. The bacterial poisons are exceedingly virulent. Help must come quickly from outside the body. And the blood serum of a horse that has fought and conquered the disease furnishes the necessary antidote.

More and more antitoxins are coming into use. The terrors of pneumonia will soon grow less and the victims of influenza decrease in number. Even the ever-present pus bacteria which cause so many and varied troubles—boils and rheumatism, sore throat and pyorrhea and appendicitis among them—even these germs are being combated by the aid of antitoxins.

This war of two kingdoms has gone on unremittingly from the beginning of organic life, and will last forever, but its human toll is growing less and less with every succeeding year.

It is no longer a fight against unseen enemies. Science is bringing to bear in our behalf each year new and more potent weapons.

But science will never conquer of herself alone. After all, each one of us has the forces within him which outweigh all and every external help. It should be the business of each one to conserve them, to keep them up to their highest efficiency.

ILLUSTRATION BY F. R. GRUGER

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NEW YORK

SENSE AND NONSENSE

Thinking Only of Others

UNCLE WASH and Aunt Mallie are an aged negro couple with a large chocolate-colored family who live in a small city in Kentucky. Aunt Mallie takes in washing and Uncle Wash helps out by doing odd jobs for white friends.

In this town hangings used to be conducted publicly. One morning a popular and widely known wife murderer was to die on the gallows and practically the entire colored population turned out to witness the execution of the law.

Consequently a lady who had hired Uncle Wash to tidy up her place was considerably surprised on going into her back yard about ten o'clock to find the old man pulling weeds out of a radish bed.

"Why, Uncle Wash," she said, "I surely thought you'd be up at the courthouse to see the hanging."

"No'm, not me," said Uncle Wash. "Oncet upon a time, Mizz Fowler, way back yonder in de last year of de big Confederit War, I seen a man hung down year at Hickman, whar I wus livin' den, an' I ain't never got over it to dis good day. No'm, I wouldn' go fur no money."

He gazed into space, evidently conjuring up the dread vision, and then with a touch of regret in his voice he added: "But I suttinly does wish dat Mallie an' the chillun could git to go."

Hoping Against Hope

MALCOLM WILLIAMS, the actor, says a friend of his gave a party in sorrowful commemoration of the going into force of the Eighteenth Amendment. When the party was over the late host started afoot from the scene of festivities, bound for his lodgings. Upon his right hip he carried the last remaining precious half pint that he owned.

Seeking to reconcile a pair of flat, uncertain feet to a heaving sidewalk, he came to a crossing where ice covered the pavement. Upon this treacherous surface he slipped and went down, backward, with a tremendous jar which shook him from stem to stern—or perhaps it would be better to say from stern to stem.

As the half-stunned victim of the mishap heaved himself upright he felt a warmish stream of something liquid running down his right leg inside his trousers and flooding his shoe.

"I hope it's blood!" he ejaculated fervently.

Staying for the Finish

BACK in pioneer times in Kentucky a peddler passed through a settlement on what was then the frontier of America. It was muster day. Two contentious citizens of the community, both elderly men, were engaged in a violent quarrel. When the wayfarer moved on after listening for some hours the debate was still actively in progress.

A year later, to the day, he came along again. The two oldsters, having met again, had renewed their argument seemingly at exactly the point that it had reached on his departure twelve months before.

The visitor cocked his head to one side and hearkened for a bit. Then he dismounted from his wagon, hitched his team and hailed one of the audience.

"I wonder," he asked, "how a feller goes about takin' up a section of land in this district. I'm thinkin' about livin' here from now on."

"You must like the looks of the country," said the resident.

"No, not particular," he said, "but I aim to stay here and find out how that there argument is goin' to turn out if it takes me the rest of my life."

Almighty Hustling

A SPORTIVELY inclined Nebraska cyclone picked up a farm hand, carried him fifteen miles through the air in exactly as many minutes and deposited him, somewhat startled but uninjured, in a field belonging to a minister of the gospel.

The clergyman assisted the dazed yokel to his house and ministered to him until his head quit whirling and his faculties of thought were restored.

"My brother," said the preacher when he had heard the farm hand's story, "you should give thanks for your miraculous escape."

"I am," stated the Nebraskan simply.

"What I mean is that you should give thanks to the Lord," said the preacher. "You should remember that it is because he was with you every minute that you are alive and well this moment."

"Do you really s'pose the Lord was with me all the time I was flying through the air?" inquired the saved one.

"I certainly do," stated the minister fervently.

"Well, then, all I've got to say is, He certainly was goin' some!"

So Near—and Yet So Far

WHEN prohibition went into effect a Detroit pul lican hung a large sign over the door of the place where lately he had conducted a life-saving station, advertising cool near beer.

Across the street from him on the opposite corner stood another converted establishment of the same sort, and the proprietor of this ex-saloon also decided to go into the soft-drink business, now that hard drinks were tabooed. But the sign which he erected read as follows:

"THE NEAREST BEER IN DETROIT—FIVE CENTS A GLASS"

Gotham, the Remote

A RANCH foreman of Wyoming made his first journey eastward. The trip carried him all the way to the Atlantic seaboard and back again. On the first night following his return the hands gathered in the bunk house to hear from the boss a description of his adventures.

Midway of the narrative an interested auditor broke in on him.

"How long did you say you stayed in New York?" inquired the cowboy.

"Mighty nigh a whole week," said the traveled foreman.

"What did you think of her?" asked the other.

"Well, I'll tell you," said the foreman, "this here town of New York is a pretty tolable fair town in a whole heap of ways, but the trouble with New York is it's so gosh darned far away from anywheres."

Wisdom From the Dark

TWO candidates for the gubernatorial nomination on the Democratic ticket in Florida engaged in a joint debate at Palm Beach. One of them in the course of his remarks made repeated reference to the platform of principles which he professed to advocate.

After the speaking two venerable negroes who had heard the debate were discussing it.

"Gip," inquired one, "jest whut is dis year fla'form dat dat w'ite gem'mun keep norratin' about?"

"It's luk dis," said the other. "You knows, don't yuh, whut a flatform is when it's on de eend of one of dese year railroad cyars?"

"Sho' I does," answered the first negro.

"Well," said the other, "a flatform, when a w'ite gem'mun is runnin' fur office is jest de same as de flatform is in a railroad cyar when you'se goin' somewhar; it's de thing you uses to git in on."

A Lacking Touch

DIFFICULTIES with domestic servants are not entirely confined to that part of the country lying north of Mason and Dixon's Line, by any manner of means. In a town in the South, an old and socially established family lost the services of the black angel who had presided in the kitchen for many years. As her successor was installed a strapping black person who professed to be an accomplished cook but whose handiwork, in the opinion of the head of the household, failed to measure up to her own representations. It became necessary to sever the relationship.

The incumbent seemed somewhat miffed at being discharged. With both hands on her outspreading hips she fired a farewell blast back at her late employer as she passed through the gate on her way out.

"Me, Ise glad to go!" she declared in loud, clear tones, plainly audible to the neighbors. "Calls yous'ef quality folks! Huh? You ain't whut I calls quality folks. Fust fambly ever I wukked fur dat didn' know enough to pass aroun' toothpicks at de table after they meals."

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

(Concluded from Page 38)

takes place in a coil of pipes, termed the expansion or refrigerating coil. This coil is immersed in a tank of calcium chloride brine, a solution whose freezing point is much lower than that of water, and which therefore will not freeze at the ordinary temperatures prevailing in the average ice box. As a gas the sulphur dioxide is colorless and has a pungent odor. It is harmless, being nonpoisonous, nonexplosive and noninflammable.

Some of the new electric refrigerators are furnished as complete equipments, with the cooling apparatus already installed in an ice box. Other types of machines are so designed that they can be placed in any standard type of refrigerator, which makes it unnecessary to purchase a new box. In this latter case the brine tank or a copper coil is placed in the same compartment of the ice box that is ordinarily filled with ice. Brine tanks or coils are built to suit the size of the box that is to be cooled. If a refrigerating system is used that employs a brine tank the latter is usually provided with a small ice-making chamber in which cubes of ice are made in sufficient quantities to supply the table demands of an average family. In the majority of installations the compressor, condenser and small electric motor are placed in the basement and are connected with the ice box on the floor above by a system of piping.

A fairly uniform temperature is maintained in the refrigerator by means of a thermostat which automatically controls the motor. When the temperature in the ice box has risen to a certain predetermined maximum point the thermostat closes a quick-acting switch which starts the motor that drives the compressor. The machine continues to operate until the temperature in the box has been reduced to a predetermined minimum point, when the electrical circuit is again broken and the machine stops. The general practice is to set the thermostat so that the difference between the maximum and the minimum temperature in the refrigerator will never be more than four or five degrees.

The temperature of the brine in the ice compartment of the box is never more than twenty-five degrees, and the air that is always circulating inside of the refrigerator is not only chilled by contact with the brine tank but is forced to deposit a large percentage of its moisture on the tank in the form of frost. It is this latter action that keeps the ice box so dry that salt or matches can be kept inside of it without being damaged by dampness.

Experience with a number of electric refrigerating machines in household service has shown that under average conditions the motor and compressor operate about one-third of the time, or approximately eight hours out of twenty-four. If the door of the ice box is opened frequently and the temperature of the room is high the refrigerating machine will be called upon to deliver perhaps nine or ten hours' service each day. The motor used for driving the compressors in most of these installations is of one-quarter horse power and is wound for 110 or 220 volts, either direct or alternating current. The prices of these automatic refrigerators vary from $300 to $500, according to the size, finish and make of the machine. It is plain, therefore, that the electric ice box for domestic use is somewhat beyond the reach of the majority of householders. But a similar situation usually exists in the case of the introduction of most new and useful inventions.

As to the cost of operation, this depends on the type of machine, the rate at which electric current is supplied and the care that is exercised by the householder. If a machine is purchased that uses water for cooling the condensing coils the owner of the apparatus will be obliged to pay for the water that is used as well as for current. In an apparatus that is designed with an air-cooling system the charge for water is eliminated. The energy requirements for the average machine amount to approximately 300 watts, or about six times the energy that is needed for the average electric lamp. If we assume, therefore, that the refrigerating machine will operate one-third of the time, or 240 hours per month, the monthly current consumption for each machine will total about seventy-two kilowatt hours. In a number of cities the central-station companies have established a charge of three cents per kilowatt hour for electric ranges and refrigerating machines, so that on this basis the electric ice box in the average home will cost $2.16 a month. The only additional charge will be for oil, and that will be a matter of only a few cents.

The average lighting rate for current throughout the United States, based on figures collected by the Society for Electrical Development, is 8.4 cents a kilowatt hour, while the average cooking rate is 3.2 cents. Central-station companies already recognize that the refrigerating machine provides a desirable business, since it draws current mostly during the day instead of at night, and more largely in the summer than in the winter. It affords a load that can be carried without increasing the fixed charges upon the plant. For these reasons the electric ice box in most communities is being given the same favorable rate that has been established for those who use current for cooking.

In one large Southern city an investigation showed that the average cost per year of cooking with an electric range in ordinary homes was $49.50, while the yearly cost of current for the average electric refrigerator was $29.25. This makes it appear that the iceless ice box is already a keen competitor of the old-fashioned refrigerator, if we leave out the higher first cost of the electric machine.

Few materials have rendered greater service in providing health and comfort for mankind in recent ages than those benefactors, natural and artificial ice. However, as a cooling agent in the household refrigerator, ice has many shortcomings, and a lot of folks will not look upon the demise of the old-fashioned ice box with any high degree of dread. Science is surely leading us to a new day, when we can practice the economy of purchasing larger supplies of certain foods without having to fear that they will spoil on our hands. It is also likely that in this new era we shall come to know that pure food and good digestion are more closely related than we have ever imagined. The great trouble in handling perishable products is not in the length of time they are kept, but in the way they are kept.

The iceless refrigerator in the home is but the forerunner of iceless refrigerators in great apartment houses, all operated by a single plant in the basement of the building. In other words, we shall soon be sending cold to the points where it is needed, just as we now convey heat to the most distant rooms. It has been our custom in the past to speak of things as being "as cold as ice"; in the future we shall talk of temperatures as being "as cold as brine." And all this will come as a result of our having learned to produce cold by evaporating, within a system of pipes, a liquefied gas that commences to boil at a temperature eighteen degrees lower than the freezing point of water.

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GWEN'S TONGUE

(Continued from Page 7)

"Tea in half an hour in front of the library fire," Gwen ordered. "Mr. Iredell and I will walk down to the garden first. Tell Mr. Applegate, please."

"Thank you, Mrs. Applegate," Chambers replied, and left them.

"He doesn't like you," Gwen moaned. "He's always expansive when he's pleased. Isn't that discouraging? I'll have to explain you away. Oh, dear!"

"I don't want to come between you and your butler," Alex said.

"You couldn't, Alex. I have given you the devotion of half a lifetime, but if anything like that were to happen I should have to ask you to slip quietly away."

"Where's Sim?"

"In the billiard room knocking the balls round. Poor Simmy loathes the country, you know, and he pretends that way he's at his club. You must see the garden. I think it's almost at its loveliest. If we freeze we'll enjoy tea all the more."

It was not in the least cold. The woods edging the lawn swung gypsy tatters through amber sunlight. The world's autumnal beauty had not begun to wane. It was one of those days precious with a sense of the imminence of winter.

Alex did not feel expansive. His interview with Joan had been unexpectedly disappointing. Fortunately Gwen's mood only needed the encouragement of audition.

"Not that I want my appetite for tea whetted," she went on. "My bath scales said I had gained five pounds this morning, a remark I am sure nothing more timorous than cast-iron would have ventured. If I had the will power of a butterball I should make you take me for a long walk."

"I don't imagine that would amuse me very much," Alex replied.

"What nice manners you're getting to have!" Gwen exclaimed. "Of course I couldn't take you if you feel that way about it. I renounce my walk just for your sake."

"I didn't get any wire from you to stop at Hillsdale and be motored up," Alex said, apropos of his own thoughts. "Where did you send it?"

They had reached the garden. It was a wide garland of Michaelmas daisies and chrysanthemums about a great pool over which floated the shadows of white clouds. Gwen went to a seat under a gnarled tree thick with scarlet apples.

"I have a confession to make," she said, instead of answering his question directly. "Though that description will probably prove a disappointment when you've heard it. I never telegraphed you."

"There certainly is nothing harder to forgive than having slipped someone's mind," Alex commented.

"Oh, it wasn't that! Alex, do I look like Machiavelli? A cross between Machiavelli and a respectably dressed cupid? Well, that's what I am. I'm maneuvering a marriage. This will be Joan Pennoyer's fourth year out, and that's quite enough exposure. She ought to marry, and I've found by tactful inquiries that she's more interested in Jerry Duane than in any other man."

"She is, is she?" was Alex's comment.

"I adore him myself," Gwen continued, "but I've abused him to her just enough to get her thinking how nice he is in order to defend him – "

"Why did you ask me?" Alex inquired.

"Because I was sure you'd make beautiful love to Joan, as you do to everyone, and that would be good for Jerry's morale; and—well, there's no use pretending that Joan is very devoted to you, which would be good for hers."

"That's why you sent her to meet him, I suppose?"

"Of course. Peter is simply bursting with health. I tried to get him to let me make him up, but he wouldn't. As a matter of fact, I think my asking him only gave him a suspicion that I rouge Chambers."

"Going to try proximity?" Alex asked mockingly.

"Make fun if you want to," Gwen returned. "I know it's banal, but a man doesn't propose until his small talk has been exhausted. That's my own simple little theory, but I lost the best personal maid I ever had by happening to mention it in her presence. It's a fairly long ride from Hillsdale and I have high hopes that Jerry's will give out on the way. If it doesn't I'll arrange something else long and draining. By Sunday night, when he leaves, he'll have proposed or loosed such thunders of white silence on poor Joan that she'll have to spend her winter learning the lip language with Sim."

"What's your reason for all this?"

"I've reached the terrible age when altruism creeps on one. It comes just before gout. I remember the unholy exultation with which poor mamma used to announce that a marriage had been arranged. I shall feel it myself. I suppose it's a longing to earn someone's eternal gratitude."

"I think," Alex remarked rather acidly, "that you're much more likely to get a dagger between the fourth and fifth ribs."

"How pretty that might be," Gwen observed, rising, "particularly if it were a black lacquered one with an emerald in the hilt. The day of their first quarrel, I presume. Do you think Joan will adjust it, or Jerry?"

"There might just possibly be somebody interested in Joan's affairs besides you and Duane," Alex snapped.

"Who?" Gwen asked. "Someone in love with Joan? I haven't any dress showing my fourth and fifth ribs, but I'll do my best for the wedding. I dare say the papers will want photographs."

Gwen had rather a talent for irritating people who were not in her mood, but it is doubtful if she had ever displeased anyone more in so short a time.

"That bluest Michaelmas daisy is just the color of your eyes," she said, rising. "Here's some for your buttonhole."

She fastened it in with an adept, impersonal gesture. He looked at her with the smile he kept for that sort of occasion. Gwen laughed.

"You have such a lovely, careful manner," she told him. "It always convinces ladies you're just a little in love with them. It's perfect. It makes one feel like an Ibsen play done into a light opera. Come along. It's tea time."

IV

JERRY, sitting on his suitcase on the curb outside the station, smiled to every inch of the capacity of his face at the sight of Joan in the bright car. Jerry had black eyebrows that met over his nose, fiery brown eyes and a smile that wrinkled his face. He was not handsome, but his appearance had enabled the young woman at the magazine stand to fall deeply in love with him during the ten minutes he had been sitting there. She would have resented Joan and the smile had not something about the meeting affected her with a pleasant sense of excitement.

"I didn't expect you," Jerry said. "This is great!"

"Put your things in the back, can you?"

There was a moment while he adjusted them, and she leaned over the back of the seat and made suggestions. Then he climbed in and they slipped off.

"I bet they're engaged," the girl at the magazine stand remarked to the station agent a little wistfully. "Grand day for a ride, ain't it?"

Joan and Jerry were sweeping along a road about which hills lay like kind creatures asleep.

"Heavenly day?" Joan asked.

"Rather!"

Their silence was not wholly in praise of the day.

"Will you look at the Virginia creeper singeing that elm?" Joan begged. "Everything in the world is smoke color or fire color in autumn, isn't it?"

Jerry thought that an immortally lovely observation.

"Who's at Gwen's?" he asked after a time.

"Just Alex Iredell."

His expression changed enough to give reason for her "You don't like him, do you?"

"No. Do you?"

"Not a bit."

"Thank the Lord for that!"

"Why?"

"If you liked him you wouldn't like me."

"Wouldn't I?" Joan asked. Her tone indicated how inexpressibly impossible that would have been.

"I'm damnably jealous," he said with a quick glance and one of the smiles.

Her eyes said, "I could say 'what right have you to be jealous?' but you have every right."

"I love you, Joan," he said suddenly, as though he hadn't expected to say it himself.

Joan looked at him with something like a catch in her throat, then threw out the clutch and stopped the car.

"What's the matter?" he begged.

"I guess you'd better drive. I love you too."

They were on a rising road under a shabby scarlet maple. Across a valley were blue hills. Near by a rowan tree shook vermilion berries over a stone wall. They kissed. A blackbird whistled a vague song, without applause; gave one encore, then another. The shabby maple clapped its leaves. Then they talked. One cannot say of what they talked; things too delicately important for transcription; of the strange sense of attainment sitting so close gave them; and of the curious fact that they had kissed without ever thinking to look whether they were alone. Presently it occurred to them that they must go on. Jerry took the wheel.

"Good-by, blackbird!" Joan called. The blackbird didn't answer. "It's like the dear poem about the rainbow and the cuckoo's song," she told Jerry. "You and a blackbird and rowan berries over a stone wall may never come together again."

"I'm such a fool!" Jerry mourned. "I never read it. You'll have to teach me all sorts of things."

"I don't think I'll educate you," Joan laughed. "You're too nice as you are."

"I'm all right on Will Shakspere," he explained, "but you'll have to introduce me to the modern fellows, and teach me anything you want me to know about painting and music. Butterfly is about my speed."

"I love it, too, but Manon best—Massenet's. The Saint-Sulpice scene is my favorite thing in the world, next to you and pink bouvardia."

"How long have you known?" he asked digressively.

"Ever since Bar Harbor," she admitted, "that time you were so angry."

"I knew long before that," he boasted.

"Am I the first?" Joan asked, because she really thought she was.

Jerry looked very hard at the road.

"No," he said after a moment. "I haven't any right to be jealous."

Joan was sorry she'd asked. There wasn't any need that first day.

"It's funny and rotten," Jerry went on, "because one of the first things I loved about you was your aloofness, your—oh, I don't know how to say it—but you know."

She put her hand on his sleeve.

"Don't make up someone that isn't I," she said. Then because she was unable to keep herself from doing so: "Why haven't you any right to be jealous?"

"Oh, I was in love once, or thought I was."

"Don't tell me about it," she begged with a rush of intuition. "Please!"

"I guess I'd best," he said. "It wasn't very serious, but I'd rather get it off my mind."

She shook her head desperately.

"You'll just laugh at me when you hear," he insisted. "It was years ago, at the end of my freshman year. I was dance crazy, and toward the end of the term when the deb parties were all over I used to run up to New York every week or so and dance at Jim's or Dusty's until four or five o'clock. I had dancing the way you get golf or aëroplanes or your first automobile.

"Most of the girls who hung round were good sorts—loose, but they wouldn't bother a chap who left them alone, and I think rather liked just having a pal for a change. There was one I thought was different though. She was older than I was, and seemed strict compared to the others. She used to give me good advice. The sort of thing youngsters eat up.

"She was in vaudeville with a fellow called Butch Watson, and she couldn't stand him, but she had a contract and had to stick. She happened to tell me they needed somebody else for their act. The family were all abroad and I thought it would be my chance to be with her and protect her and get them to take me on.

"I was pretty much in love with her, I guess. I used to want her to marry me, but she'd give me long talks about how foolish that would be when I was under age and my family didn't know her. Then she'd say I'd better wait for the right girl and look at me with her blue eyes until I was half crazy.

"It's hard enough not to be in love with a person you're on the road with, anyway, unless you get to hate each other the way she and Butch had. They used to quarrel all the time."

Joan knew he didn't know how she was feeling or he couldn't continue. He proved it by thinking the look in her eyes boredom.

"I'm getting to the point," he said, "sorry to be so slow. Well, one night we got to Dayton, and there was a big convention in town, so that all that we three could get was a sitting room with a bedroom off. We had cots put up in the sitting room for Butch and me.

"After our act Butch, who belonged to the organization that was convening, went off on a party. The girl and I went home, and she said good night and kissed me and went into her room.

"I got into bed, but I couldn't go to sleep for the thought of her being so near. When Butch got back drunk I pretended to be dozing so that I wouldn't have to listen to him. He got ready for bed and turned off the light and then I heard him move toward her door. I jumped up and switched on the electricity and asked where he thought he was going. Butch just laughed.

"I'd been going to beat him up, but that laugh made me know I was being a fool. I sat down on the bed, and I was sick—just as sick as I was once when an engine ran into the train I was riding in.

"Butch opened her door—it wasn't locked—and said: 'The kid wants to protect your virtue, kiddo.'

"I went home the next day. I never wanted to see a woman again."

The girl beside him was whiter than the October clouds overhead.

"That's all," he ended.

"Don't look at me," she managed. "I'm—I'm jealous. That's our road."

He turned down it.

"Good Lord, Joan," he said, "it was years ago! You don't think it was anything like what I feel for you, do you?"

That wasn't the point, but she had to turn away without speaking. The point was that some other girl had mattered vitally to this young male she'd thought so scornful of all women but herself.

"That's the place," she said at last.

They turned in and stopped at the garage. As she descended she saw the dog misery in his eyes, but the chauffeur's assistant was there, so she didn't try to speak; only gave him an unsuccessful attempt at a smile and hurried over the lawn. He followed miserably.

V

THE tea table was in front of the fire and the curtains adjusted. Gwen undid her furs and stroked them with perfectly tailored fingers.

"You smoke with tea, don't you, Alex?" she asked. "There are cigarettes in the scarlet box. If your sort isn't there ring for Chambers. Find them!"

"Right! You do very decently by your guests, Gwen."

"It is the last charm one can acquire," she explained, "but really quite effective. My idea of Cleopatra is a little, black, hairy woman who made everyone comfortable."

Sim wandered in.

"'Lo, Alex!" he said. "Glad to see you. Rotten trip?"

"Here's your cocktail," Gwen shouted at him, taking it from the tray. "That proves I practice what I preach, doesn't it, Alex? My idea of Antony's meeting with Cleopatra is that he'd marched a long way and had wet feet and felt malarial, and one of Cleopatra's ladies had made a scene defying him and boasting how long her family had been with the Ptolemies, and another had tried to seduce him and looked like a cigarette advertisement. And just as he was as bored as possible a little thing with a Southern accent burst in and said she wouldn't have kept him waiting for the world, and she hadn't bothered to change her dress, but came the minute she heard he was there, and weren't the roads wretched, and he must change those wet sandals right away—and that was Cleopatra.

"No lumps for you, isn't it?"

"And lemon."

"I'd put it in. See my book, Every Hostess Her Own Serpent of the Nile."

She made tea for herself and nibbled a thin slice of bread and butter.

(Continued on Page 49)

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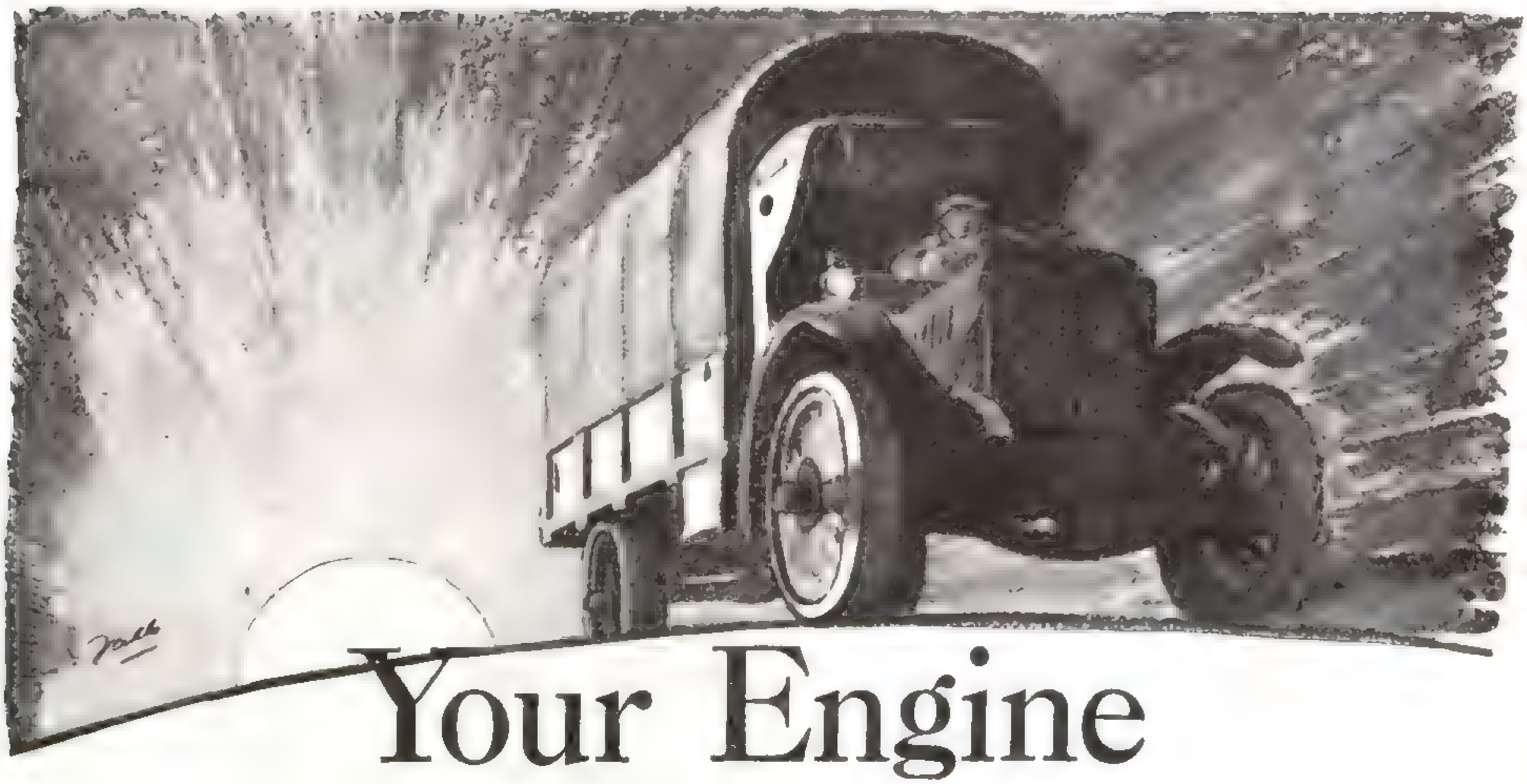

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IT'S DEPENDABLE

(Continued from Page 46

Alex wondered when Joan would get back.

"Phyl and Phylthier called last Wednesday," Gwen informed Sim. "You escaped by not being here. They were cut up about it. I think Phylthier is quite sentimental about you."

"That's too bad," Sim said, putting his emptied cocktail glass on the mantelshelf.

"Who are Phyl and Phylthier?" Alex asked.

"Phyllis Carter and her sister, a couple of old maids who live in the town. They're from a nice family, but I guess it intermarried too much, or was frightened out of its wits by the introduction of open plumbing. Anyway they're a little mad."

"Very fascinating ladies," Sim commented "Don't let Gwen deceive you. Get her to take you round to call."

"Your father probably knew them," Gwen said. "They're supposed to have been very saucy in the seventies. I can't imagine Phyl being madcap in a tieback, can you, Sim? Maybe your father went cycling with them and gathered cat-tails."

"I understand father was perilous on a bicycle," Alex admitted. "Joan's Aunt Ellen Pennoyer made him a splatter-work smoking jacket."

"From what I know of Joan's Aunt Ellen," Gwen said, "that would be about the equivalent of getting a D. S. C. They say you're exactly like your father, Alex."

"You couldn't make any woman of his age admit it."

"Speaking of your charms reminds me of a tea Joan and I went to last April at Mrs. Jack Dick's. Did she ever tell you about it?"

"I haven't seen her since then," Alex answered. He didn't add that he had tried hard enough.

"It was really in your honor," Gwen went on. "At least the Young Girls' Alex Iredell Guild was there en masse."

"Where's Joan?" Sim asked witl his usual nonpertinence.

"She went to meet Jerry," Gwen explained. "Alex says there's some other man interested in her."

"What's that?"

"Isn't that exasperating? He can hear just as well as you if he listens. Alex says Joan has some other beau who'll stab me for throwing her with Jerry."

"You're talking," her husband observed.

"That's pleasant when I've fairly blown my lungs out trying to give you a little information. Who did you say the man is, Alex?"

"I didn't say. What was this tea party you started to describe?" Alex headed her off.

"It was one Joan and I went to when she was staying with me in the city last April. It was for that little girl Lemmy Vittel is engaged to."

"Pretty?" Alex inquired

"Supposed to be. They say she's awfully young, but she looks to me as though she'd sat on the back stoop fanning herself with an apron for a long, long time. That's neither here nor there, however. Except for her and Mrs. Dick the Young Girls' Alex Iredell Guild composed the entire receiving line."

"What do you mean by that?"

"I mean Emily Saunders and Jane Bryce and Enid Miller. If you had a shred of decency you'd blush."

"Why would I blush?" Alex asked with every appearance of candor.

"Because you know perfectly well they were all three mad about you, and there were rumors you'd been engaged to each of them the winter before. I asked Joan if they didn't look just as Venus and Juno and Minerva might if Paris had eaten the famous apple and wandered off and left them standing perfectly surprised, with nothing to cover their frost-bitten little vanities. Joan didn't even know what I meant."

Alex rose.

"That was funny," he said. Gwen didn't notice his face.

"Just put your cup on the table," she told him. "Joan got so noble about you and your platonic harem that I stuck up for you beautifully. I told her that you were an eleemosynary institution, and that every wise mother introduced her daughter to you while she was a subdeb so that she could get over you before she came out. The Alex Iredell Guild were just unfortunates who hadn't been properly protected. To prove they still adored you I stood in front of the three and said: 'Have you heard the news about Alex Iredell?' They jumped and said 'He's not married?' as one woman. I'd forgotten to make up my story, and I believe I ended by saying you'd been operated on for a wen or something neutral like that."

"That was damned funny!" Alex blazed, and stamped from the room.

"Well, for heaven's sake!" Gwen exclaimed. "Alex! Alex, come back!"

"What's the matter?" Sim questioned. "Alex mad?"

"I'm sure I don't know," Gwen told him, wide-eyed with astonishment.

"That's what your talking will get you every time."

"Well, it wouldn't," Gwen stormed, "if people weren't always trying to hide something or other. I don't get mad when I'm talked about."

Her husband grinned.

"Have you invited anybody for luncheon to-morrow?" he asked.

"There's no one here to ask," Gwen explained.

Sim looked a little ashamed.

"I asked the Ham Pearces," he confessed, "Fixed it up about her."

"Sim!"

"Well, y'oughtn't to have said it, Gwen."

Gwen only resorted to the banal when she was deeply moved. This time she said, "You make me tired," and got up and kicked the fire as though it were her husband's shins. He watched her. When she went back to the couch he moved over beside her.

"Mad at me?" he asked.

She gave him a look with a smile at the bottom of it.

"No," she said, and put her head on his shoulder.

"Don't mind about 'em, do you?"

"Not a bit."

They sat in the growing dusk for a while before he asked: "Seen my gold pencil anywhere? I lost it yesterday."

"Sure you've had it lately?" Gwen questioned, as she had sent it to the jeweler's some ten days before to be matched with a pen and a knife for Sim's birthday present.

"Had it yesterday," he affirmed with a weary shake of the head; "put it down some place ——" He wandered out with his eyes on the floor.

Gwen stayed on. It was a room she loved; a room of lovely proportions and wise reserves. The hour was one of clouded luminance. Suddenly there was a sound of footsteps coming up the terrace. A French window swung open and Joan stepped in and turned to Jerry, who followed her.

"I didn't know you'd feel like that, Joan," Jerry said.

"It's only because I love you," she answered. "Promise you'll never speak of it again."

He took her in his arms and she kissed him, a long kiss of absolution.

VI

"YOU cunning things!" Gwen said, and switched on the lamp by her chair. It was a graver moment for Joan and Jerry than she suspected. She was divinely unaware of how false a note she struck.

"Gwen!" Joan gasped. "Why, I'm horribly embarrassed!"

She took off her hat and began to pat her hair from sheer agitation.

"It's too marvelous," Gwen exulted, putting her arms round Joan. "I'm sure you didn't dream this is just what I wanted, you darling little rat. I'm going to kiss Jerry too."

"You can't frighten me," Jerry said, and she kissed him with so much sudden shyness that it pleased him into forgetting the discordance of her interruption, and even made Joan smile a little.

"I'm going upstairs till you get through with Jerry, Gwen," Joan said. "I need to brush my hair and compose myself. I'll be down as soon as I think she's stopped gloating over you, Jerry, and I hope she'll have the decency to give us a few moments alone before dinner."

"Moments?" said Gwen. "I'll give you hours. I'm going to have the garden cleared of every bird that might disturb you, and a moon lit. The drawing-room is yours: I dedicate it to you. If you need the dining room you shall have it, the rest of us can gnaw crusts in the scullery."

"You're a darling," Joan admitted, and patted her as she left them.

Gwen watched her go.

"Isn't she the loveliest thing alive?" she demanded.

Jerry answered, "You know she is," with more conviction than brilliancy.

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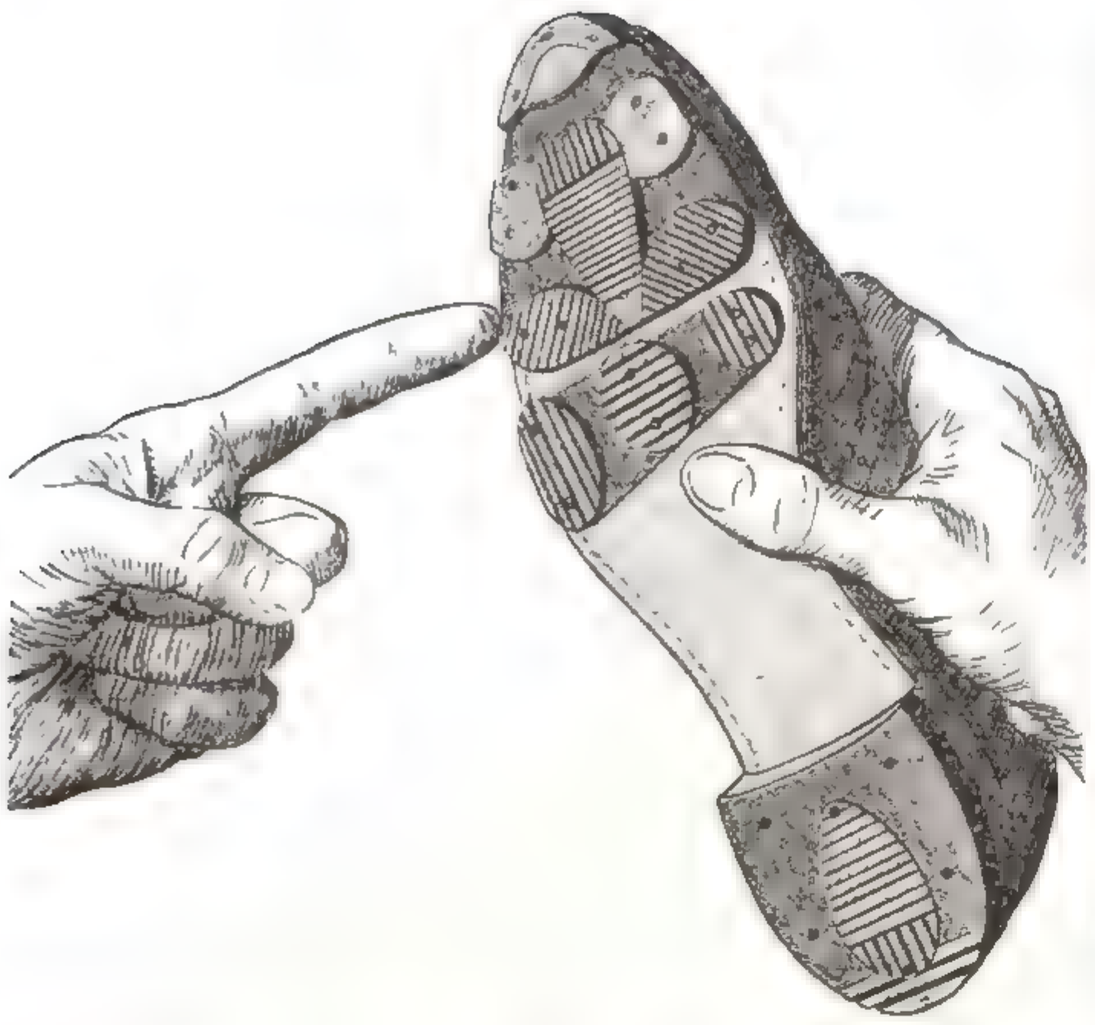

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"And you're exactly the right person for her," she went on. "That's why I had Joan go to meet you. I knew this would happen. I announced it to Alex Iredell this afternoon. He said I'd probably be stabbed for maneuvering it so blatantly. It will probably happen at your wedding. A distraught rival will dispatch the matron of honor and you'll be so pleased at having attention kept away from you that you won't mind a bit."

Jerry was in the state where he resented the fact that any young man had a bowing acquaintance with Joan. He particularly disliked Alex.

"Naturally Alex knows a great deal more about it than either Joan or I," he commented with fine sarcasm. "Whom did he mean?"

"I haven't an idea. Don't be cross, Jerry. He didn't mean to be impertinent. Do you happen to know what a miserable time Joan has had with that old aunt of hers? I'm sure you don't, because she never whines, but it must really have been horrid. Marry her as quickly as you can."

"I'll promise you that," Jerry grinned.

"Her aunt always begrudges her everything, or pretends to. You know it must be discouraging every time you want a paradise plume to have to hunt round for a man who has a bird of paradise he thinks is a hen, and not a very good kind of hen at that. That's the sort of thing she's had to do, and she's been a seraph."

"Where's Sim?" Jerry asked. "I want to tell him about it. I'm just crazy to tell everyone."

"Well, Simmy ought to be good practice," Gwen commented. "He's in the billiard room grubbing round for a gold pencil he hasn't lost."

At that moment there was a burst of sound from the music room, which was across the hall and halfway up the stairs, a great organ flood of splendor.

"What's that?" Jerry demanded.

Gwen listened a minute.

"The Saint Sulpice scene from Manon," she said. "You know the one, 'Am I no more your love?'"

"It's Joan," Jerry told her breathlessly, and started toward the music.

"It is not," Gwen contradicted him. "No woman ever played with so much conviction. It's Alex Iredell."

Then since the opportunity of giving the interesting news to Alex presented itself pleasantly, she said, "The billiard room is that last door to your left," and deserted Jerry with a benedictory wave of the hand.

She decided that the quiet method would be most effective with Alex, so she climbed the stairs silently and stood beside him while he finished the song.

"Lovely!" she said after its last yearning chord. Then: "Well, it's happened."

Alex kept his hands poised on the keys ready to begin something else.

"What's happened?" he asked.

"What I said was going to," Gwen exulted. "They're engaged, and they're too amusing. They're as obvious as Chambers would be with the kitchen maid, or Romeo with Juliet. I feel like Friar Laurence."

"Do you?" Alex withered her.

"Are you still cross about what I said to those girls? I think you're abominable not to be excited. Men don't know what fun such things are."

"I can't say I'm carried off my feet," Alex replied, and found a few raucous futuristic chords expressing lack of enthusiasm.

Suddenly something occurred to Gwen with the force of a revelation.

"Who was the man who was going to stab me?" she demanded with apparent irrelevance.

"Gad, you're dull to-day!" was all the answer she got.

"You don't mean to say it was you!"

"Of course it was!"

"You poor soul!" she said decorously, and then exploded with laughter. "It is funny, though, my telling you my plans and everything. I hadn't an idea, really I hadn't. It's what you get for making love to everyone. How was I to know you meant it to Joan?"

"Good joke, isn't it?" he inquired.

"I'm awfully sorry, Alex, really I am," she assured him unconvincingly.

"Your sympathy's very beautiful," he said, closing the piano, "but there's no need for it yet, old dear. They're not married, you know."

"But, Alex, they're engaged," Gwen pronounced in a delightedly shocked tone.

"I think you told me that once," her companion remarked, rising. "Ever hear of young Lochinvar?"

"He wasn't a bit your type. Now, Alex, be nice. Everything's all settled. There's nothing you can do. Besides you're a gentleman."

"I never knew but one gentleman," Alex returned. "He was a barber and he drank himself to death. I'll respect the major decencies. That's every damned thing I'll promise."

"You're perfectly abominable," Gwen said, and she giggled all the way to her room.

When Sim came to dress she thrust her head and a crash-swaddled shoulder from the bathroom door to scream: "What do you think of Joan and Jerry?"

"Great! Great!"

"You know that I told you Alex said someone else was in love with Joan? I've found out who it is."

"Have you?" Sim asked.

"It's Alex himself. Isn't that screaming? Don't you love it?"

She went back to her ablutions.

VII

THERE was a letter from her Aunt Ellen in Joan's room, a protest against her going to work. It was a moaning egocentric letter, but it achieved a certain pathos because it indicated a real affection beneath the pattern of crotchets Miss Ellen presented to her niece and the world. The very astonishment she felt at its niceness revealed to Joan the delightful other side of her miracle. Life would so change when she was married to Jerry Duane. The gratitude she felt was poignant with remorse for that look she had caused in his eyes as he followed her across the lawn. She could hardly wait until she was sure Gwen was out of the way to hurry down and tell him the thing that would make him realize how silly she had been. When she did start down the corridor it was to collide with Alex Iredell.

"I'm sorry," she said, not intending to stop.

"Wait, Joan," he begged. "I've heard."

"Gwen?" she asked with a laugh for the typical speed of Gwen's activity.

He nodded.

"I'm not going to give you up without a fight," he said.

"Really?" she returned. "Don't let's have it here, anyway. Jerry's waiting for me."

She brushed past him, and something unquestionably authentic about her manner left him standing there resourceless.

Jerry was with Sim, who was saying, "Great girl, old man. Known her since she was knee high. Straight as a string," and pounding his shoulder by way of italics.

"Giving me a recommendation, Sim?" she shouted.

He nodded.

"Good thing," he said. "Glad about it. Gwen told me she was hoping for it. Haven't seen my gold pencil have you, Joan?"

"I haven't, Sim," she answered, and thereupon Sim drifted out of the room with a vagueness so unnoticeable that neither Joan nor Jerry suspected it of being tact.

"Gwen interrupted me," Joan said, looking up through her lashes, "when I was trying to tell you I was ashamed of myself for being anything but—but more in love with you for having gone through all that."

"You darling!" Jerry broke in. "Don't speak about it. I'm glad you felt that way. I almost had a brainstorm just now when Gwen told me Alex Iredell was talking to her this afternoon about someone who was crazy about you."

Joan felt the cords in her throat get taut.

"I ran into Alex in the hall coming down," she said so that he wouldn't notice.

"Oh, I knew it wasn't true," Jerry went on. "But I felt myself getting hot and indignant that he should have the damned impertinence to talk about you. Isn't it rotten he's here?"

"Rotten!" she said. It was her chance to speak. "Jerry ——"

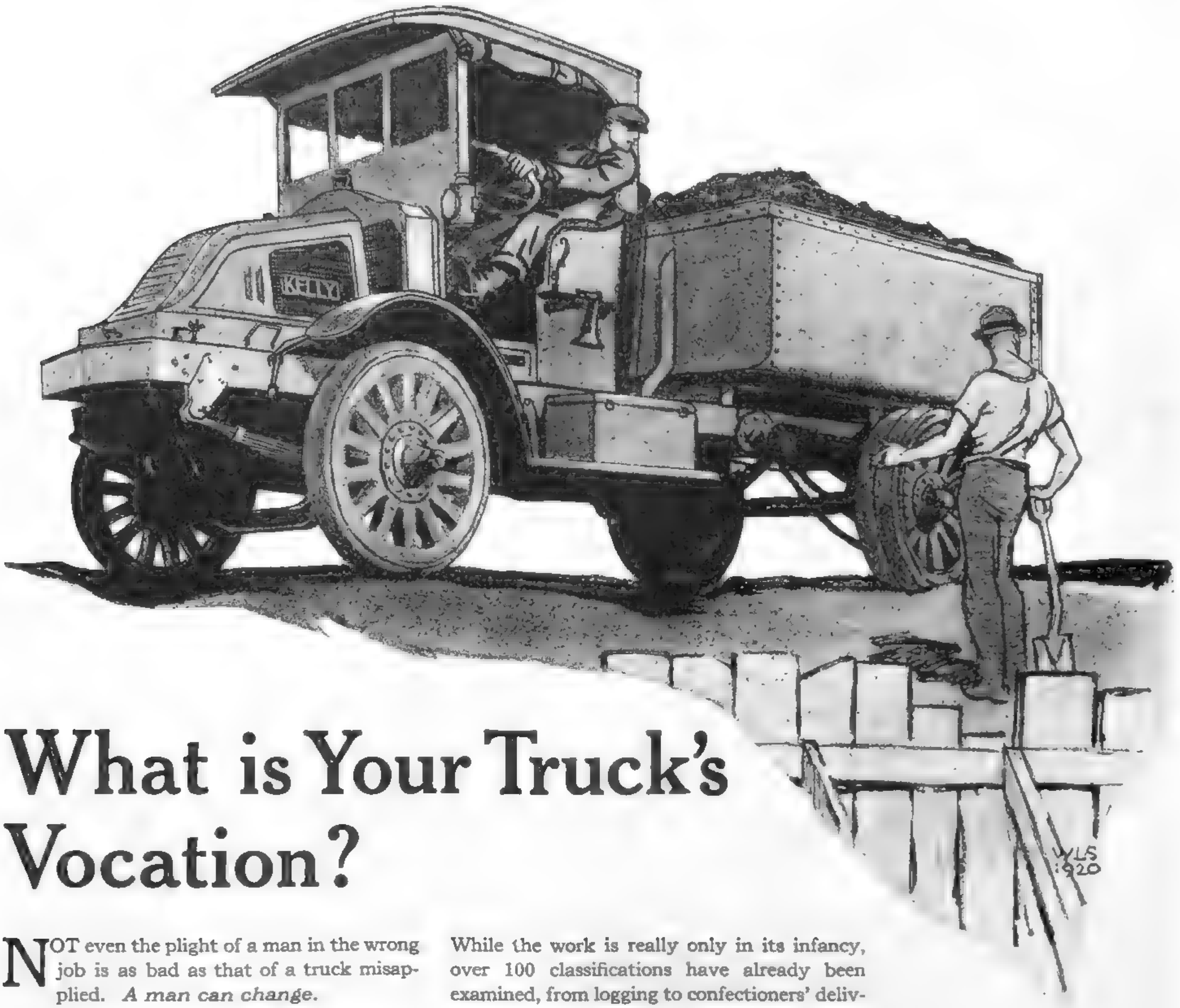
"I suppose he just wanted to act as though he knew more about you than anyone else. They say the ass keeps a card index of all the débutantes."

She simply couldn't tell him what she'd intended to. There wasn't any need and she couldn't.

"With their conversation?" she asked. "It must be a fascinating document."

"I'm going to get Gwen to ask him to explain what he meant," he announced. "I want to see what he'll make up."

(Continued on Page 53)



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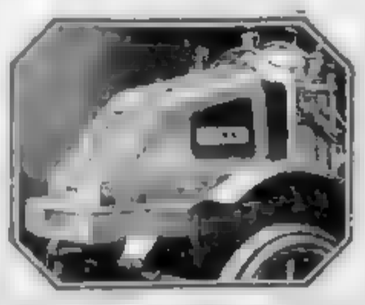

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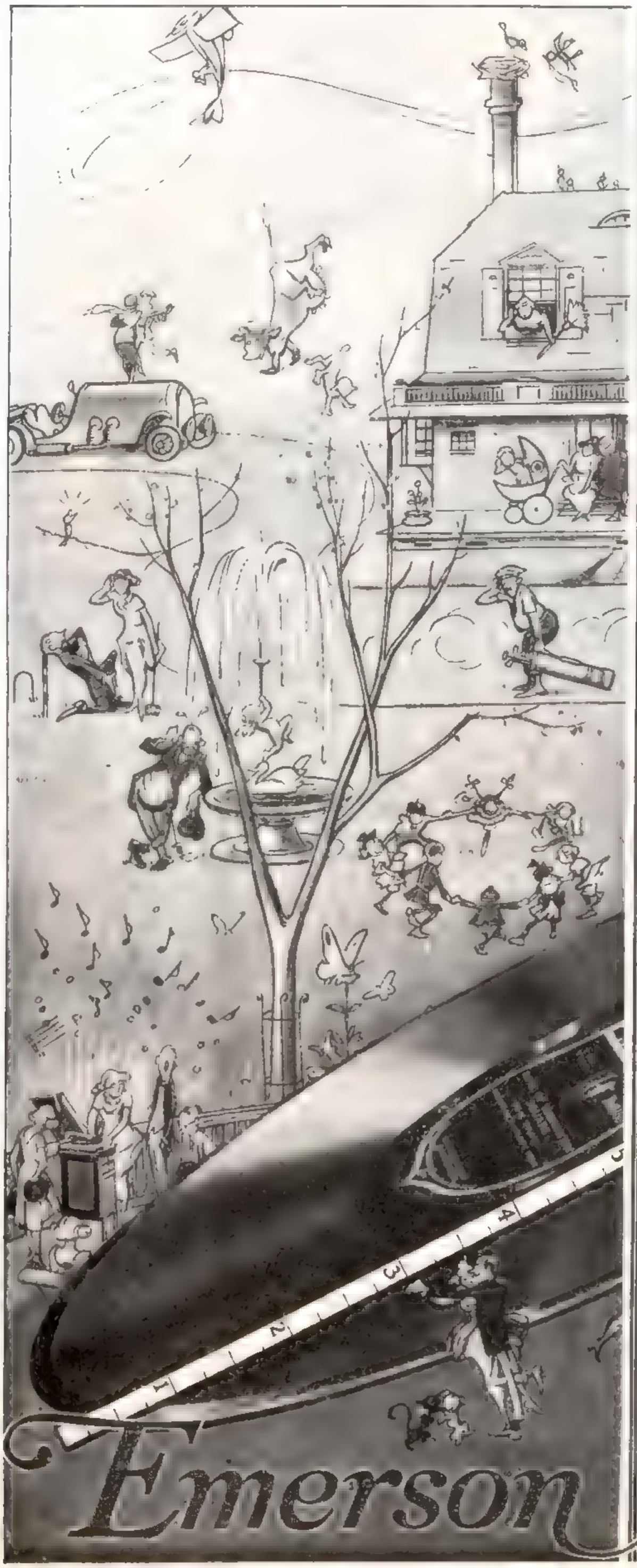

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(Continued from Page 50)

Long training with Aunt Ellen Pennoyer had taught Joan the way to veer a conversation imperceptibly.

"I don't believe Alex ever means very much," she remarked, "and his chattering reminds me that I must tell Gwen not to spread the news. I don't want Aunt Ellen to hear of it before I tell her. She'll be furious, you know."

It wasn't until she paused for breath that she realized she had taken an irrevocable step. She had had her chance to tell him and she hadn't done so.

"It doesn't matter much whether she's furious or not, does it?" Jerry asked.

"I don't want to hurt her," Joan said. "She's old, and she thinks no one likes her. I guess I love her in a queer way. Sometimes I feel the need of a quarrel with her quite desperately."

"I wonder if we'll ever quarrel?" he said by way of an absurdity.

"I have such a temper," she began with a bitter impulse to candor, "and I—I think I'm sly. Listen, Jerry ——"

But Jerry did not listen. He kissed her. After a while it was so late that even they had to admit that they must go and dress for dinner. As they reached the hall Jerry stopped abruptly.

"I'm a great lover," he said. "What's the name of that sort of flowers you like?"

"Bouvardia," Joan told him. "You'll never be able to get any here. Don't bother."

"Alex would have had you covered with them by now," Jerry announced. "I'll do my best, anyhow. Where's the telephone?"

"In a little place under the stairs."

"I don't dare kiss you in the hall," he explained. "Gwen would pop out," and he deserted her.

Joan went up almost to the music-room door, then in direct contradiction of her instinct turned and redescended.

"If I'm going to be sneaky," she bullied her intuition, "I might as well be thorough about it."

She went back to the library and rang for Chambers. Before he came she had almost finished a note. It ran:

Alex: If you meant yourself by some speech you made to Gwen about me, have the decency not to explain. J.

"You rang, Miss Pennoyer?" Chambers was inquiring.

"Could you take this to Mr. Iredell, Chambers?" she asked.

"Certainly, Miss Pennoyer," he answered. Then following a propensity for expansion: "I was just going to Mr. Iredell's room. A package has come for him."

"Oh, never ——" Joan began, meaning to explain that she'd changed her mind but she'd gone so far. She handed him the note with a "thank you" and hurried away to her room. As she crossed the hall she heard Jerry still at the phone and threw a kiss at the back of his head.

Meanwhile Chambers went to the kitchen to get Alex's box, paused to chide a kitchen maid who had obliged him by shining his silver and shined it ill, then went up the back stairs. As he started to Alex's room he saw a man coming toward him.

"Good evening, Mr. Iredell," he said.

"Good evening," Jerry's voice answered. "It's Mr. Duane, though."

"Beg pardon, sir, I couldn't see in the light. I had a note to Mr. Iredell from Miss Pennoyer."

"It must be for me," Jerry said, holding out his hand.

"I think not, sir." Chambers examined the envelope. "No, sir, it says Mr. Iredell."

Chambers then proceeded down the corridor with the insouciance of one of those clouds no bigger than a man's hand.

VIII

ALEX, who had been singing rather plaintively to the Gatti-Casazza of the water flowing into his tub, read Joan's note with exultation. He had been at a loss for the next step in his campaign against her, for all the confidence with which he had proclaimed ultimate success to Gwen. He was enough of a psychologist to know that a common purpose was the best ally he could have. Joan's note had provided him with one, though it was the furtherance of his rival's peace of mind.

He dressed with record-breaking speed, tucked the box under his arm and proceeded with the jauntiness of a boulevardier to what he considered a *coup d'état*. It consisted in rapping on a door he was not certain was Joan's. A maid appeared. She was an underhousemaid Gwen lent Joan, so it is perhaps not remarkable that on seeing Alex she said, "Well, I want to know!" with a rather bourgeois expression of outraged decency.

"Miss Pennoyer's room?" Alex asked.

He heard a squeak of annoyance from the interior as he put the question.

"Yes'm," said the maid.

"Tell her Mr. Iredell will be waiting in the music room," he commanded.

"Yes'm," said the maid, and shut the door.

He swung off to that apartment with the exhilaration of beginning adventure, and sitting at the piano painted a back drop of desolate notes for the scene he intended to build. A very enraged Joan appeared remarkably soon

"What in heaven's name, Alex?" she asked.

He kept playing.

"What did your note mean?" he inquired gently.

"It didn't mean anything. I'm sorry I wrote it."

"I made some stupid remark to Gwen about wanting to stab her for throwing you and Jerry together. Is that what you meant?"

"It's awfully clever of you to have gathered that from my perfectly plain request. I've changed my mind, however. I'm going to tell Jerry, so don't bother."

"Bother, Joan? If I've been a damned fool, at least let me make it up. I hadn't any business to say what I did."

"All right then, don't tell Gwen."

"The trouble is I had told her before I got your note."

It was the simple truth, but the finality with which he said it was as effective as a lie in causing Joan to think he'd told Gwen what she didn't want Jerry to know, which he hadn't at all.

"Well, it doesn't matter," she said, wishing she had told Jerry when it would have been comparatively easy.

"I'll tell Gwen not to mention it," Alex told her in the quiet voice he seemed to think appropriate to the subject.

"You'll do nothing of the sort!"

"There's no need to be disagreeable, Joan. I've made a mess of things and you might at least let me patch them up as well as I can. I won't let Gwen know you don't want Jerry to know it. She'll think it vanity on my part. I'll stop her on the way down. You talk to Jerry in the library."

Joan was uneasy. She knew Jerry would pass the door at any moment.

"Oh, all right," she said, and turned to leave Alex.

"And, Joan," he rose and took a box from the piano, "these are some flowers I'd sent for before I knew. Wear them tonight to show you think I'm a good sport at least."

She had thought he was behaving well until then. At that, however, she said, "I don't," and meant it.

He took the cover from the box. It was bouvardia.

"What a memory you have!" she commented.

"You will?"

"Please give them to Gwen, Alex. I don't want to, really."

"All right," Alex returned, "only not to Gwen. I got them to give you pleasure. If they give you more pleasure like this, so be it."

Saying which he dropped the box on an immaculately laid and unlighted fire with a gesture he fancied enormously. Joan had learned that it was wisest to disfranchise that manner of Alex's by being very matter of fact.

"That's very nice of you," she commented, "and very melodramatic, but not very neat. I'll throw them in the wastebasket downstairs."

She rescued the box and descended, feeling that she had ended the interview effectively.

Enough women had tried the attraction of indifference on Alex for him to be sure it was not that which fascinated him, though perhaps Joan's sincerity did differentiate her attitude from the usual performance. Whatever it was, he found himself standing in the door of the music room staring after her with more disturbance than his pulse had known since Mrs. Acheson's.

It happened that at just that moment Chambers was climbing the stair on his way to inquire whether Mr. Applegate's birthday cake was to be lighted and on the table,

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or to be brought in at dessert. The stair was dim and the light in the music room presented Alex in silhouette.

"Good evening, Mr. Duane," he said.

"Good evening, Chambers," Alex answered.

Chambers had no intention of allowing a guest of Mrs. Applegate's to think that her butler made mistakes in the names of the guests in the house.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Iredell," he said. "That is the second time to-day I have made such a mistake."

The memory of a colloquy outside his door, half heard while he was dressing, welled up from so deep in Alex's subconscious mind that he thought it intuition.

"What was the other time?" he asked.

"I called Mr. Duane by your name when I was taking Miss Pennoyer's letter to you, sir."

"Did you happen to mention your errand?"

"Yes, sir. He thought the letter must be for him. Would that be all, sir?"

"Thanks, Chambers." Alex released him, and went back to the piano to give vent to an exultant Hungarianism.

Jerry went past without a glance toward the music. Chambers followed him down. At sight of Chambers, Alex burst into Saint-Saëns' My Heart at Thy Sweet Voice, not in tribute to Chambers' recent revelations but because he judged Gwen would be free, and he knew she could not resist the appeal of its perilous harmonies. Gwen's door opened and she came out like a cuckoo on the hour. Her eyes rolled in appreciation, and she came and leaned over the piano.

"There must be something horribly mawkish about me—I love it so," she said. "I'd like to twist it round on a spoon and eat it that way, like heavenly candy that hasn't been cooked long enough."

"You remember what I told you about—how I felt toward Joan?" he asked.

"Of course."

"Well, don't repeat it."

"I didn't intend to," Gwen returned, even more annoyed than if she hadn't already screamed it to Sim. Then after a moment: "Why not?"

"Joan doesn't want Jerry to know about it."

Why Alex, who didn't balk at that breach of faith with Joan, didn't go ahead and tell Gwen what Joan thought he already had is a mystery. It would probably have furthered his plan, and it would have been simpler. However, the heart has its reasons, unreasonable as they may seem.

"Well for heaven's sake!" Gwen gasped, as usual betraying depth of emotion by banality of phrase. "What in the world happened between you two, Alex?"

"Nothing," Alex replied; "nothing at all."

It was the sort of thing that tortured Gwen.

"You've got to tell me," she said. "You've simply got to—after dinner. We're late now. I'm going back to get Sim. He's grubbing for that pencil."

When she went in their room Sim was standing by her secretary looking through its drawers. She shook his shoulder.

"Dinner?" he asked.

She nodded assent, then leaning close shouted: "You know what I told you about Alex's having been in love with Joan. Well, what do you think he's just asked me?"

Her husband straightened himself.

"You're talking again," he said, using the verb in an invidious sense.

"Just for that I won't tell you the screamingly funny thing that's happened," Gwen retorted, and went out of the room with her head in the air.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

THE HOUSE OF FULLER

(Continued from Page 32)

the world—Isabel Hancy, who has promised to be my wife."

For an instant the old man sat back. Then he brought his fist down with a resounding thump on the table.

"You sly young rascal!" he roared. "So that's what you've been up to! Hancy's girl—eh?" He heaved himself out of his chair. "I'm damn glad to hear it," he cried. "Here's to her. Hancy's girl! Well, well!"

Prentice, who had straightened at his father's first words, relaxed in boyish relief. "I—it just happened yesterday," he stammered, beaming.

J. T. seemed to have expanded under the news. "Hancy's girl," he repeated, and with a suddenly solemn inflection: "To think you should have told me to-night. Come on, all of you." He motioned eagerly. "Let's go to the smoking room, where we can be quiet."

There was an intimacy about this smoking room that the other rooms lacked. The background of tooled leather and the dull gold hangings were restful. And here were stout leather chairs and lounges inviting to the indolent male. A fire burned in the stone fireplace. The rich aroma of tobacco drifted in the air.

"Sit down."

He waved them into comfortable places before the blaze and busied himself getting out a special brand of cigars. When they were all settled and a heavy tray of refreshments had been left on the table he faced them from the hearth. He waited a moment, rolling his cigar between thumb and forefinger.

"It's been a long time since we were all together," he began slowly. "I suppose I ought to thank you for coming as soon as I sent for you." A cynical note crept into his voice, but he overcame it. "You're here anyway," he said, and twirling his cigar in his mouth he looked them over keenly, deliberately.

John Paul set down his coffee cup with a little tinkle, while Prentice, from the depths of an armchair, signaled in a cautious gesture which seemed to ask heaven what was coming.

"Wouldn't think I was much on dreaming, would you?" He drooped a broad shoulder to stare into the fire. The usual blustering quality had gone from his voice. He was very deep and quiet. "Well, I've done a lot of just that for many years, as your mother could tell you. I guess there's no use going back over those years," he went on more crisply. "They were mighty hard. Many a man could tell the same story, but not every man could be standing in a house like this to-night with the one dream of his life about to go through." He lifted his head proudly. "And here's where you come in. I've wanted you all to have advantages—things I never had when I was a kid. If Benjy, like a young fool, chose to get out before I could do anything for him it was his loss. I've made gentlemen of you two who stuck by me, though I will say it's been expensive." He grinned slightly, flicking the heavy ash from his cigar into the fire.

"Fact is, I haven't got many more years. Don't interrupt," he said curtly as John Paul murmured an affectionate protest. "That's all right. I'm not complaining." He walked over to the table, poured himself a Scotch and soda and tramped back to the fire. "Help yourselves," he offered, but none of his sons moved.

"It may seem funny to you young fellows," he continued thoughtfully, "but a man who's made good hates to leave it all. Oh, I've got as much religion as your mother could put into me, only"—he peered into his glass with the look of a man unaccustomed to words—"somehow no heaven I've ever heard of means as much to me as this little old earth. I've made myself and my name stand for something here. But people forget. I don't want to be forgotten." He set down his glass with sudden force on a table one side of the fire. "It isn't enough to leave money," he said. "You might spend it all. I want to leave something substantial, something I can be proud of and you can be proud of. You needn't look so worried. I'm not thinking of endowing a home for crippled cats. I've got a better idea than that."

He paused as if to savor the impending announcement. Prentice leaned over from his chair and poured himself a drink. Benjamin never took his eyes off his father. He would always remember him as he stood then. There was a dignity, a strength of purpose in the old man's harshly lined face, in his upright body. The log fire burned low behind him, the yellow lights cast soft shadows on the black and white of his evening clothes.

"One of those architect fellows said to me the other day something about this being the house of Fuller. That's the way

(Continued on Page 57)

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ROYAL
TYPEWRITERS

(Continued from Page 54)

he put it, and that's what it is—the house of Fuller. Everything I've worked for is right here. This house stands for it all." He brought it out triumphantly as a climax long planned. "This house and two hundred acres," he went on with a wide gesture which seemed to carry them through the vast halls and rooms, beyond over the land that swept from the top of the hill down to the valley over fields and orchards. "There's nothing better in the country." His words came now slowly, impressively. "And Fullers are going to be born here for generations to come; born in this two-million-dollar house I built." His voice rose, reaching to the farthest corners of the room.

"I felt pretty badly to-day," he said in a softer tone. "You all act so crazy about it. You see, I can't give it to all three of you. That isn't the idea. I want to be fair. I don't want any ugly feeling between you. I was going to put it up to you to-night. But, well—Prentice here, is the first to marry, and you mustn't grudge him his luck." He paused. The hush in the room grew and spread until it seemed to weigh down the sitting figures of the three sons.

"Prentice," his voice rang out again, "I propose to settle this house on you and your wife, with ample means to keep it up. You can shut down the mills if you want to. You'll have plenty to do managing the farm. I make only this one condition: You and she are to live here at least ten months a year. Your children are to be born here. Their children are to be born here. In case there's no male issue the eldest daughter may inherit it, but there never was a Fuller yet who didn't have sons." He drew himself up to his full height. "We're here to stay," he said. "I've founded my house for you to carry on. Well, Prentice, are you afraid of your brothers? I'll make it up to them."

Prentice rose awkwardly. He stood, pale and embarrassed, shifting his balance from one foot to the other.

"It's fine of you, father. I—I can't tell you how much I appreciate it. Isabel would, too."

"Of course," said his father impatiently.

"The truth is, though," Prentice blurted out, "Isabel never could stand the country. She isn't very strong and ——"

"Fiddlesticks!" came harshly from the old man. "She'll get strong here fast enough."

Prentice glanced desperately first at Benjamin, who lowered his eyes, then at John Paul. "You don't know her, father." He fumbled, groping for words. "She'd never be happy in the country—never. You see, I know what she expects. She'd love the house, but ——"

"But what?"

"She wants a house in New York," Prentice went on with sudden courage. "And one in Newport. And she'll want to run over to Paris every season or so. I—we'd be here for week-ends sometimes, but really I don't see ——"

"Week-ends!" The old man threw back his head and laughed. It was not a pleasant laugh. "So you refuse, do you?"

"I don't think it would work as things stand." His gesture was helpless.

"You refuse!" He stood with clenched fists, glaring at his son. But now Prentice did not flinch. He met the fierce blue eyes steadily.

"So that's the kind of girl you're going to marry? A vain, fly-about, society butterfly. That's what Nancy's made of his girl, is it? Not strong enough for the country, for a simple sane life, raising her children in the house built for them. But she's strong enough to go tearing round from New York to Newport. What kind of a ——"

"Father!" Prentice's voice, short and angry, cut in.

"That's finished then," thundered the old man. With an effort he stood erect, squaring his shoulders as against a blow. "I'm disappointed in you, bitterly disappointed. And mind you"—he marched on his son, shaking his finger—"I don't pay for any of your houses or any of your wife's gallivantin's round. Understand? If Nancy wants to foot the bills he can."

"I'll do any paying of my wife's bills there is," said Prentice vigorously.

His father twisted on his heel with an impatient shake of his shoulders. "Don't come whining back to me. That's all," he said roughly. "John Paul"—he turned to his eldest son—"you ought to have had the first chance anyway. I'd like to see you settled here. You've stayed in Europe too long as it is. You ought to live in your own country. I guess you'll appreciate this house better than anybody." His eyes were bright and hard with eagerness.

John Paul, his composure visibly shaken, stared at the shining tips of his pumps.

"I do understand, father," he said at last. "Your feeling fits in with all I've learned to respect and love. It answers one of the objections I've had to this country. There seems so little sentiment, so little tradition here."

"Cut that stuff!" his father growled. "Yes or no?"

John Paul's round face sagged in worried lines. "I shall probably never marry," he said in a low voice.

"Nonsense!" cried the old man as if relieved. "If that's all that's troubling you. Plenty of nice girls who'd jump at the chance." He rubbed his hands cheerfully. "I don't know as I would object to a French girl if she were the right sort."

But John Paul did not brighten. "It isn't only that."

"Well, sir, out with it. Isn't the house good enough for you?"

The eldest son looked up gently, regretfully, rising at the same time with one of his graceful movements.

"I'm very sorry, father," he said, stepping forward. "It isn't that your house hasn't everything." He spoke with a curious reluctance. "Everything money can buy," he continued with sudden frankness. He gave one of his little foreign gestures. "That's its trouble. Money can't buy everything. And what should I do here?" he went on rapidly. "My friends, my interests are in France. I've practically bought an old house near Carcassonne from a friend of mine. It's been in his family for years. He knew he could trust me with it. And then I—have a passion for collecting," he confessed. "I like puttering about and picking things up now and then."

The old man stayed quiet, listening. But now, crimson with chagrin, he could contain himself no longer.

"So this is what I get after all I've done for you! I've educated you to give up your country, have I? I've given you money to buy houses in France, have I? And to go puttering round picking things up!" He tried to imitate John Paul's accent, with tragic effect. "And this house that means me and my race means nothing to you, no more than it meant to him and his scatter-brained girl." He turned to scowl at Prentice, who was visibly holding on to his temper. "Both the same—worthless!" he said bitterly.

"Father ——" John Paul tried to speak, but the old man would not listen.

"You've said enough!" He turned violently to Benjamin, who sat motionless in the corner of the lounge waiting for what he knew would come.

"So it gets back to you, after all," said the old man staring down at him. "I never thought I was doing all this for you." It cost him something to go on. "But that's the way it is. Perhaps it's just as well you haven't had your brothers' advantages." He was quieter now, ironical in the stress he laid on the word "advantages." He continued: "You've knocked round the world as I did at your age. You're about ready, I should say, to marry some good girl and settle down. How about it?"

Benjamin got up and gravely faced his father. "Count me out, dad," was all he said.

"What! You too?" roared the old man. "Three sons—three Fullers—and not one of them ——" His voice broke. He went over to the fire and leaned heavily against the mantelpiece. Suddenly he turned like a bull about to charge. "Get out, all of you! Get out before I ——"

Benjamin motioned to his brothers, who stood there uncertainly. They understood. He felt rather than saw them move softly to the door, open and close it. Then he walked over to his father and put an affectionate hand on his shoulder.

"Dad," he said earnestly, "you've got this doped out all wrong."

The old man shook off his son's hand.

"Don't you see, dad?" Benjamin pleaded. "Don't you understand? It isn't that we don't care. We're Fullers all right. But we young fellows want to build our own homes, found our own families. We ——"

His father moved angrily. "Will you get out!"

There seemed nothing else to do. Benjamin went as quietly as he could. There were no signs of his brothers in the big deserted hall; nor did he want to see them just then. He felt in that house as he had

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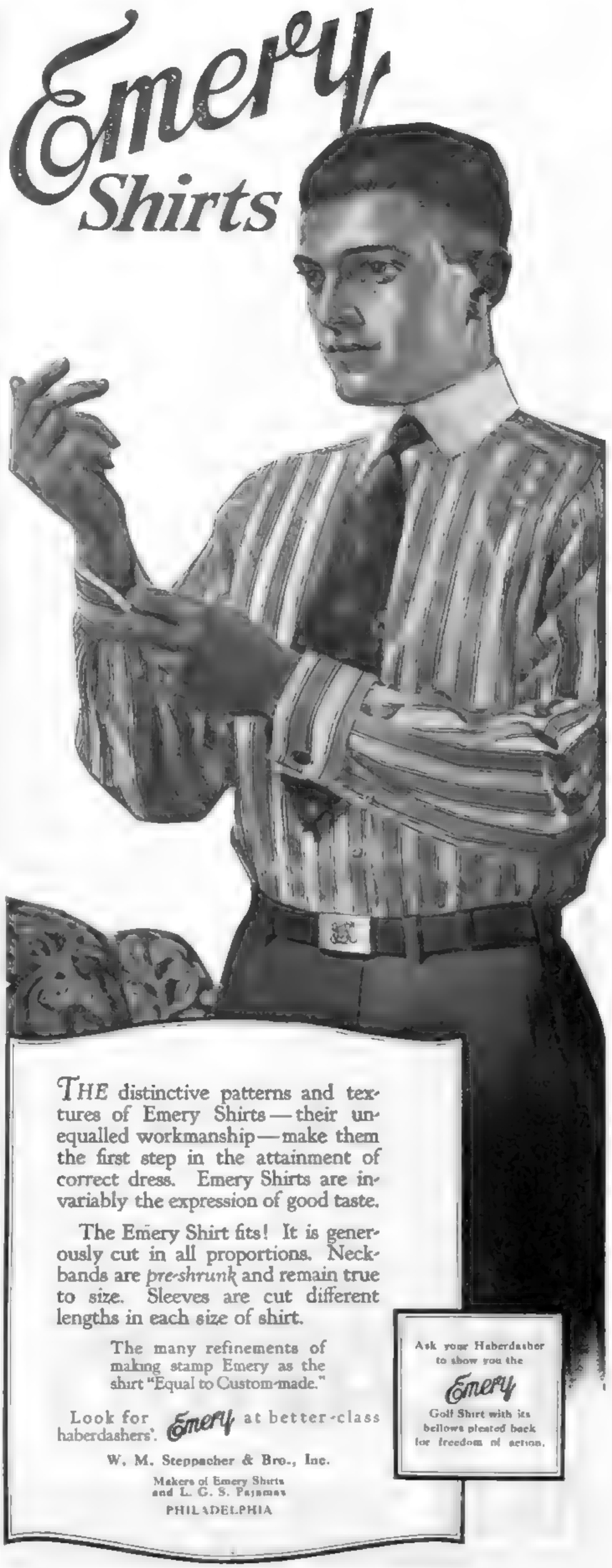

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felt when he was a small boy, shut in by the hills, cut off from the realities of a world beyond. The costly stuffs, the heavy furniture oppressed him, increased his pity for his father. He needed to get out into the air, out under the wintry sky with its pale shrunken stars. On tiptoe, he explored. The servants were no doubt at their prolonged Christmas dinner. His brothers had probably retreated to one of their rooms to talk it over. They must be feeling pretty bad.

He found his father's fur coat in the hall closet, and a cap. Silently he let himself out into the night, breathing deeply.

He must have walked a long time on those solitary country roads so white and frozen in the starlight, with shadows rising round, and the black line of distant hills. The thought of his father stayed with him constantly, making him tender and sad. He could see the old man bitter, disappointed, pacing the floor, huddled by the fire.

The house when he got back to it rose up heavy and gray, a ponderous thing no one wanted. He started for his room, but found himself standing before his mother's door. He remembered that his father had forgotten to lock it. Slowly he turned the knob.

The room wavered out of darkness, vaguely illumined by the light from the hall. A blacker shape held its place, huge, immobile among those shadows. There was something strangely sensitive about the brooding pose.

"Come in." It was his father's voice. "Shut that door."

Benjamin obeyed. The room sank again into gentle dusk. The curtains were drawn back. A dimmed starshine sifted through the window. The old man was sitting upright in the rocking-chair. He sat on for a while without speaking.

"Funny you thought of coming in here," he said at last. "Say, Benjy, you wouldn't try the mills, would you? I'd start you off with a bang-up salary." His voice was wistful. All anger seemed to have dropped from him.

Benjamin shook his head. "It's too late, dad," he said. "I've chosen my job and I've got to see it through."

"I thought you wouldn't," said his father thoughtfully. "Well, then, that settles it. I have the house on my hands, and when I'm gone I suppose it'll be sold and I'll be forgotten."

"You won't," cried Benjamin, "and you know it!"

He was near enough to see an odd little smile lift for an instant the corners of his father's thin lips.

"Yeah, I know." He looked up searchingly at the dark figure of his son standing over him. "You seem to have some common sense," he said presently. "What d'you think of Prentice anyway? Anything to him? Or is he just one of these soft city swells?" He tried to speak indifferently, but Benjamin was not deceived.

"How about the way he stood up to you to-night, dad? Does that look soft to you?"

His father nodded. "That's so. Impertinent young puppy!" He gave a sudden low chuckle. "Gave it right back to me, didn't he? I'll bet that Hancy girl won't have it all her own way. I don't know, though, as I care for this society business," he added as if to himself.

"There's no harm in it," Benjamin defended. "You always wanted him to go to Harvard, dad He made friends there and "

"Anybody with money can make friends easy enough," grunted J. T. "I won't say the boy hasn't a way with him," he admitted. "Hancy ain't the man to let his daughter marry any young nincompoop who comes along. I guess he's got the Fuller blood in him, after all. But there's John Paul. How about him?" Again he glanced up at his youngest son. "I don't seem to be able to make him out."

Benjamin hesitated a moment. "John Paul," he said slowly—"why, he's got the kind of thing you've got, only, thanks to you, he's been able to work it out. He—he's a sort of an artist "

His father moved, suddenly alert in the rocking-chair.

"Say, I never thought of it that way! He always was different from the rest of us "

"He's got a lot of you in him, dad," Benjamin insisted.

"Think so?" His father sounded pleased. "Maybe. I never had his chances." He thought a moment. "Yeah, even John Paul. But you're more like me than either of 'em." He spoke with rough feeling. "You're a regular chip off the old block."

Benjamin grinned. "I'm proud of it, dad, though sometimes I wish"—he felt himself a little wistful and shy—"I wish I'd had more education. It's my own fault," he went on quickly. "I never could stay put. I had to get out and root for myself. Now Prentice and John Paul ——"

His father rose, unwieldy in motion, and went over to his son.

In that twilight his face was softened and yet stronger with the old square set of his jaw, his eyes as if awakened to an excitement of discovery.

"I see it now. I've been on the wrong track," he said, holding his voice down to a low rumble. He paused to peer about him as if he were addressing someone else in the room. "You three boys—you're the house of Fuller. That's what you are!" His voice rose to an exultant pitch. "I had a hunch I was missing something. You're enough for me. You'll keep me going—each one of you. Why, this house here can go to the devil now. What's two million dollars to me!" The old boastful note sounded, but subdued. "It can go to the devil," he said. He gazed about him at the simple shapes so faintly outlined by the night. "Seems like I always knew it," he murmured.

He laid a hand on Benjamin's shoulder. Then, as if ashamed of his emotion, he moved, a great bulk of a man, to the door. Benjamin followed him, feeling like a little boy again. They stood for a moment looking back. The light from the hall streaming over their shoulders fell on the empty rocking-chair.

His father gave a queer little smile. "She always told me it would be this way," he said.

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THE WONDERS OF WASHINGTON

(Continued from Page 4)

"Is there anything else I can do while you're here to make you comfortable?"

"No, I guess not," I told him. "Nothing more than this: I don't know anything that would make me more comfortable than getting a line on how many billion-dollar taxes the Federal Government is going to slide over onto business the next year or so."

"I imagine there's plenty of others with you, from what I hear," said Jimmy Taylor. "But that's one thing a newspaper man doesn't have to worry about much—excess-profit taxes."

"No, I see you don't," I said. "Well—you're lucky!"

And then I thanked him and got down and lifted up my book and got it back to the hotel, that foundation stone of the government finances! That was what you might call a monumental work. Quite a monument!

I got after it up in my room after dinner—the estimates for the appropriations for 1921—that is, the government year ending June 30, 1921. It was dated, I saw, in the first part, in the last of November, 1919.

"Now here's quite a thing!" you said, when you opened it up. Eleven hundred pages, in table form—full of items and laws, apparently, and figures on the margin. It weighed something; it ought to! When you turned over in the back of it, to the summaries, you found it appropriated between four and one-half and five billion dollars—all put out in detail, with references to the laws. Billions—all detailed into sections and items, and all totaled finally together. You talk about the Book of Books—here was the Book of Billions!

"There was some brain work that went into that," I said to myself, "that's sure." And I settled myself down to look it over. The more I looked the less I understood. It was divided up in some way I didn't quite get—according to appropriation bills, apparently. Thousands, tens of thousands, hundreds of thousands of items—I should say; with brackets, commas, semicolons, inserted figures and law references. I'll give you one specimen, from Page 335:

"Eradication of the pink boll worm:

"To enable the Secretary of Agriculture to meet the emergency caused by the existence of the pink boll worm of cotton in Mexico and to prevent the establishment of such insect in the United States by the employment of all means necessary, including rent, outside the District of Columbia, and the employment of persons and means in the City of Washington and elsewhere ($595,800) $388,560 as follows (Act July 24, 1919). Vol. 41, pp. 269, 270. Sec. 1, $388,560."

There you have just one specimen in the hundreds of thousands—salaries, rent, battleships, pensions, experiments, all in together, as far as I could see. You couldn't read it all in two weeks—to say nothing of understanding it.

"What human brain," I said to myself, "is big enough to wrap itself round this thing?"

From Mystery to Mystery

Mine wasn't—that was sure. It was a book of billions, yes; but it was a book of mysteries—to me anyhow! It might as well have been a dream book or a collection of horoscopes, as far as I was concerned. I know a little something about corporation reports. But here was a thing appropriating almost five billions that was too much for me. I couldn't make head or tail out of it.

So I laid it down finally, and after eleven o'clock sometime I gave it up, and turned in and dreamed about billions—chased round by brackets and commas and semicolons barking and lashing their tails.

"Well," I said, waking up, "it might be a nightmare—this billion-dollar book—for one night. But what if you had it on your brain all the time?" And I was curious to go over and see the fellows who deal with it right along, for a steady job.

So then at ten that morning I poked along through those old low corridors in the old Treasury Building, that look like what you used to read about the catacombs at Rome, only with each tomb numbered and fixed up with an old-time summer barroom half door. Then finally I found the number of my man's vault, and roused up the faithful negro door man, and he took me in.

The man I was after got up and shook hands with me—a nice, quiet, agreeable fellow—very still and polite. You could see he was a shark on figures just the way his necktie was tied—right there to the fraction of a millimeter. He smiled when he shook hands, but his face had a kind of sad, serious look, I thought, underneath.

"Now, Mr. Burnham," he asked me with a kind of sad smile, when he had sat down, "just what service can I be to you?"

And I told him, in general; he looking at me, sad and attentive.

Banking Room, U. S. Treasury Department, Washington, D. C.

"Now I tell you," I said, apologizing, for I could see right off he was a busy man, "I don't know as I ought to take up your time."

"Go ahead," he said. "I want to do what I can."

"Well, I appreciate that," I told him. "But I'm down here on a kind of peculiar thing. By a sort of accident I got started thinking and wondering about government finances. I suppose you'll think it's funny, but I've got them on my mind now and can't seem to get them out. It's like one of these old-fashioned puzzles you get started on sometimes," I told him. "A kind of disease. You can't sleep well again until you get it straightened out somehow! So I thought I'd come in here and see if I couldn't get set right on these Federal finances by a man who was worrying about them all the time."

"They are just a little bit trying," he said, smiling that sad, kind of patient smile once more. And I could see now, I thought, where he got it. There was somebody after him, asking some detail about the department on the telephone or at his desk every half minute.

"Now I tell you," I said, "it's a big subject. But here's one place I think I might break in at: Have you that foundation stone here—that billion-dollar book of yours?"

"The billion-dollar book?" he repeated, looking at me.

"That big one," I told him. "That book of the estimates for appropriations."

"Oh, yes. Yes," he said, looking relieved. And he pushed a button and sent a messenger over into the next room for one.

"That's what is worrying me now," I said, "especially; this book. I thought I had a clew to the whole situation—the whole Government's business system—right there when I saw it first. But I can't make it out. It leaves me worse off than when I started.

"Now here," I said, drawing up toward him and putting my hand on the book of the billions when the messenger brought it back—"here, as I understand it, is the foundation of it all—of all the Government's business. I looked it over a couple of hours last night, and I must say it beat me. I can see," I said, "that there was a lot of brain power that went into this. But somehow I can't follow it. Now what I want to know in the first place is—just how was this got together? Just how was it done? And who was the man who did the job—was able to? I want to pay my respects to him—whoever it was—who had the brains to get this up and grasp it all. The Secretary of the Treasury, I suppose."

He sat there a minute as if what I'd said had confused him.

"This book," he replied then in a very quiet, accurate voice, "as you probably know, is made up every year to guide the Congress in making the appropriations for the government departments, according to rules laid down by Congress."

"It's dated," I said, "about the last of November ——"

"Yes. This one," he went on, fingering its leaves with a kind of sad respect, "would be for the appropriations of the year ending June 30, 1921."

"Yes."

"You see," he told me then, "it's the duty of the heads of the different departments of the Government, the various cabinet officers, to hand in their estimates for their departments before October fifteenth to the Secretary of the Treasury; who then," he went on, talking very accurately and precisely, "must have them compiled and printed to be placed before Congress by the first of December."

"Oh yes, I see," I said. "And in the meanwhile, I suppose the Secretary of the Treasury works out what he thinks is right—about how much, comparatively, each department ought to have out of the government revenue. Makes a kind of budget, you might say."

"Oh, no," said my expert at figures, in his sad, patient voice. "No, the Secretary of the Treasury has no rights under the law to make any changes in the estimates which each department says it wants from Congress. He merely compiles them and puts them in book form along lines prescribed by Congress for its appropriation bills; and then passes them on to Congress a few weeks later."

"Then I was wrong," I said.

"Wrong?" he asked me, giving me that earnest look again.

"It wasn't the brain of the Secretary of the Treasury, which I was wondering about, that got up this thing."

"He would scarcely have time, you see—in the time at his disposal—to do more than compile the others' reports."

"I see. I see he wouldn't," I said, looking over at the book.

"No," he went on, in that quiet, even voice he had, "the secretary in this case is just the transmitter of the figures of the other departments."

"He edits them and places them in order in the book, I suppose?"

"Oh, no," he told me. "No, Congress prescribes even that order. He merely transmits the figures, as I have said, of the other departments. He doesn't even guarantee that their figures are right. He doesn't know, in fact; and couldn't know if he wanted to. The several departments all have their different systems of accounting; in some instances have a dozen systems in the same department. The secretary might learn something perhaps if he had a special force working some months in the department's books. But even that would be doubtful."

Who is Responsible?

And then he stopped and waited for me, while I absorbed it and got it set right in my mind.

"And unfortunately," he went on with a sad kind of explanatory smile, "we have no such machinery for investigation in the departments."

"I see," I said, waking up finally; "I see. Well, that makes it all the more mysterious—that is, to a stranger," I said, apologizing.

"What?" he asked me then.

"That billion-dollar book," I said. "This little plaything here. As I understand you," I said. "I want to get this right, for I guess I was on the wrong track to start with. From what you say, as I understand you, it isn't the Secretary of the Treasury's brain that gets this book up at all. It can't very well. It can't handle it in any general way, or really know about it, before it goes to Congress."

"Well, we add it up, of course. He knows the totals—if you mean that."

"But he has no opinion about them—whether they're right or wrong; whether they ought to be allowed or not; or whether the country can afford them? As far as this book goes, the Secretary of the Treasury, as I understand it, neither plans nor knows about what's in here."

"Oh, no," said my man, looking sadder and more patient.

"That's not his duty, you understand, under the law."

"You just add it up, and sprinkle in the semicolons and brackets, and pass it along from the departments to Congress. And so far as this book goes the Secretary of the Treasury is a kind of boss printer. Do I get that right?"

"You might put it that way," said my man, showing by his voice that he certainly never would himself.

"And I don't suppose the Secretary of the Treasury does that with his own hands—the additions and punctuations," I said, going on, trying now to warm him out of his sadness a little.

"Oh, no. No," he said, without changing his voice, "the secretary would have someone in the department do that for him."

"I see," I answered. "Well, then, so far as the Secretary of the Treasury and this foundation of the Government's finances is concerned, I was all dead wrong. So far as this book is concerned, in any practical way, you might say, the brain of the Secretary of the Treasury never touches it at all. That is, unless I am mistaken," I said.

"You might put it that way."

"Well, then," I asked, "whose does?"

"Whose does?" he repeated after me.

(Continued on Page 63)

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The BIG NEW BETHLEHEM

(Continued from Page 60)

"You'll excuse me," I said, apologizing, "won't you, if I ask these ideas as they occur to me?"

"Oh, yes; certainly."

"Well, whose brain does touch this thing, this billion-dollar book, these plans for government finances as a whole?"

"Well, as to that," he said, considering, "so far as the Treasury Department is concerned, I don't think you could say anyone does—in the way you mean."

"Or in any other departments?"

"Oh, no," he said. "No, not as a whole."

"Oh, I see," I said, giving a kind of a little jerk—when I thought of it. "My mistake. I thought maybe there would be somebody who would kind of look the thing over and shape it up; especially now we're spending all these billions after the war."

"How could they?" he asked me, with that patient look again. "Under the existing law?"

"I don't see, myself," I said hurrying on. "Now then, there's nobody's mind that touches it in general, we'll say," I went on, looking over at that book of the billions, "as a whole. But now take it in detail. I suppose there's a good deal of chance for direction inside the departments. You can look at it another way, of course," I said, the thought coming to me. "You can look at it that every one of those eleven hundred pages must average to carry appropriations of four million dollars. So now, in detail," I said, "I suppose the heads of the departments give a good deal of time to planning out their part."

"Well," he answered me, "they may, in some instances. But more generally ——"

"More generally?" I said, prompting him.

"Well," he said, "the secretaries are very busy men, of course, with the detail of their offices."

"I see," I said. "So they hand this kind of work over to the other men under them. The heads of the—what do you call them?"

"The bureaus?"

"The bureaus, yes. They do it, I suppose, for the secretaries."

"Well, in cases, yes," he said. "But the great body of the work, the general expenses of the department, would probably be handed over to men in the clerical service under the bureau head. He, of course, too, is a very busy man."

"So the main figures from the departments, the figures in this book here, are gotten out by the clerks in the bureaus?"

"Well, yes," said my man, "generally speaking; unless the head of the bureau or department had some special project of his own, some new work or extension of work."

More Cross-Examination

"Which would boost the expenditures," I said, "more or less?"

"I presume that would be apt to be the final result," he told me. "But no different from the tendency of the clerks in making up the general figures for their bureaus. Naturally they will want to get all they can for their own work."

"Naturally," I said, and stopped just a second, drawing in my breath before I went on.

"I see," I said. "I think I see. I'm getting it gradually about the book of the billions. So far as the figures go—all these four or five billion dollars—they're made up principally by clerks. They pass them on to the head of their bureau, who lays his hands on them; then he passes them on to the head of the department, who lays his hands on them. And before October fifteenth they come to the Secretary of the Treasury, who lays his hands on them, and passes them on to Congress."

"Well, that would be one way of putting it," he told me again.

"But so far as any one human brain touching it during that time—thinking of it as a whole—there isn't any, not before it gets to Congress?"

"You could say that, too, I suppose," he said with a kind of reproachful look.

"As a whole, I mean?" I said, trying to express myself. "As one business proposition, you might say. To shape it up, to hold it down, to put it together?"

"Well, no, perhaps not," he answered me.

"But doesn't that turn the whole thing loose?" I asked him. "Don't they spend right and left without anybody responsible for them? Don't it cost the country hundreds of millions of dollars with our appropriations as they run now; billions, maybe, during this last war? With nobody at the head of things?"

"Oh, yes; certainly," he said. "But what can we do under existing law?"

"Well," I said after a minute, "I'm glad to understand that. It explains a lot to me. You see, I was under a misapprehension about this whole thing. I thought probably—now we were spending all these billions and putting out all this debt, especially—that there was somebody down here, probably here in the Treasury, planning in advance what we were going to do."

"It is very difficult," he told me, "under existing law. In fact it can't be done."

"I see," I said. "Well, now I won't bother you any more about that. I'll want to go off and think it over myself. But here's one thing I do want to ask you. Maybe it's connected some way with this last thing or touches it at some points perhaps. What I want to ask you," I told him, "the main item I started to find out about in this thing—is about the general conditions of our government finances. About this current year, ending June 30, 1920."

"Yes?"

"Are we going," I asked him, "to run into a deficit of three or four billion dollars in the operations of this year or are we laying up money at the rate of a billion a year out of our taxes? I get it both ways."

Debts and Deficits

"You've heard probably, I expect," he said to me, "what they are saying about the deficit down at the Capitol?"

"For one thing."

"And for another that statement in the newspapers about the reducing of the debt, which was printed a day or two ago?"

"Yes."

"Well," he said, "they're both excusable in a way; but they are both misinterpretations of the real situation."

"I see," I said, watching him.

"In a way we shall have a deficit, as indicated by the last Secretary of the Treasury's report; a bookkeeping deficit of something over three billion. But that is not a deficit for the current year. It is a kind of hold-over from the war—mostly a residue of expenditure not taken care of by the last issue of Victory Bonds. While on the other hand, the so-called reduction of the debt was merely temporary—for a few weeks—during a period of the excess of receipts. The debt wiped out then momentarily will have to be renewed again almost immediately.

"Perhaps the best and simplest way to see really how the United States' finances are getting on from the standpoint of the Treasury is to get it here," he said. He reached over then and took up a Secretary of the Treasury's report off his desk, and opened it in that slow accurate way that men who handle figures have. "An excellent way is to look in here on Pages 202 and 203 and see what the secretary expected to happen. And in doing this the best thing to do is just to lay aside the items of debt, for the moment—and compare what we call ordinary expenditure with ordinary income."

"All right," I said. "According to that, then, he expected a deficit within the year of about seven hundred million dollars?"

"That's it."

"And how's it working out, as a matter of fact?" I asked him.

"Well, to-day," he said, "we expect to beat that, by quite a fraction."

"How much?" I asked him. "How much of a deficit will you have?"

"I wouldn't like to say. We might have a deficit there of half a billion dollars perhaps. But you've got to remember," he started reminding me right away, "that Congress isn't through appropriating—not yet—on stuff which may have to be paid out during the current year. And, of course, there were railroad appropriations—up in the hundreds of millions—that the secretary didn't calculate at all in his report. But I wouldn't be surprised at a deficit somewhere round half a billion."

"I see," I said. "Now that's for 1920. Now that's fine," I said. "We're getting somewhere now in this book. We've got something here we can put our teeth into," I said, taking up the Secretary of the Treasury's report and looking at it. "We've got, you say, some half a billion dollars deficit this year?"

"Approximately."

"Yes. Within, say a hundred million dollars either way?"

"Well, perhaps."

"Well, now," I said, looking along in the book, "here's where the secretary, with his figures, goes along and maps out what he thinks is going to happen in the government year of 1921—on Pages 204 and 205 and 206."

"Oh, that," said my man, sitting up a little—"well, that, I wouldn't go into that much. That's more of a formal general thing. Congress expects it, but it's really not valuable, for your purposes. You see, if you'll read what the secretary says, there are items there into the hundreds of millions and billions, which may come up—which are likely to, apparently, in Congress—about which we could know nothing here in the Treasury—then or now. That estimate will be way off."

"Low in the expenditures, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes."

"How much?" I asked him.

"Oh, I don't know. I wouldn't even guess."

"Into the billions?"

"Oh, yes; I should say, quite easily."

"I see," I said, swallowing a little. "More billions—in 1921?"

"I don't mean a deficit of that much," he hurried to tell me.

"No; I understand."

"You just can't tell, that's all. You see, as a matter of fact," he went on telling me "this brings you right back again just where you were in that book of estimates for 1921. They're the same figures—all the figures that the secretary can get from other departments; and not so many, not so detailed as in the book of estimates."

"So, in other words," I said, they've got him fixed by law here, too; they've got him tied up with red tape so he can't learn his own business—within hundreds of millions or billions. Well, he must worry some! There must be one man who's doing some worrying these days!"

"Well, perhaps," he said in a kind of general indefinite voice; "if I know what you mean."

"Planning what he'll do to keep the finances of the country coming right, for 1921; and not knowing within a billion or two where he's coming out."

"Well, I'll tell you," he went on, after pausing a little while, "I'm afraid you don't quite understand. A great many people have a wrong idea about the duties of the Secretary of the Treasury—just what the law calls upon him to do—to devote his time to. Did you ever see what activities of the Government the Secretary of the Treasury has under him? Here, I can show you," he said; and opened up and handed me a Congressional Directory.

I took it.

"Just read the main divisions; only the ones in bold type," he told me.

A Busy Official

So I started reading them—one after the other—thirteen of them in all: The Comptroller of the Currency, the Treasurer of the United States, the Commissioner of Internal Revenue, the Director of the Mint, the Auditors for Departments, the Register of the Treasury, the Farm Loan Bureau, the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, the Bureau of the Public Health Service, the Coast Guard, the Supervising Architect's Office, the Bureau of War Risk Insurance, the General Supply Committee.

"That's all, is it?" I asked him when I was through.

"All?" he wanted to know.

"It doesn't say anything about classes in Swedish movements and china painting."

"I don't know as I understand you," said my man.

I'd disarranged his mind again. He kept it, of course—he had to—perfectly accurate all the time, like a good set of books.

"I said, What does he do with his spare time?" I told him.

"It is quite a little program," he said, smiling that sad kind of patient smile of his finally, "for one man to direct. Incidentally, I may say, he has almost a third of the government employees in Washington under him—something over thirty thousand it was, some months ago, out of some one hundred thousand in the city."

"But there is one thing I don't see," I went on then, encouraged by seeing him smile, "and that is, when does he get time to be Secretary of the Treasury?"

"I don't know as I know what you mean by that, either," he said.

"Well, doesn't he have to plan ahead, lay out the financial program of the country? Plan out and tell Congress or the President or somebody what the country's got to do to get along, getting in and putting out its billions nowadays?"

"No," he said. "If you mean the secretary has to lay down any financial policy for the Government—no, he's not expected to. And, in fact, as I've shown you already, he couldn't if he wanted to, because he has no real means of making any accurate forecasts."

"So he just has to sit and worry about it," I said, coming back again to my old idea, "because he hasn't any means of working out the information that would naturally go with his job?"

"Now let me tell you," he said, his voice getting sadder and sadder and more patient; "I'm not sure that you understand yet. It isn't really the work of the Secretary of the Treasury by law—to plan out the fiscal policy of the Government. That isn't his work. It isn't expected of him. And if he had all the machinery in the world he hasn't the authority to do it."

"No authority?" I said after him.

"Of course, you realize," he went on to tell me, "that under the organization of the Government no officer has any power except what's given him by law?"

"Certainly," I said.

"And he hasn't any such powers as you seem to think he has. They're not given to him."

"In other words," I burst out then, "the Secretary of the Treasury isn't the Secretary of the Treasury—by law. That is what anybody—any stranger not familiar with Washington—might expect. Is that right? Do I get it finally?" I asked him.

Getting at the Truth

"Perhaps—yes, if I get your meaning. Our secretary hasn't the general direction of national finances. He's not a Secretary of the Treasury in the English sense—if that's what you mean. He's not like the Chancellor of the Exchequer there, whose whole business is to put his whole mind on this matter—the work of making a fiscal policy, on future revenues and appropriations and how much the government will cost."

"They do that over there, then?" I asked him. "Over across?"

"In all the European countries," he said. "Oh, yes. Yes. You must remember," he went on, "of course, that so far as the Chancellor of the Exchequer is concerned, he isn't tied up the way our Secretary of the Treasury is—with all these other duties. He's freed for this one job."

"Getting and spending the billions?" I said.

"Yes. Whereas, on the other hand, our secretary is a very busy man with all his other duties."

"I see he is," I said. "It's too bad. But as I understand you, just to be sure I'm right," I said, "over there they all have a man who looks out for this business of getting and spending the billions. But here," I said, "we just flop along here with our billions, in this land of the free, without any Secretary of the Treasury or Chancellor of the Exchequer to guide us on that line?"

"Well, yes," he answered me, looking a little the way your wife does when you sneeze too loud in church—"if you care to put it that way."

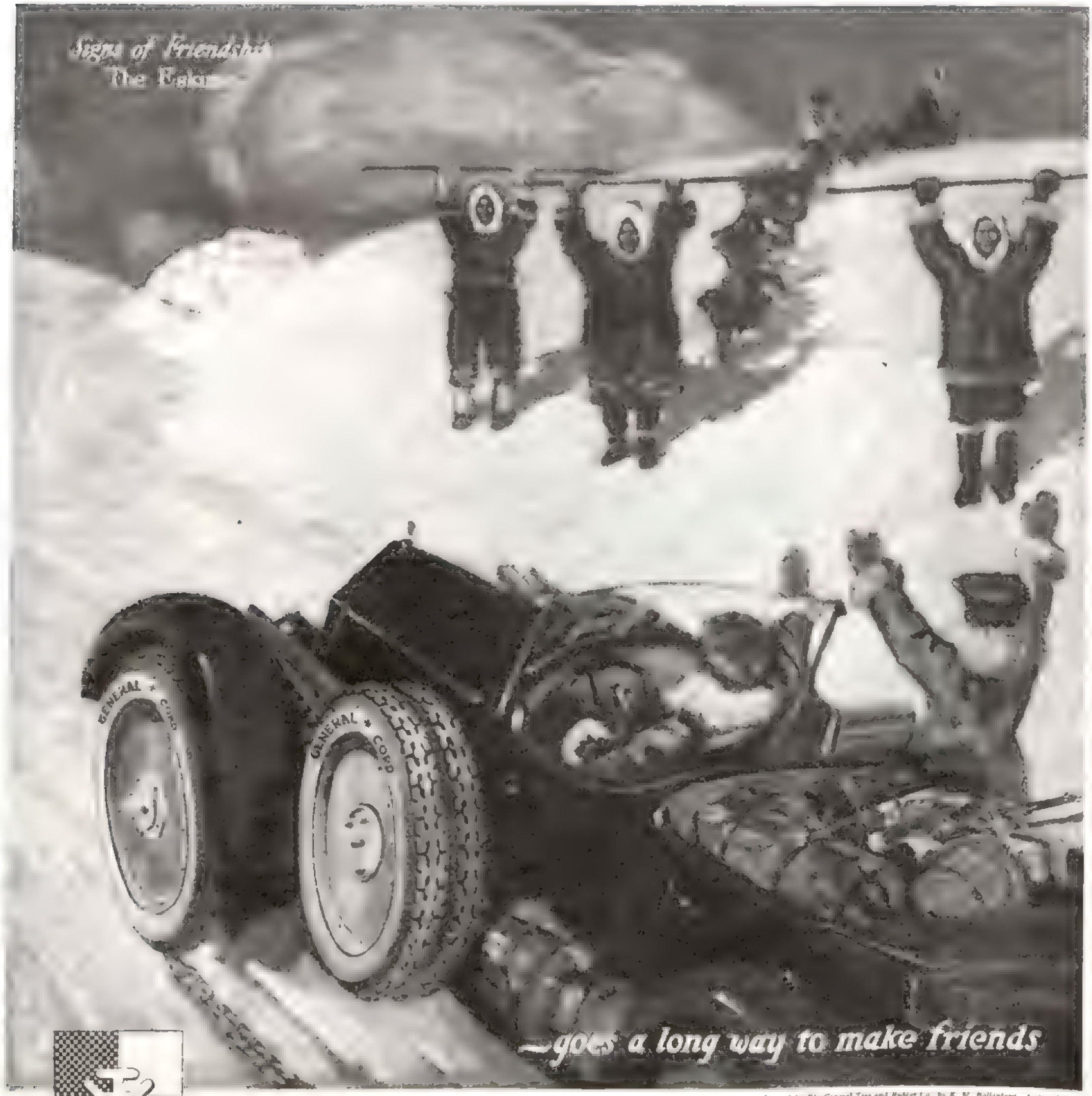
"You'll excuse me," I told him, "but it's rather a surprise to me—all this. I had an idea all the time that maybe the Secretary of the Treasury did something with planning things out for us; especially now we had so much money to handle."

"There was a time, when the office started years ago, at the beginning of the United States Government," he went on then to tell me, "when the secretary did have a function of that kind; when he used to plan the revenues and appropriations of our Government. But that idea died—a kind of natural death—starting in old Andrew Jackson's time. Jackson, as you probably know, didn't like financial men and finances; and he had just as few round the Government as he could. And so the Secretary of the Treasury rather dropped out of sight about that time."

"And they turned the politicians in," I said. "That's it—that was old Jackson's specialty, as I understand it."

"So they say," he said. "And they didn't have much worry then. The revenues of the Government were so big comparatively at that time that there wasn't

(Continued on Page 65)



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THE GENERAL CORD TIRE

(Continued from Page 63)

any need to save; in fact, they had hard work to make up political schemes enough to spend it."

"So the Secretaryship of the Treasury, as an office, just died off naturally—into politics? Is that it?"

"That's about it," he told me. "And when they made up the revised statutes about 1870, they just dropped these rights that the Secretary of the Treasury had along these lines—of planning or arranging a budget in advance—out of the laws. They had a right to, for he hadn't used the rights for thirty or forty years. They were a dead letter. So now all the Secretary of the Treasury is, as far as planning any finances goes -about all he has to do in ordinary times is to have somebody comp le these estimates of appropriations, this billion-dollar book of yours; and keep a kind of general idea of what revenue is coming in, so Congress can know; and he can make an educated guess about future revenue in his annual report. And very occasionally, if there's going to be an excess of expenditures over revenues—like there was during this last war—he will have to tell the President, so that he can tell Congress what he thinks ought to be done about new revenues. But that, of course, doesn't happen very often."

"Once in a generation or so," I said.

"Yes."

"Well, in the meanwhile," I said, "between generations, he can't be doing much of this work. He's probably doing something else. He must have his mind pretty well occupied with coast guards and public health, and printing bank bills, and counting the gold in the mint; and maybe, in odd moments, making a few political speeches on the side."

"I don't know as I would say that," said the treasury expert, getting a little reproachful again.

"Maybe not," I said. "But here's another thing: In the meanwhile," I said, "who's got his old job?"

"His old job?" he said after me.

"Who's got the job now of planning what we'll do next—planning our finances—looking after the billions—like this Chancellor of the Exchequer you talked about in England?"

"Well, now, that," he said, "I'd rather you'd ask somebody else. It's just a little bit out of my line."

"Oh, all right," I said, starting to get up. "But so far as the Secretary of the Treasury is concerned, there's nothing of that sort there by law? They've got him fixed by law so he's a kind of cross between a job printer and a teller in a bank?"

"I think, perhaps," he said, "that's putting it ——"

Law and Red Tape

"I understand," I said. "I apologize. You see, it kind of got on my nerves, I guess—learning all this for the first time. It's just a little bump for me. But now," I said, "that's law and red tape! They've got the Secretary of the Treasury tied down so far as this job is concerned. But of course somebody's got it, naturally. We aren't just floating along, throwing out loose billions on the stream of time. There must be somebody watching this. And I suppose, naturally, it'll be the President—especially since this war, and all this talk of extending the powers of the executive. There wouldn't be any place where it would be more natural to extend them, would there, than here where we jumped our expenses into the tens of billions—and the country almost lost its mind paying for them?"

"You'd think not," said my man, "but that's a thing I think you'd better ask somebody else about."

"The President would have the power some way, I should say, certainly, or could take it."

"Well, I'm sorry I can't tell you," said my man, getting up now to tell me good-by.

It was time I went; his desk was piled up with stuff that I'd held up. He turned back sadly and started in trying to catch up with it, like a man starting after an endless task.

So then I went along out muttering to myself, out through the catacombs with the barroom doors, thinking over what I'd learned. And finally I found myself on Pennsylvania Avenue in front of Jim Taylor's place again. And I remembered then that I had his book of the billions; and I went back to the hotel and dragged it over. It might be of some use to him sometime; it certainly wasn't any to me.

"Well," he asked me, "how are you coming out with your government finances? Have you got it all straightened out?"

"I've learned several interesting things. For one thing, I learned the Secretary of the Treasury was dead."

"Dead?" said Jim Taylor, jumping up.

"Back in Andrew Jackson's time," I said. "Don't get excited," I said. "The office—not the man."

"Oh!" said he, settling down again. And then I told him what I had on my mind now.

"They seem to have abolished any financial management here they had, by law. Unless," I said, "as I suppose is quite likely, the President has taken over some of those powers—since things cut loose so in wartime and we've been spending so much money."

"Well, I don't know," he told me. "I don't think so. I can't tell you just exactly what the President's powers are along that line. What you want now apparently is a shark on the legal end, like the other man on the figures."

"That's it," I said, "I guess."

"I've got just the man for you," said Jim Taylor. "He's a kind of man of leisure, of some property, who lives here in Washington and hasn't much to do himself, so he takes a theoretical interest in the laws and reforms and such things. He's quite a friend of the President's, or the Administration's anyway. You know the kind."

"I guess so," I said.

So he got me to this man, and I told my troubles to him.

The Public Getting Interested

He was quite different from the shark on figures, this expert on the law; but a good fellow, too, thin and tall and dressy, in a lean, long-legged way that goes with a cutaway coat and spats. He wore a cane, and a white edge to his vest, and he had the nicest finger nails I ever saw.

"You see," I told him, "I've got into this thing and I can't let go. It's kind of got to me. I never saw anything just like it in my experience knocking round the business world. It seems that they've got the Secretary of the Treasury tied up by law so he can't manage the Government's finances if he wants to."

"Yes," he told me, nodding his head.

"But the country's got to have a financial manager! It would mean hundreds of millions of dollars' loss to let it slop along without any direction. So I saw right off," I said, "that the President would probably look out for that—especially during and since the war."

"The President is a very busy man," he told me, tapping on the club table before him with his little finger, "occupied with great affairs."

"This is pretty fair size, too," I said.

"True!" he said. "True! They make quite a feature of it in English politics. It is perhaps the leading issue in Parliament—the taxes, the budget—a thing on which ministries fall. Budget night, at the opening of Parliament, is a great event," he said, tapping the table again with his polished little finger nail. "But here," he went on, "we have never featured our finances politically. Perhaps because we were so prosperous a nation, and the public was therefore so little interested."

"They're interested now," I told him. "Don't forget that!"

"No," he answered me, "we must not. And we're apt not to get these things—these tides of public interest—here in Washington so quickly as outside."

"You do strike me as a little calm on this subject," I said.

"Well, of course, you must remember," he told me, "Washington is really a political and not a business center."

"Yes, I've noticed that myself," I told him. "But now here, I want to ask you: The President has the power, hasn't he, to take hold of this thing, to set up a financial manager for the country, or take the management himself?"

"Well, now you raise a nice question there," said my man, pushing the table with his favorite little finger. "You know, of course, that as the law stands now the Congress does not contemplate the President's taking a hand in the planning of the finances. That's provided for in one of the two plans, as you no doubt know, that are now before the Congress"—he always put

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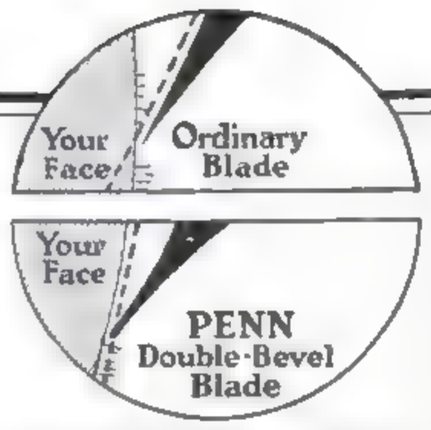

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the "the" before Congress—"for a national-budget system. What the Congress has evidently intended in the past is that the President should be kept out of the general planning of our finances—or the presenting of a budget. There is no provision for his doing so now. And whether under his appointing powers he could force himself into the situation, by compelling his cabinet officers to report a budget through him to the Congress, is a nice question. He might theoretically, because a cabinet officer must do what he asks him or resign, in the last analysis. The President has that much power. But practically, as you know, no doubt, the only time that anything like this was attempted—any use of the President's power—it failed; and under the most favorable circumstances possible."

"Which time was that?" I asked him.

"In President Taft's Administration, at the time, as perhaps you may remember, when he was endeavoring to put a national-budget system through the Congress. And he had then all the advantages of a special commission with a special appropriation working with him."

"And Congress threw him down?"

"Absolutely flat! Budget, budget system and all! For as you know perhaps," he went on, "the Congress is always very jealous of its prerogatives; especially in its revenue and financial power. Traditionally so, of course, from the earliest days of representative government. It has always held tightly to the taxing power."

Blind Spending

"So they tie up the rest of them—the executive departments—on principle?" I said.

"Oh, yes, always. And in the last analysis, of course, the executive departments of the United States, excepting the office of the President, are all the creatures of the Congress; all created by its laws. No," he said, looking down, thinking, "your point is interesting theoretically. A President might in theory perhaps make a rough attempt to do some planning of our finances; but practically it would be useless now. He's not expected to, and he has no means of doing anything in this line. You can't start flying without wings!" he said.

"Especially when your legs are tied up with red tape," I told him.

"Precisely!"

"Well, then," I went on, "let me go over this—if you don't mind. The fact is, as I get it, we're putting out four or five billions annually now in government expenses, and so far as directing it—managing it in any buisness way—getting it together—there's not one human brain that I can discover that ever touches it?"

"Not here," he said. "Not in the executive end. Not as a whole."

"And in the meanwhile—with all our government expenses, all these billions the Government is putting out—a business manager, a good executive like the head of a big corporation, could save hundreds of millions, perhaps billions, for us every year—or during the war, anyhow?"

"Undoubtedly," he said. "Some huge sum, certainly."

"And here we sit!" I said, stopping, swallowing.

"Government is a fascinating study, isn't it?" he asked me.

"It's about the same," I said, my voice rising, "as if I, in the contracting business, told half a dozen or a hundred foremen to go ahead and make and work out their contracts by themselves, without a manager, and then I went off to Palm Beach."

"I've heard men in the Treasury Department say," he told me, "that we are in the position of a man whose wife has an absolutely unrestricted bank account, and all he's got to do about it is to hustle and supply the bank with money to meet her checks."

"What's going to happen?" I said, staring at him.

"What would happen?" he asked me back.

I jumped up.

"I don't believe it!" I said. "I don't believe it! Not what you said, you understand," I went on, setting myself right. "Not up here in the executive departments! I don't believe but what there's some human brain somewhere that's got a line on this thing as a whole. 'They ain't no such thing'—like the fellow said about the giraffe—as what this looks to be on its surface," I said. "If there isn't anybody in control here—if the Secretary of the Treasury and the President don't control it—then there must be somebody, some one man down in Congress who gets it all together in his head. There must be some one human brain touching this thing somewhere—or we wouldn't be complaining about our taxes—we'd have been bust long ago!"

"Why don't you go down and see them down there?" he told me, smiling a little.

"I will," I said. "I'll do it. I'll go down and see my Congressman."

"I'll be interested to learn what you find out—if anything," he said, still smiling at me. "Very much! And in the meantime I'm very glad to have had this chat with you. It's a fascinating subject—always."

"I'm the man to be thanking you," I said, "and I do. But this thing has got me. You'll excuse me if I seem kind of abrupt. This thing's got me going in my mind!"

"It's a very fascinating subject, that's undeniable," he was telling me as we were going out the clubhouse door.

"What is this thing?" I asked myself, walking along with my head down. "No—it isn't possible! Nobody could do business that way. Billions!" I said. "Billions. Billions rolling loose!"

I kept saying it over to myself until I almost ran down a limousine on a cross walk, and then I straightened up and got a street car and went on down to the Capitol.

I dug up my Congressman, Henry Blake, down there, and told him what I was after.

"Sure!" he said right off. "Isn't it a shame the way the finances of this country are slipping along under this Administration?" Henry's a Republican of course. "We've got to watch out all the time, all over this country, or we're likely to have trouble—not only in a government but in a business way."

"We're all kind of wondering, anyhow," I said, "in business. I guess that wouldn't be overstating it."

"No."

"So I had a little time to kill down here," I explained to him, "and I thought I'd see just who was looking out for us along this line; just who had this whole subject of Federal finances on his mind down here. I thought you might be able maybe to steer me on it, here in Congress."

Mules With Wings

"That's right. That's right," he said. "I'm glad you came round. But now," he said, "you'll appreciate that we Congressmen have all got our own lines of special work that keep us busy, on the special committees that do the business in Congress; and this isn't just right along my particular line of work. But I've got just the fellow for you. I've got a good friend on the big committee, and he can put you wise to the whole thing."

"You haven't got the information yourself?" I said.

"No; as I told you," he said again, "I'm so busy along these other lines."

"Yes, naturally," I answered him. "Everybody's busy with his own line here, like everybody else."

"Yes."

"All right then," I said, "take me round, if you will, to see your man, and I won't waste any more of your time."

So he took me twisting round the corridors, and finally we sat down in one of the rooms of the big committee, underneath an oil painting of an old-time polar expedition of three men that almost got up to the North Pole forty years ago, carrying old burnside whiskers. It was an important place, you could see that. You can tell the importance of any government room in Washington, I've found out, generally, either by the size of the chandeliers or the size of the pictures on the wall. And you could see that this committee was a big one by both signs. The picture was half an acre, more or less, in size; and the chandelier looked like an oak tree after a New England ice storm.

Then after a minute or two they called our committeeman out from the other room, where they were having their committee meeting. He came walking out to meet us—a nice hearty easy-mannered man; he looked to me like a lawyer from a small town in the West.

"They keep us hustling in these appropriation hearings—you have no idea!" he said, wiping his forehead. "You have no idea the trouble we have with these fellows from the executive departments up on the other end of the avenue. They get some new extravagant scheme in their heads they want to put through; some plan the Agricultural Department works out to grow wings on mules by cross fertilizing with pigeons, so they can use them in the swamps down South—or something of that order. And they spend their year thinking how they'll get it by us down here. And it's bad! Bad for this country! It's bad all the time—but especially since this war ended. They got their hands in on the billions, and they hate to go back into the ten-millions class again. It's too low and common a field for such great minds to work in. You've got to watch out every second or they'll slip something by you, sure. And the worst is you can't get the truth out of them -about what they really should have—with dynamite."

No Man's Job

"I was telling our friend Henry, here," he said, pointing to Blake, "just the other day, that if it kept on I was going to bring a bill allowing the Committee on Appropriations to use the water cure or some other mild form of torture, so we could get the truth out of these fellows from the departments and bureaus, as to just what they had hidden away in those bills of theirs, when they come in here and try and slide them through us. That's the only practical way I can think of of ever getting out the negro in the wood pile. Millions are nothing. You could cut hundreds of millions; billions from these bills probably—if you just knew what each bureau's game was. They blame it onto Congress. You'll hear them talking about the extravagance of Congress! It makes me laugh. All the investigation that's ever done to cut down appropriation bills and to see the matter as a whole, is done right down here at this end of the avenue; and every appropriation bill will show it! Here's where the cutting down of appropriation bills takes place, right here inside the Capitol."

"That's just the line I came to ask you about," I said; and told him what I wanted to know.

"I take it," I said, "from what you say that there's somebody right here in Congress—the head of this Committee on Appropriations perhaps—that takes the thing up and looks at the revenue, and the appropriations and the future financial terms, and the whole big thing this country at large is hollering about—the taxes and the debt and the finances!"

He stopped for a minute then before he answered me.

"Well, I'll tell you," he said then, "it's this way. No, you can't say there's any one man in Congress that would have that business in his mind—or know it all."

"Maybe it isn't a man," I answered him. "Maybe it's a committee."

"Well, no," he said. "Not that either—though it was at one time—if you want to go back."

"Go back?" I said after him.

"Yes. If you go back to the beginning of the Government; in fact, all the way up to 1865 there was one committee in the House and one in the Senate that had charge of all the finances—the revenue and the appropriations."

"So they'd know the whole problem?"

"Well, yes," he said, "and handle it as a whole."

"And then what happened?" I asked him.

"Well, then, in 1865, they split it into two in the House—into the Ways and Means and the Appropriation Committees—the one handling revenue, of course, and the other the appropriations. And later, I think it was, the Senate did the same."

"What was that for?" I asked him.

"Well, they thought it was pretty big for one committee, as I understand it," he said.

"Isn't that," I asked him, "just what these people who are after this budget reform are asking for to-day—this one single committee on finances in each House?"

"Yes," he told me, "I expect that's about it."

"Well—and then what?" I asked him. "After 1865?"

"Well, then it ran along in the House until 1885—and they changed it to the way it is now—split up the appropriation bills between six or eight committees in the House; and later on they did about the same thing in the Senate."

(Continued on Page 69)

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(Continued from Page 66)

"What was that for?" I asked him. "Some general idea it would improve things?"

"No. No, not exactly. Politics started it, as I understand. Old Sam Randall, it seems, was head of the House Appropriations Committee in 1885—and, of course, that was the big strong committee; for all appropriations start here in the House, of course, and this committee gave out all the money really—or could hold it up always anyhow. And Randall got to using this power to force other bills through; and they just split the whole thing wide open, and put a good share of the appropriations into the hands of minor committees—to bust up Randall and his crowd."

"That was the way of it?" I said. "Politics, hey? Political jockeying?"

"Yep. You've got to have a certain amount," he told me. "You know that."

"Sure, I understand that. But how does it leave you now?" I asked him.

"Oh, neighbor," said the committeeman on the big committee, "don't talk about it! You ought to see it. All these bills coming from different departments to different committees—all split up in the different appropriation bills, so that one department may have to go to as many as ten different committees to get all its appropriations; and one committee like this big one of ours may have to make appropriations for all or sections of sixteen different departments—considered in over fifty different divisions. And then, too, the committees are all working at once; and they get through—each one—when they are through; and when each one thinks they're through, in come the urgent-deficiency bills and the general-deficiency bills; and when they're all done, sometime at the end of the year, when the last sunset is done over Congress, they add it all up—and that's the total appropriation and that's when any living human mind gets the first idea of it."

A Mighty Queer Thing

"That's the other end from that book," I said—"that book of the billions, where you all start from," I said. And I told him about trying to read it to make it out.

"If you think that's complicated," he said, "you ought to see one of those charts these fellows who are working to get a budget bill through show of the way the committee's system is hitched onto the different departments through the different bureaus. It looks like a madman's dream of a plate of spaghetti."

"You are going to pass a budget bill," I said. "I suppose—both Houses, before you're through?"

"Well, yes," he said. "I suppose so, probably. Something. And then, of course," he went on with the other subject, "you've got to remember that about the same thing in many ways is going on in the Senate; and then after the appropriations are getting shaped up the Ways and Means Committee in the House and the Finance Committee in the Senate have got to get busy on the revenue end. So that doubles and quadruples the thing up."

"So that's the way it works now?" I said, waking up finally.

"Yep," he said. "Government's a queer thing, ain't it, when you come down to consider it in detail? So you see how likely it is that you'll find any one man down at this end—or any other end," he said finally when I didn't answer him.

"I see," I said waking up a little out of my trance. "Well, I'm much obliged to you anyhow," I said, getting up. And he got up with me.

"I wish I had more time to spend with you and talk it over. It's a big question, but you see how I'm fixed. These committee hearings keep you driving from one year's end to the other. We're just driven to death, especially on this particular committee."

"I can see you are," I said, shaking hands.

So then I went out from under the big chandelier and the men with side whiskers discovering the pole, and wandered round the corridors of the Capitol—half stupefied, trying to believe it. For, of course, now I saw at last that this thing was true, just as they had all tried to tell me. There wasn't, after all, any one human brain that took care of the revenues and expenses of the Federal Government—or touched them as a whole. And then finally I got back to the hotel.

I was sitting there in the lobby smoking, untangling my ideas, thinking to myself, trying to imagine all the billions—rolling on alone—when something heavy lighted on my shoulder, and I looked and saw a hand weighing some ten or fifteen pounds, lying there. I knew right away whose it was. There is only one hand like that in the world.

"Well, well! Here he is!" said that big heavy voice, way up above me.

"Where'd you come from?" I said, getting up. "You old fat rascal! What special sin brings you down here?"

"You forget. Four years more have rolled round," said Sim Goodman. "'Tis presidential year again. The fate of our nation hangs in the balance. Our country calls. And so," he said with a short wave of his great hand, "Columbia, I am here!

"Come, tell me," he said, passing on, as those practical politicians all do, turning the spotlight from themselves on to you, "what are you trying to steal down here? What's on your mind, old friend? For methinks you look somewhat downcast and heavy laden. Come!" he said. "Come to yonder bench beneath the palms and pour your sorrows in this faithful ear."

And we sat down then, smoking there together, and I started telling him.

"Ho, ho!" said old Sim Goodman, rolling up that big old husky voice of his from his diaphragm. "Old Bill Burnham can't find out where all the billions go! Ain't that terrible!"

"The damnedest thing," I said to him, "I ever saw. I don't believe it yet. Billions. Billions! That's no lie! And not a human brain that touches it or can, they claim, by law. And so, year after year, we go on rollicking down the sands of time. The President," I said, "sits in his golden swivel chair, above all, thinking the great golden general thoughts—by law! The Secretary of the Treasury focuses his great mind day by day on the accurate numbering of the national bank bills—by law! Congress waves its arms and its tongue at its hard weary task of filling the Congressional Record—day after day, day after day. But no one—no human mind is spared—by law—to think of some five billion dollars we're getting in and putting out every year. There's no human brain to guide us. There's no one to guide us—by law!" I said, making up now for the time I had kept still before, listening to others. "It makes me think," I said, "of that old sad rural melodrama, No One to Guide Her. You remember it?"

A Matter of Instinct

"I remember," said Sim Goodman, his cigar twisting round of its own accord in his mouth. "We stand to-day—like that poor girl—at the parting of the roads—the forking of the ways. Just before the man with the thin black mustache pours the knock-out drops into little sister's glass of milk!"

"Only here," I said, "I don't see the villain. He's not in sight."

"Perhaps not," he told me.

"Unless it is the law—forbidding all to work."

"Go on," said Sim Goodman, "with your affecting tale. Reveal all to me. Just where did your searching investigations on this vital matter lead you?"

So I went along and told him what I'd worked through; from the book of billions to the great committee room with the chandeliers and the portraits of the men with side whiskers who almost discovered the North Pole.

"What is this place I've struck into down here?" I said to him. "Is this Wonderland?"

"Ho, ho!" said Sim Goodman, his diaphragm at work again. "Old Bill Burnham's come to Wonderland. He's found the book of wonders where the billions hide. And he can't make it out. He can't get in back of it!"

"No," I said. "Can you?"

He didn't say anything then for quite a while; sat looking off into space, like a national monument—the way those big fat practical politicians do before they get round to what they're going to say to you.

"Speaking of books," he said then in a low level voice, "did you ever run across any one of those books written by an old Frenchman whose name is Fabre—or something on that order? Why I ask you," he went on, "I came across one once—somebody had left it behind in my hotel room. This old boy—this Frenchman who wrote the thing—spent a busy life of ninety years or so, lying on his chest in the grass, studying the domestic life and ward politics of the bugs, especially the wasps and bees.

"Quite a book, too, take it from me!" said Sim Goodman, still looking straight ahead out into the distance. "He showed you where you could take five hundred or five billion wasps or bees out in a mud bank, where each one had its own little personal hole, where he kept his dear little family—his offspring, his treasure, his grub, his all. And no matter how wild the night, how late or dark the hour—how he found his own little hole, his home, by instinct," he said, and stopped, looking off.

"Well?" I said, poking him up at last.

"But now," he said, sitting up and talking loudly, "let an enemy come—upon the other hand! Let his humble hole be moved but by a fraction of one inch to one side or another—disarranged but one jot or tittle—and all's off, for the poor stricken insect. Instinct played no more. His home, his hole, his all was gone!"

"Well, what of it?" I asked him.

"Nothing. Nothing much. Nothing but the humble instincts of the wasp or bee! And yet, friend," he said, "as you were speaking of your book of billions and its various little nooks and crannies, something inward—some inward guide prompted me to think again of this other book—this guidebook to the insects."

How Bees and Swallows Know

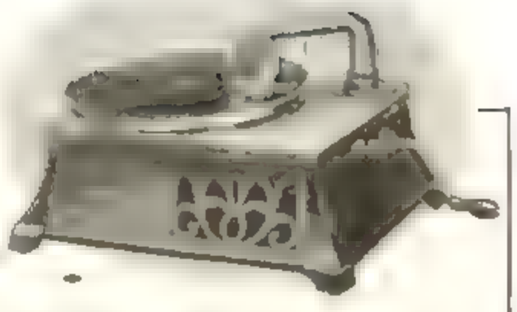
"Here, friend," he said, going on, "let me not say—but rather let me ask you this: May we not find here a certain parallel which may help us, friend, to understand? What if, here in this mysterious volume—this book of billions—we might find that there was some well-worn loophole—unknown to you or me—into which, if we watched sufficiently long, we might see some little busy Congressman come and go? Might there not be, here and there, in this great financial structure, some item, some clause, some section of this gigantic work in which, unknown to all the world, some humble senator kept his hope, his all, his future life in politics? You and I might not understand, friend—might pass it by. Yet he would understand. Here in this little unostentatious hole on page 967 of this book of estimates, which he had made his own, might be his home, his all, his one particular appropriation—to which he could turn and enter in the darkest hour, the stormiest night, by instinct; and you and I and all the world would be none the wiser!

"It's instinct, friend," said Sim Goodman, "not reason, after all, our great scientists are learning now, that guides us on—'far wandering but not lost,' as old Bill C. Bryant said once about a duck. It's far stronger—far superior to mere reason as a guide to life—as that more recent dispenser of reading and good cheer, Hen Adams of Washington and Boston, has just shown us all in his intellectual will.

"Instinct, friends! Instinct!" said Sim Goodman, raising up his heavy hand. "What is it builds the nest of the bee in the waving grass? Of the swallow in the eaves? What is it that builds up the coral reef, working day by day through the patient uneventful lives of millions of coral shell bugs, till after a century of unnoted tireless toil it comes at last to a sufficient height, friend? High enough!

"And now, friend, now—upon some dark and sensuous tropic night, across the warm dark southern sea, along comes the good ship Electa J. Shortwell, of Calais, Maine, U. S. A., her helmsman nodding under the soft enervating effulgence of the silvery moon—and bang! The work and lives of countless generations of coral insects are as naught! And also the Electa J. Shortwell, of Calais, Maine, U. S. A.!

"Instinct, friend," said Sim Goodman, looking off with that stony stare across the room. "Instinct, my fellow citizen, guides us on—guides us all. That is the great lesson which science teaches us to-day. Here also in the human race—that is our guiding influence, after all. Who shall credit one man, one intelligence, one purpose for this marvel—this wondrous structure—the book of wonders and of billions? This book, this monumental plan of our great country for spending all it can get its hands upon? This book of estimates? No, friend, this is something greater than mere mortal mind! Here we have a great cosmic structure, built up, year after year, by the silent patient hidden industry of the humble



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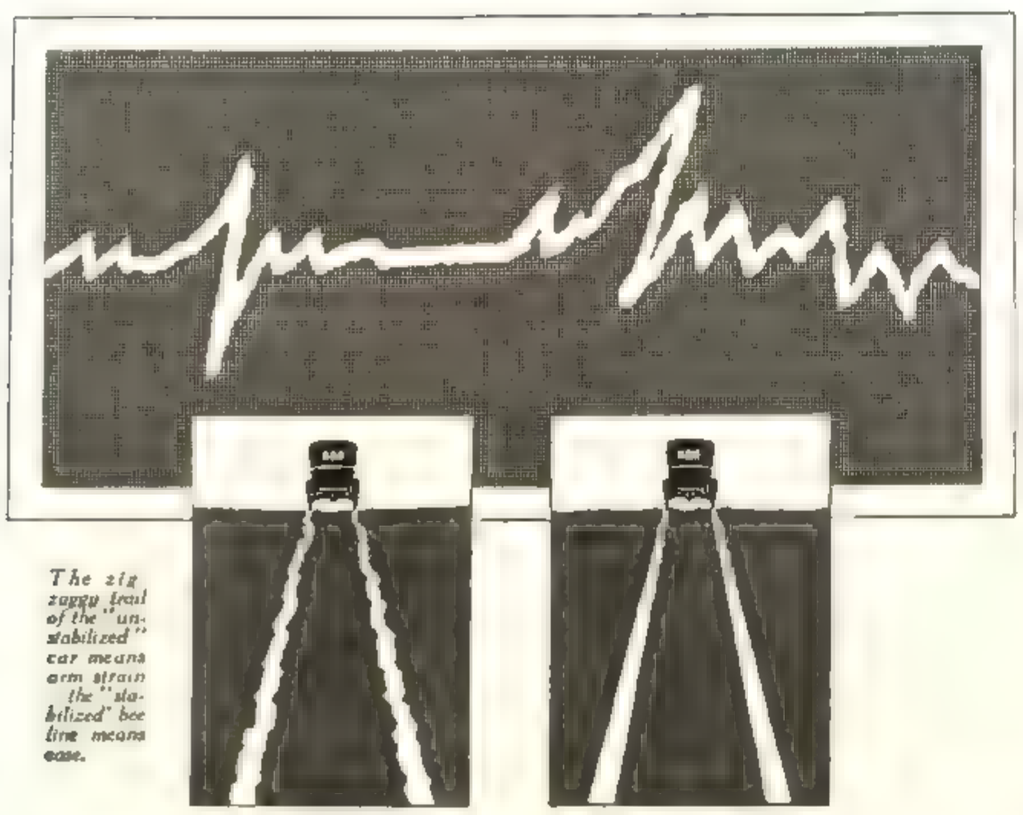

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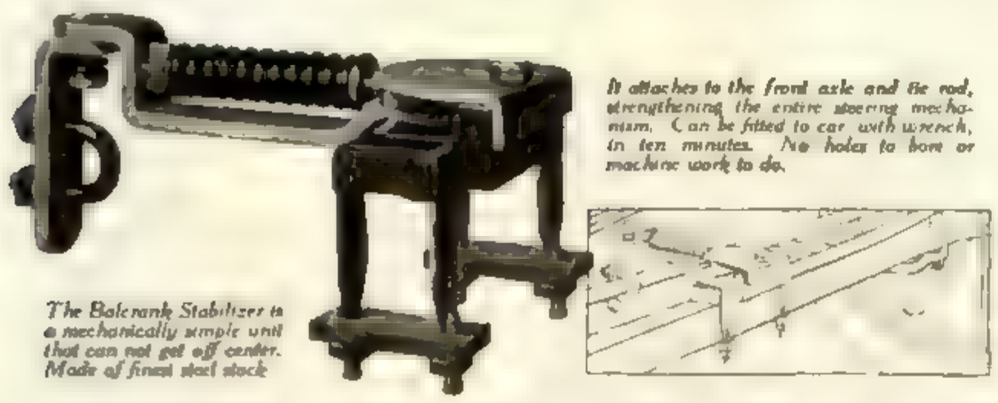
Freedom from arm strain, greater safety, more tire mileage—these are what the Balcrank Stabilizer brings you.

Have your regular accessory dealer fit your car with one—the cost is only $6.75, and the benefits are real and permanent. Or if you like, write us direct.

The Cincinnati Ball Crank Company, Cincinnati, Ohio

Manufacturers also of Drag Links, Starting Cranks and Ball Joints



It attaches to the front axle and tie rod, strengthening the entire steering mechanism. Can be fitted to car with wrench, in ten minutes. No holes to bore or machine work to do.

The Balcrank Stabilizer is a mechanically simple unit that can not get off center. Made of finest steel stock

BALCRANK STABILIZER

FOR FORDS AND OTHER LICHT CARS

Congressman, keeping studiously concealed his modest patient efforts as he works on."

"Alone?" I asked, for information.

"No, friend. No," said Sim Goodman. "That would be unfair, unjust to others! No. Joined with him, as well, would be the instinct of the executive branch; that's something which tells the worker where he would best leave well enough alone and work along side by side to build up a harmonious whole. Thus, friend, man, as well as insect, passes on year after year—building up, each in his own time, the great system of cooperative self-government—these great monuments of civilization, like the book of estimates, and the laws governing our Federal taxes and expenditures. Thus all become at last one harmonious satisfactory home of liberty and progress and great appropriations for one and all!"

"What about these new budget bills planned to change this thing which you describe in such a masterly way—this pleasing net result of all these efforts?" I asked him then.

"And disturb this wondrous structure—this work almost of a century?"

"They say they're putting a bill through now," I told him, bringing him back to earth again.

"An innovation, an entire change, a tearing down of our structure! No, no. I cannot think it—not of Congress! No. No," said Sim Goodman, getting up now. "No. I'll believe this when I see it—when I give the bill they pass a casual reading of three weeks, so as to pick out the more obvious so-called jokers in it. It may be so. It may be so. They may pass just such a bill. But if they do—if they plan this thing—let them somewhat hasten—else they will come too late! For the good ship," said Sim—"the good ship Electa J. Shortwell, of Calais, Maine, U. S. A., is on her way! There must appear before too long some hand to guide her. Else I must fear for her—this very coming year, perhaps!

"I will speak more to you on this great subject later, friend," said Sim Goodman, starting gradually to move on, "but now I am due to go and meet some gentlemen who are interested to enlist my efforts in a very grave matter of securing a proper appropriation for a large and very useful public project, which a committee in Congress threatens with wanton and uncalled-for extinction—unless our efforts still increase. Yet take this from me, as one final word to-night," he said: "This year—this day—this very hour indeed—we're on our way!"

Small-Town Stuff

By ROBERT QUILLEN

Plums

ONCE upon a time there were six brothers who owned a wonderful plum tree that had been planted and nurtured for them by their father, since deceased. No one of the brothers owned a certain part of the tree, but the six of them by the terms of their father's will held joint interest in the property and shared equally in its bounty. When there were many plums on the tree each brother had more than he needed. When the crop was light each of them wished for more, but no one of them coveted the share of his brother.

One year the tree set a crop so great as almost to pass belief. The brothers watching the ripening fruit realized that each would have more than he could use, and each began to plan how and where he would dispose of his surplus and how and where he would spend the money got from the sale.

They had not wanted for the necessities of life and this bounteous crop spelled luxury. One who has little is not annoyed by the problem of making decisions. Necessity attends to that. But one who has much and can afford more loses sleep in an effort to decide between luxuries.

One of the brothers began to entertain the idea of buying a slave to harvest future crops for him in order that he might sit at home with his wife and enjoy the ease proper to one in his station of life. He visited the market and inquired the price of slaves and was much chagrined to discover that the surplus of his share of the crop would not buy the smallest and meanest of servants. Since he could not change the price of slaves, the only alternative seemed to be to change the size of his share of plums. Having indulged in thoughts of a slave, it did not occur to him to deny himself.

When the plums were ripe the brothers set a day for the harvesting and at the appointed time each repaired to the tree with a ladder and a basket. The brother who had planned the purchase of a slave brought a ladder and a basket, but he also brought an ax.

The others asked him in what way an ax would aid in the business of picking plums, and he answered: "I will show you."

With that he placed his ladder against the tree, climbed it and began to cut off one of the largest limbs. The brothers protested, but he threatened them with his weapon and they withdrew.

For a time they talked together, but in a few minutes each of them began to be animated by a desire and plan that modern economists would characterize as social unrest. The desire was to get as many plums as possible while the getting was good and the plan was to hunt an ax.

By the time the first brother had finished cutting off his limb and departed the others had returned with axes and set about the task of selecting a place to begin chopping. When evening came the plums were gone and the trunk of the tree stood bare. Each brother wondered if he had got his share and hated the others because he had no way of knowing.

The tree did not die, for it was well rooted and strong, but many years passed before it bore another crop large enough to divide, and during that period the people who drove by the homes of the brothers frequently saw them standing in a row behind a barn industriously kicking themselves.

The Cow

THE cow is animated steak and sole leather. She furnishes half of the milk of commerce. Some day a Burbank will cross the cow with the common hydrant and the progeny will furnish all of the milk of commerce and save half of the dairyman's labor. Cows are of two sexes—the female cow, or cow proper, and the male cow, used as a synonym for political speeches.

The cow has lower teeth in front of her face, but no upper teeth, and as a result she never gums things up. She bites up and gums down. Shortage of teeth made it necessary to install a second stomach. The first door on the left as you enter is the temporary, or emergency stomach. This one closely resembles the modern system of education. It is stuffed to capacity, but never digests anything.

The other stomach, technically known as the second floor back, never gets dinner until long after mealtime.

When a cow becomes meat the various steaks are named after the locality they once frequented and are sold at prices that lead to the popular belief that butchers are related to the late Captain Kidd. When all of a cow that can be eaten has been sold the residue is ground in a machine and becomes fresh pork sausage. Years ago one possessed of ten cents could buy enough steak for a family of five. Now one must have two paper dollars to buy steak for two—one dollar to pay for it and another to wrap it in.

The cow's one garment is known as a hide. To the after deck of the hide is fastened a tail which works on a universal joint and carries a tassel on the end. The tassel is used to drive away flies and to polish the teeth of one who is milking the cow

When the cow has no further use for the hide it is tanned and becomes leather. The full thickness of the hide is called sole leather, but in these days of profiteering leather is not used for this sole purpose. Frequently pasteboard is used.

The cow has a cloven hoof and because of this characteristic is suspected of a depraved and hypocritical nature, but in truth she is a staid and modest creature. Others may follow fickle fashion and cavort in weird jazz dances, but she retains her ancient love for the old-fashioned and highly respectable bawl.

Clothes Influence Children's Health

For children, there is a close relation between clothes and health, and an even closer bond between clothes and happiness. In play-time children should be dressed for play, in sensible garments made to resist hard wear and to return triumphant from many trips to the washtub. Unhappy is the child who is turned out to play with a "Now mind your clothes" ringing in his ears.

"Slipova" play-clothes are sensible garments for children's play hours. They are common sense economy, because the boy or girl who has them saves nice suits and dresses for nice occasions. "Slipova" clothes lift a load of worry from the minds of children and parents.

There is a "Slipova" made for every purse and every taste. Made for boys and girls, from 2 to 8 years. "Slipova" *creepers* for the tiny tots; "Slipova" *play-clothes* for rough wear; "Slipova" *rompers* for ordinary play; "Slipova" *sleepers* for bed-time; and "Slipova" *middy blouses* for girls of all ages.

You can identify a "Slipova" garment by the "Slipova" label sewn in the pocket. Be sure it's there when you ask to see "Slipova" play-clothes. There is nothing "just as good." "Slipova" is the national standard of children's play-clothes.

Every "Slipova" is cut full and roomy, with strong double seams to withstand sudden strains, and with buttons sturdily fastened. They can't rip. Made in hundreds of styles and colors, all guaranteed standard fabrics, positively fast color.

"Slipova" middy blouses are distinguished for style and finished tailoring. Made in many patterns.

Ask your dealer to show you "Slipova" play-clothes. If he has none, he can get them easily.

To Dealers—"Slipova" is the nationally advertised line of children's play-clothes. Consult your jobber. "Slipova" sells.

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A SLIPOVA for EVERY CHILD

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SWEDEN'S POSITION IN THE NEW WORLD OF TO-DAY

Continued from Page 23

matter of size more comprehensible it might be well to add that Sweden occupies nearly five per cent of the European land area and is one of the largest countries in this part of the world

In speaking of the population of Sweden, if we include native-born Swedes now resident in foreign lands, the figure may be placed, in round numbers, at 6,750,000 souls. Of this number there are almost 1,000,000 resident in foreign lands, and though there are so many Swedes abroad there are extremely few foreigners living in the mother country, only some 50,000 being scattered about in various parts of Sweden. It is rare, indeed, that a traveler about the world finds in a progressive nation so few of foreign birth or where the people cling with such tenacity to their inheritance in speech and custom.

It isn't necessary to go back into the period of the iron age and review the noble development of this people in order to draw a fair picture of present-day conditions.

Sweden's trade before the war was about equally divided among the three routes—east, south and west—and I must take occasion to deny the statement that has been made that Sweden depended largely upon Germany in the matter of trade. On the contrary, her trade with Germany amounted to about twenty-eight per cent of her total exports and imports. Her position was close to the Teutonic elements, her race of Teutonic origin, and in the world war her past friendliness with the Teutonic peoples naturally led to a sympathy with those people, but in the later years of the war by far the largest portion of the Swedish people were very decidedly neutral, satisfied to remain spectators and determined to profit in every way possible by the lessons of the tragedy they witnessed. It was a good thing for the rest of the world that the small neutral countries were not involved in the conflict, for they possess to-day their undisturbed producing ability and they await almost impatiently the day when they can resume fully their peaceful relations with all the countries of the world.

Social Formalities

Sweden in particular is desirous of throwing her strength into the struggle for better economic conditions throughout middle Europe and the countries to the east. Her contributions toward the rebuilding of normal relations are potentially great. First, and most important of all, Sweden possesses an unlimited quantity of the highest grade iron ore in the world, and in the coming years this country will produce ever-increasing quantities of this most necessary of all raw materials. Her plans are definite and the work of increasing production is already well under way. Swedish engineers have overcome gigantic obstacles, such as the eight months of freezing weather in the far north, where a good portion of the iron ore is mined. By the construction of hundreds of miles of railway through this area they have opened up a new field and are now in the process of chaining the water power of the numberless rivers, which will supply energy for the wheels of commerce and industry above the arctic circle

In a manner of speaking, the mines and the waterfalls of Lapland have just been discovered, and it remains for them to be converted into the great producing elements and to increase the national wealth of Sweden, which is already large enough to allot to each man, woman and child of the country more than $600.

It doesn't require the ability of a prophet to foresee that in the coming years this national wealth is going to be increased enormously and that with such increase will come additions to the buying power of the Swedish people. The same thing applies to the other Scandinavian countries. This is the market in which American producers are looking and which they must understand if they expect to compete with other nations for the trade

In order to understand thoroughly this market it is absolutely necessary that the foreigner should learn to appreciate the Swedish temperament and psychology. The Swede is primarily a formalist; a formal act means more to him than its intent or result, and the same politeness rules the intercourse between two taxicab drivers that would distinguish an assembly of royal chamberlains. Usage forbids any address, except to the most intimate friends, with any form of the pronoun "you," and hence all conversation is carried on in third person and filled with repetitions of the exact titles of the parties: "Will the wholesale merchant pass the salt?" "Surely, if the professor's wife wishes"—is a bit of dinner-table conversation that might be exchanged in Sweden between persons who have known each other for twenty years.

This emphasis on formality must not be interpreted to mean any lack of kindliness or geniality, for the Swedish people have the soul of hospitality, and delight to entertain without stint. In fact, this excess of politeness might well rise from the great kindliness and sensitiveness of this race, and their ardent desire not to offend anyone by undue familiarity. They are before all a gentle people. Cruelty to animals is unknown. Furthermore, there is perhaps no country with a more complete culture better sustained and supported by its possessors. The Swedish people delight in their literature, music, art and institutions, and foster their development and preservation in every way. The peasant culture is preserved for all time in a great museum outside of Stockholm, which records with minutest accuracy every form of wood carving and weaving known to the provinces of Sweden and which in the great surrounding park preserves perfect specimens of the native architectures complete in every detail. Such a culture is possible because there is almost no admixture of foreign blood in Sweden. Hence the whole Swedish people share their great traditions and have a common interest in their preservation and growth. These facts make the race justifiably proud, and to understand this pride, defer to it and observe it sympathetically is the first essential for any visitor to Sweden.

Sweden's production during the past two years has remained approximately stationary. Among the articles of export a predominant position is taken by timber, of which Sweden exported annually for the past four years to the average value of more than eighty million dollars. Sweden's export of timber and wood pulp has for several years amounted to something like forty per cent of her total exports of all commodities and has played a most important rôle in making this country one of the few in Europe whose exports during the war exceeded their imports.

Besides the enormous traffic which Sweden has managed to develop in the exportation of timber she is also building up her exports of iron ore, pulp paper and the chemical by-products of the pulp-paper mills, along with considerable exports of machinery and machine tools. During the period from 1914 to 1918 her excess of exports over imports amounted to approximately $350,000,000. These figures in themselves will probably not convey much of a story to the American public, but in simple terms they mean that this small neutral country has attained a startling position in the world of trade.

But toward the end of the year 1919 a situation fraught with grave consequences was produced by the fluctuating exchange rates between all European countries and America. At first, the rapidly declining value of money in surrounding countries did not affect very seriously the Swedish krona, but as the decline continued it eventually forced the Swedish values down to a point where they coincided with the values in other countries. Despite the high value of American dollars Swedish buyers continued to place orders in the United States. Every ship coming from the United States was heavily laden with cargoes of luxuries that had long been denied to the people in Scandinavia. American automobiles came over in hundreds; our food products arrived in thousands of tons; our manufactured articles of clothing were unloaded at Scandinavian ports in such enormous quantities that some of them are still lying in warehouses untouched. In short, the Scandinavian buyers were oversold, with the result that when so many hundreds of bills had to be paid in American dollars the exchange rate became prohibitive.

Exchange Difficulties

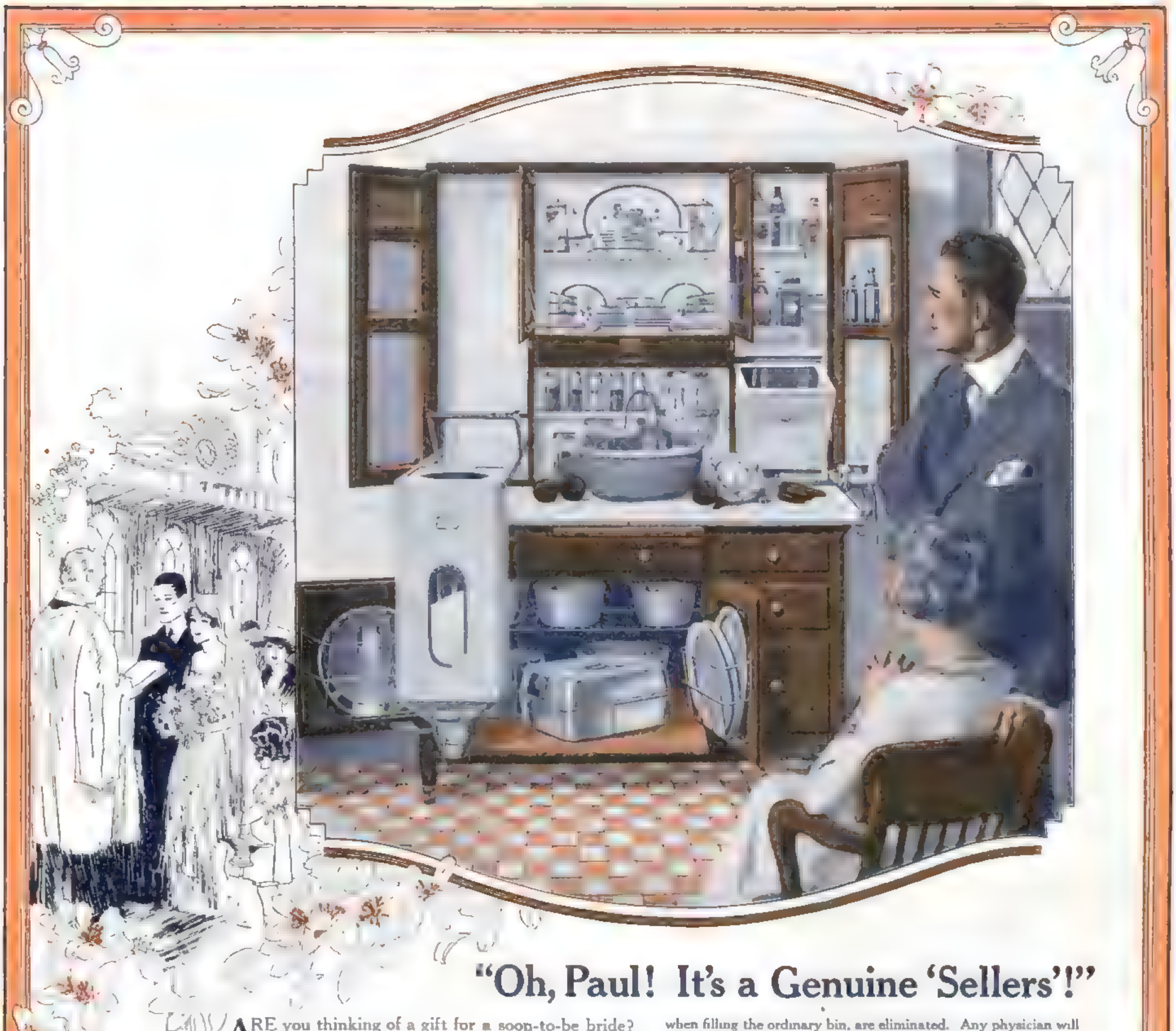
This situation has caused an endless amount of inconvenience and bitterness. Swedish as well as Danish and Norwegian buyers were forced to meet heavy losses on every consignment of American goods that arrived after January 1, 1920. In many cases they blamed America for their losses, and during the past few months I have frequently heard the questions asked: "Why doesn't America do something to equalize the exchange?" and "Why doesn't the American Government place big loans in Europe to meet the present crisis?" It was difficult to explain America's real position in this matter and to tell people that the Government of the United States was not responsible for the high value of the dollar and that great loans from our Government would not remedy the trouble to any great extent.

For the most part the Scandinavian buyer looked upon the exchange as the disease, and lost sight of the fact that it was only the thermometer by which the temperature of the diseased financial systems was registered. The real remedy was immediately applied by the increasing cost of the dollar, because it erected a prohibitive tariff wall against American products. The purchase by Scandinavian countries of our goods has been practically at a standstill for three months, while their exports to the United States continued in fair amount, with every prospect of a large increase during the coming summer.

Through her extensive exports during the past five years Sweden has temporarily exhausted her supplies of raw material and has lowered her reserves of coal to such an extent that for this present period the same exchange difficulty is bound to continue. But at the very first opportunity she will again begin intensive production and the exchange rate will soon remedy itself, and this remedy will be hastened when the gates of the world are thrown open to Swedish exports. During 1919 her increased commercial intercourse with foreign countries was disastrous to her good record of past years in the matter of keeping her exports more than her imports. The excess of imports, it is estimated, amounts to about $200,000,000 for 1919. Her desire for the

(Concluded on Page 75)

The Famous Riddarholms Church in Stockholm Where Charles XII is Buried



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The Sellers is not high priced. These added conveniences are not charged to you. Then too, most Sellers dealers will arrange terms to suit your income. So there is no reason why *you* should not own this better cabinet. Write for a copy of our $100,000 Features Booklet. It illustrates and describes the Sellers Kitchen Cabinet and our exclusive improvements. Handsomely printed in full color. We will mail a copy free of charge upon receipt of your request.

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Do *your* canning the New Perfection way. For perfect baking get a New Perfection Oven. Stoves and Ovens sold by good dealers everywhere.

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Ask your dealer to demonstrate the Long Blue Chimney burner or write for free New Perfection booklet.

(Concluded from Page 72)

goods of the world led her to import to the amount of $600,000,000 and to export goods of a value of only $430,000,000. The same conditions existed in the other Scandinavian countries, and it would be fair to say that in all cases they increased their imports by 150 per cent, while their exports went up only about ten per cent. The indication, however, of improved conditions may be found in Sweden's trade figures for December, 1919, when her imports were valued at $50,000,000 and her exports at $40,000,000, showing a tendency rapidly to improve the commercial balance.

The surprising events that have occurred since the armistice has been signed have left Sweden in a peculiar position in which she can look in almost any direction and find a new state. To the east are those fragments of the old Russia that are struggling to assume their position in the world as republics. For a time these new states appeared upon the map of the world almost as if by magic, one small nation after another announcing its independence and surprising the world by the knowledge that it really was a compact nationality. The effect of all these republican and democratic tendencies upon Sweden can be imagined, and it is a matter of no little pride here that during all the great historic developments Sweden has remained a kingdom, yet has extended to all classes as many reforms as even the greatest of the democracies. Having become in essence one of the most democratic of all countries, thanks to a rational economic policy, she is able to look forward with confidence into the future.

With regard to the so-called "Border States"—that is, Finland, Esthonia, Latvia, Poland and Lithuania—Sweden's ancient history has played an important part and affects to a great extent her attitude toward these countries. At one time or another many of them were really parts of the old Sweden. Finland was once united with Sweden, nearly 600 years having passed in such union. There was an extremely active exchange of goods between the two countries and in the course of time Swedish people left a deep impression in Finland. The coast population of Finland uses the Swedish language, as do the people of the Aland Islands.

It was this Swedish influence in Finland that caused friction when the question of the disposition of the Aland Islands came up in the Paris conference. This slight disturbance in the relations between Finland and Sweden was not allowed to influence the commercial relations of the two countries. Finland is principally an importing country from Sweden and will become an important user of Swedish-made goods in the near future.

Trade With Baltic States

Just at present trade between Sweden and the Baltic States is hampered by the low rate of exchange on Baltic moneys, just as trade between America and Sweden is hampered in the same manner. Notwithstanding the insistent demand for all kinds of manufactured articles and raw materials in the Border States they must remain small buyers for the present.

The further development of Sweden's relation to the new republics depends largely upon what Germany will do. The Baltic provinces as well as Russia are Germany's natural markets, and though the soviet government remains unrecognized Germany has been able to create a line of traffic through some of the smaller states and is in a fair way to resume her trade relations. The whole problem of reconstruction in middle Europe is a terrific tangle of interlocking commercial relations, all depending upon each other and standing still until the Russian question is solved. When trade begins between the Baltic States and Russia it will open up new lines of traffic for Germany and middle Europe generally, and at the same time it will open two new routes for the Scandinavian countries—to the south and to the east.

Sweden's prospects of developing her trade relations with the Border States are extremely bright. She has the ships and the money and the goods all ready for action. The moment this trade is opened it will act almost automatically upon the western countries, for it will produce a commercial vacuum in Scandinavian countries which must draw the products of the western world.

The present economic and financial standing of Sweden is the best guaranty for the future development. She is going to develop her manufacturing industry to an extent that has never been known in any of the European countries up to the present day. Having abundant water power for the production of electric energy for her industries and railways, she will continue to replace coal with electric power. An epoch of electric development is just beginning in Sweden and will progress rapidly in the years to come, for the plans have all been worked out, and in most cases work has been started on broad lines of improvement. Plans are already under way for the establishment of regular ferry connection with Russia and for its extension to England and Ireland and later to America and Canada. Soon Sweden will get into closer communication with all the countries of the world through her new and high-powered radio stations; and, with these modern and close communications established, trade will move faster and all commercial developments will build up with a cumulative rapidity.

Improved Transportation

In this matter of ferry transport the Swedish Government has made an exhaustive inquiry, which has resulted in plans for a steamship ferry route from the Swedish port of Kapellskär, about fifty miles northeast of Stockholm, to the Finnish port of Hango. It is proposed to erect a modern port at Kapellskär and to connect this port with the main line of the Swedish State Railroads by a branch line about thirteen miles long. The ferry boats, which are to be built in the course of the next year, will be 7000 to 8000 tons with a speed of eighteen knots and will make the crossing from Sweden to Finland in seven hours. This will reduce the time of transport between the two countries by ten hours. By this reduction of time the trip from Sweden to Petrograd will take about twenty-two hours and it is contemplated so to arrange the railroad and ferry schedules that the trips will be made daily in both directions.

It is believed that this route will tap north and middle Russia and bring from that vast country products which require quick transportation, such as foodstuffs and perishable goods. Also, it will bring valuable cargoes of furs, metal, flax and hemp; and in return will take into these broad fields machinery, iron ore and manufactured products of every kind. It is also planned to connect the port of Hango with the city of Baltischport, in Esthonia, by special ferries, thus bringing into closer touch the west and south Russian markets with the Swedish-Finnish main line.

Another vast improvement in Sweden's connections with the western market is anticipated in the form of ferry service between Gothenburg and England. Swedish interests plan to establish daily communication with an English port, probably Hull, using boats of 10,000 tons with a speed of twenty knots, capable of making the voyage in twenty-four hours, and when the main-line railway between Gothenburg and Stockholm is electrified, which is now merely a matter of time, the journey between Gothenburg and Stockholm alone will be shortened four or five hours. Sweden's proposals on this matter have not yet been completed, owing to the uncertain condition of Russia, but the moment some move is made to recognize a Russian Government the new ferry service will be urged with vigor.

Looking further toward development of trade with America, Swedes see a much shorter route in the proposed new steamship service from some point in America to the Irish coast, thence across England to connect with the Gothenburg-Hull ferry system. They believe they will soon be able to make the journey, via this route, from Chicago to Stockholm in seven days. An express route of this kind for mail, passengers and certain goods would be of enormous importance, but it needs for its realization the coöperation of American and British financiers with Swedish interests.

In connection with these plans Sweden has completed plans for a high-power radio station which will assure uninterrupted and regular wireless messages between America and this country. The tariff will be considerably lower than for cables and the Swedish cable station would take care of a portion of the Russian-American communications.

To-day there are two principal obstacles hampering the development of trade between Sweden and America: They are the high rate of the dollar and the high freights caused by the war. Both are in the process of change. Every effort is now being made to create a market and to establish ship lines from Sweden to America that will bring over to this country the American products that are most necessary, and take back those Swedish products for which America finds an increasing demand.

It would be of special advantage for certain American industries, like the automobile industry, to build their own factories or assembling shops in Swedish ports. All automobile parts, for example, which need mass production, should be imported from America, whereas other parts, like the car body, which are bulky and draw heavy freights, could be cheaply manufactured in Sweden and should be made in local factories. A factory of this kind in Gothenburg or Stockholm would have an enormous market in the Baltic States. In contemplating the organization of industry in any of the countries over here it should be borne in mind that Sweden is the only country except Germany which has a highly developed mechanical industry and a large body of skilled laborers and an untouched field of raw material. Swedish steel and Swedish engineers have made this country famous the world over.

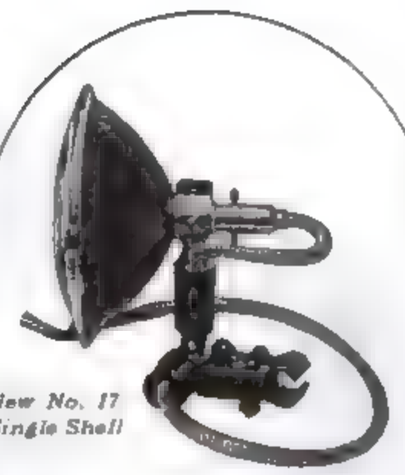
It is Sweden's proximity to Russia that puts her in an exceedingly favorable position to render valuable services as middleman and partner in the Russian-American trade. The advantage which Sweden can offer the American trade with Russia is her free ports, of which she has three—Stockholm, Gothenburg and Malmö. These ports have modern warehouses where the American manufacturer can store his goods without customs duties unless the goods are sold in Sweden. The advantage of having goods ready for shipment eastward or for sale in Sweden is easily seen.

Relations With America

The vastness of the Russian resources and the necessity for America to participate in developing Russia should encourage American business men to make immediate preparations for the great work of the future. Swedish business men believe that it will be to America's advantage to take Sweden in as a partner if America wants to hold her position in present markets and take the lead in the development of the great new markets that are to be thrown open in the future.

From the foregoing survey one must draw the conclusion that Sweden is to-day one of the most democratic countries politically, and one of the most powerful of the small neutrals economically. With her great natural riches, her highly developed industry, her vigorous commercial and financial conditions, she constitutes one of the most powerful elements in this part of the world. Her people are well-to-do and straining to carry their share of the burden of reconstruction. They deserve all the help, sympathy and coöperation that can be given from America, the greatest economical and financial power in the world.

As an American citizen I want to see the United States in the forefront of all commercial developments of the future; I want to see her take her place with her splendid new merchant marine in the affairs of the new era that is being developed out of a war-torn world; and above everything else I want our American firms that are beginning to grasp the importance of foreign trade to extend their work into new fields. As such work and hard thinking and detailed preparation come to fruition, America must stand abreast the times and with all her strength and latent ability push every effort that is being made to better human conditions and give new life to the nations that have been weakened and drained by unprecedented strife.



New No. 17
Single Shell

The Spot Lamp That's Flexible

The Howe differs from all other spot lamps in that it has a patented flexible control.

Because of this flexible control, the Howe never fails to work—never gets "stiff"—never needs adjustment. It moves easily, yet holds firmly in place—does not jar loose. Its patented swivel-joints always remain flexible—unaffected by exposure to rain or weather.

Handsome single and double-shell models in popular sizes at stores dealing in automotive equipment. Name of local dealer on request.

Howe Lamp & Mfg. Company
Chicago, Illinois

HOWE
SPOT LAMP
The Lamp with the Flexible Control

Keeps Trousers Up Shirt Down

FEW figures will support trousers without that constant "hitching-up" process. You can prevent your shirt bulging out—keep your trousers up—smooth and firm—and without belt or suspenders, with a

FAUST TROUSER SUPPORTER

Remains buttoned inside trousers.
Four rubber friction pads act like little fingers, preventing the shirt "creeping"—holding it down smoothly without binding or discomfort.
Ventilated—made of a light open mesh cloth. Cannot be seen even with coat off.
Has invisible pocket book—protects your money.
Worn by well dressed men who value health and comfort.

Send $3.00 with waist measure

wearing over undergarments and we will mail you our Insured Trouser Supporter. If not entirely satisfied you are the judge—we will refund your money without quibbling.

Faust Mfg. Company
201 Faust Building
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Dealers: Write for details.

$3.00

AGENTS AND SALESMEN
If you are earning less than $50.00 a week
We are offering our new Accident and Sickness Insurance for $1.00 yearly. Pay $100.00 death and $25.00 weekly for accidental injury or sickness. $5.00 deposit secured with the State for policy holders' protection. Splendid proposition for full or part time workers. Large number of good General Agents. Write for free particulars.
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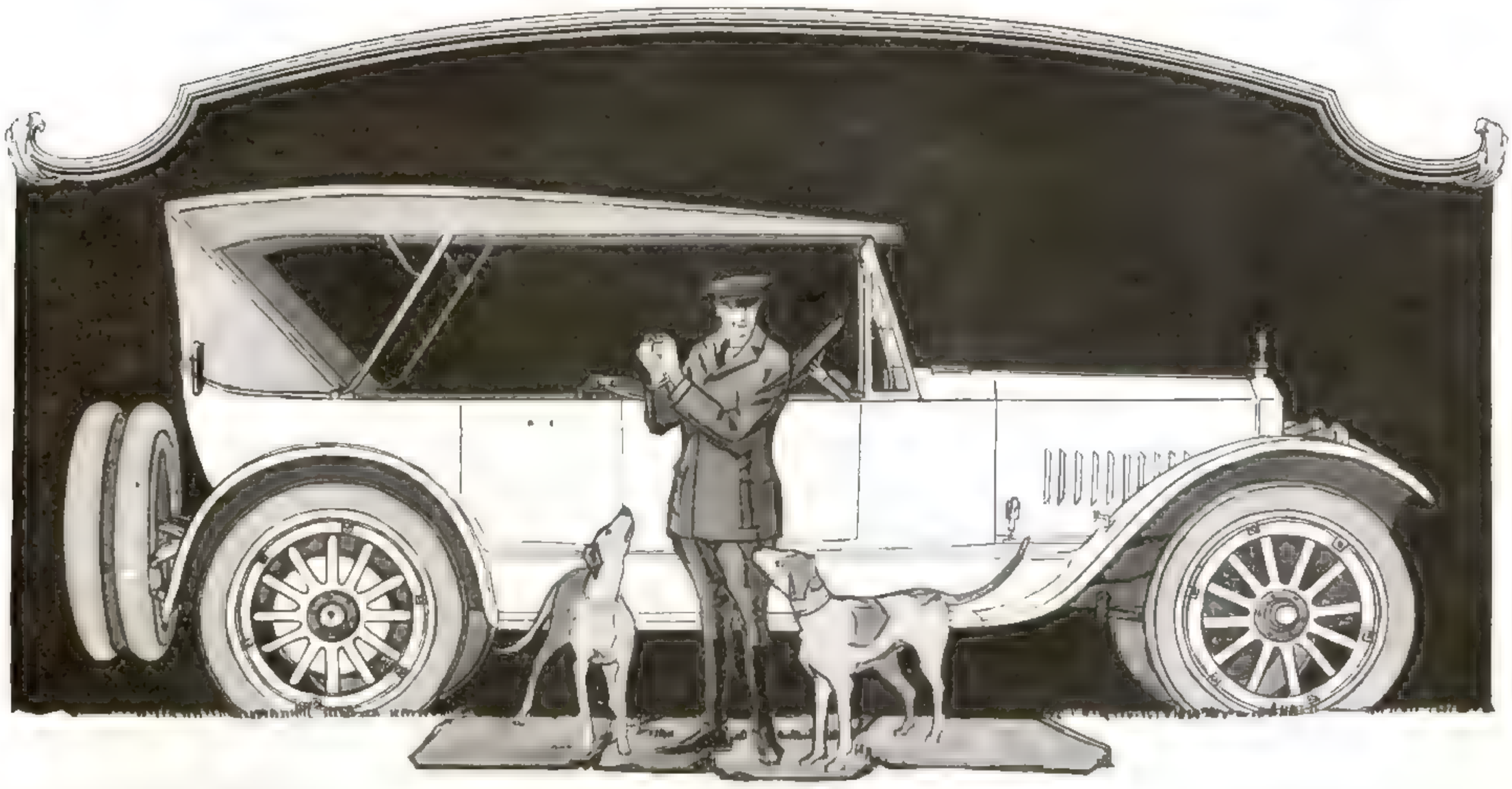

STANDARD EIGHT

A Powerful Car

THE POWER of the Standard Eight is stressed because the car is so perfectly balanced as to emphasize the virtues of its power.

With greater horsepower per pound of weight than is found in any other powerful car, the Standard Eight will do anything in operation that any other car can do, and do it most economically.

The perfect correlation of engine, chassis, and body gives a balance resulting in absolute riding ease.

STANDARD STEEL CAR COMPANY
Automotive Dept. *Pittsburgh, Pa.*

THE LEAVEN OF THE PHARISEES

(Concluded from Page 21)

even that leadership resents his aspiration to the presidency, and the whole leadership in both parties will struggle against his nomination.

A tremendous pressure from the people, who in the main agree with Mr. Hoover, will be needed to make him a formidable candidate. The high priests of the political temple and the scribes and Pharisees are against him. They control the holy of holies, where the covenants with the people are kept, and they say that no one must be covenanted who has not come up through our American institutions.

This leaven of the Pharisee is working through all our political life, which is, of course, bound by blood ties to our economic life. No man can be accepted who does not belong. No program may be considered which is not in accordance with American traditions. And the judges of American traditions are these same Pharisees and their brothers of high finance.

There is vast waste and some corruption in the present conduct of the American Government. A Republican Congress has been in session a year and has only scratched the surface of the waste, though it has probably stopped most of the corruption. But the minds of the politicians of either party will not effect much reform. The bunghole will be changed to the spile as a leakage. Similarly there is vast waste in our economic and industrial system. Any group of practical industrial engineers can draft a plan that will stop much of the waste. The waste in industry is just as serious a handicap to prosperity as the burden of taxation. To stop the economic and industrial waste—to stop the long series of rail and water haulings of raw materials and the rehaulings of the finished products of industry back to the consumers, to take just one example of bad economics—would be absolutely impossible under our present party system with its present leadership. Too many local party interests would rise up to check the common good. The leaven of the Pharisee has permeated our whole social system.

We are poisoned with it. It is more dangerous a hundred times than the red menace, and its chief danger lies in the fact that we accept it. We strain at a few red gnats and swallow the elephant and the jackass—hide, hoofs and tail—smacking our lips at the exercise!

How Much Is Hoover Wanted?

Moreover, a third party doesn't seem to be the solution. It would soon be as partisan as the other two. The trouble is not with the Pharisees, but with Pharisaism. The red-card socialist is as bad as the standpat Republican or the mossbacked Democrat. The people are to blame. They want certain things. They aspire normally, but feebly.

Let us presume that they want Mr. Hoover. But the chances are a hundred to one against their getting him. Yet they really are the masters. The high-estate politicians are, after all, servants. But no one puts the servants in their proper place.

If the people wanted Hoover as they wanted to raise one hundred million for the Red Cross, or as they wanted the conscription law, or as they wanted to buy Liberty Bonds, or as they want overalls or movie queens—the people could have him. But citizens sit round yearning in the gloaming, and while the winds are sobbing gently perfectly able-bodied American voters rub their hearts and their stomachs and cherish a quiet, unknown woe, which possibly or probably is their desire for Mr. Hoover. It's the same with their desire to decrease the high cost of living, the same with the mild urge to stop government extravagance which produces high taxes, and it's the same with half a score of other national aspirations. They are choked with Pharisaism that secretes itself in the party system.

The remedy is a big national jolt, and it is coming. The problems presented by the situation require for solution something more than mere action predicated by audacity. Democracy never was in jeopardy as it is to-day. It challenged autocracy at Verdun and Ypres and in the Argonne—and won. But the victory is more serious than defeat would have been. It is like the victory of the barking dog over the passing train. Now that we have the train, what shall we do with it? In America we have wrested politics from the control of business—more or less—but what have we gained by putting politics in the control of a lot of fourth-raters? During the war we created unbelievably huge commercial and industrial engines for the production of things. We had also a wartime engine for the distribution of things. We wrecked it. So now we have enormous production and congested distribution; material things soaring; wages soaring; rent soaring; interest rates climbing; and still the hot air of inflation pours into the taut skin of the balloon. In the crisis we find two groups of stupid politicians standing making faces at each other, and neither group even considering remotely a practical, scientific solution of the crisis.

Moreover, when a man comes along who has scientific training and a detached scientific mind which would consider the problem as a problem, and not as politics, each group turns upon him in rage to bawl "outsider" at him.

The explosion and the jolt are bound to come. Democracy has bitten off more than it can chew—with its present system of mastication.

It must learn how to choose the expert; how to pick the trained mind, the scientific expert. Honesty and good intentions will no longer serve. The Pharisees are honest; they mean well; but after they have deported a few half-witted reds and given us either a high tariff or free trade they fold their hands and wait for the one-hundred-per-cent-American millennium!

Headed for the Precipice

Now lest these remarks seem to come from one who has a mugwumpian detachment from the party system, permit me to inject in closing a personal word. This is written by a Republican; one who feels that the reinstatement of the Democratic Party in power in this country for another four years seriously will imperil the life of the Republic. For the Democratic Party for two generations has been recruited from citizens with the critical mind. Being out of power, it had to carp. Being in power during the last eight years, its carping leadership has failed.

Footless confusion and incompetence have bred the extravagance and maladministration of this crisis. The Democratic Party is a necessary evil. An occasional Democratic administration, like any affliction, is good for the soul. "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth." But two successive Democratic administrations constitute a national calamity, and the prospect of a third looms like a cataclysm before us.

The instinct of Hoover in choosing the Republican Party after an obvious period of many a conflict, many a doubt—a conflict which made the Pharisees rage—was a correct instinct. He was feeling for the constructive mind in American politics. But to find it he had to grope through the cordon of the Republican Pharisees to the hearts of the American people. It seems to me that in going about over the small district which is sending me as a delegate to the Republican Convention I could feel deep irritation and resentment among the rank and file of the party at their leadership; just as it was plain that the leadership, great and small, was hidebound and full of shams and shibboleths and vanities and vexations of spirit. This impatience of the folks manifests itself in the desire for some new leader—for a dark horse. It is a sort of Messianic hope.

But for the most part the people are voiceless. The direct presidential primary has not helped them. It was devised to let them gather round a great leader and overthrow false prophets.

But no great leader was in the primaries in all the states. Purpose was frittered away in the primaries, and the big national conventions are upon us—great engines of power with the track wide open to the precipice, and about these great engines are grouped a number of near-sighted, well-meaning, patriotic men with a variety of solemn, dismal phylacteries in their hatbands, which they think in all sincerity are train orders from Providence. And these Pharisees are about to man the engines and go out on the run. No wonder the passengers lack enthusiasm and appear confused and unhappy and in low spirits.

Serve Pure Water In a Sanitary Way

There's danger in serving drinking water from unsanitary containers in which the ice, containing germs and dirt, comes in contact with the water, or foul coils or faucets contaminate it. In every office, store, factory and public building a "XXth Century" cooler should be installed as a protection to health and an aid to efficiency.

The most popular type of the "XXth Century" Cooler for office use—No. 500, mahogany finish

"XX*th* CENTURY" COOLER

In this absolutely sanitary cooler the ice cannot come in contact with the water and contaminate it. It is held in a separate container of "Fibrotta," a non-conductor, which keeps the cold in and the heat out. On this account the "XXth Century" *uses far less ice than other coolers* and the water is always served at just the right degree of coolness—never disagreeably and harmfully cold.

"C & H" Dispensers, for serving beverages, also possess these sanitary, ice saving advantages. Patronize stores that use them. We'll send our cooler and dispenser catalog on request, or our catalog of sanitary, money saving pails, fire pails, waste baskets, spittoons, etc., of handsome mahogany colored "Fibrotta." Ask your dealer for "Fibrotta" pails for home use.

CORDLEY & HAYES
COOLER HEADQUARTERS

8 Leonard Street Dept. F New York City

Established 1889

WAY I SEE IT

(Continued from Page 16)

say that situation is salubrious, and architecture strictly A Number One and up to date." You know—regular college-professor stuff.

Well say, she muffed about one word out of four. And then, oh, Clarence! Say, can you blame me? I cer'nly did soak it to her. Asked her why she didn't read the dictionary. Asked her if she was going to make me go clear up to Burkett and squeal on her. Asked her if she expected a high-class thirty-a-week man to waste his time spelling s-a-l-u-b-r-e-u-s—salubrious for a twelve-a-week machine pounder.

Well, I was having a good time stringing her along—and mind you, I'd of told her afterward it was all a josh and made friends—I was having so much fun I never noticed that Huffy, the darned old sneak, was pussyfooting right up behind me till he let 'er rip.

"Mr. Moller," he says—and oh, maybe he wasn't trying to be nasty though—"I wonder if you expect an intelligent stenographer to waste her time listening to your misspellings of inappropriate words."

Oh, zowie, just as raw as he could make it! Or anyway, I mean, he tried to be, though course I never noticed it. I'm not thick-skinned, but when the human wasp, like Huffy, tries to sting me I feel it's simply beneath a fellow's dignity to pay the slight-est attention to him.

And then he went on and called me down some more—right in the presence of my own stenographer. Fine for discipline! Oh, fine! Just lovely! Sure! And expect me to be able to get away with giving her orders afterward!

And that wasn't the worst of it. As I said, I'd just been kidding her. But honestly—I want you to believe this now—I meant it for her own good. Make her a whole lot better if she studied words, like I do. I didn't care a whole lot about her personally, but I do like to see anybody improving his mind, and that's why I zinged into her. And then him skinning me alive for it! Can you beat it?

And was I up on my ear about it? Oh, boy, I were them! Say, Mac, I could of beat his block off. But I just gave him the double O, and never took my eyes off him. I guess that embarrassed him all right. He cut out the royal razz and poked back into his den. Say, for two cents I'd have handed him one!

Well, then the paper-weight championship fight was on. Ding! Ding! Huff and me loved each other like a coupla wops up on the Iron Range after they been hitting the hard stuff. I'd tried to excuse him, but I could see there was no use. And I began to realize how he was treating his wife.

Mrs. Huff was as nice a woman as I ever laid eyes on—treated us fellows in the office swell whenever she came in three-four times a week.

"Good morning, Mr. Moller. How is everything?" she'd say, nice and bright and jolly. And then she'd go in to see Huffy, and you could hear you couldn't make out what they'd say, but you could hear her voice, awful pleasant, or kind of tired, maybe. Do you wonder her being tired out, married to a brute like that? And then you'd hear him growling. You could make out he didn't want she should do this and she mustn't do that, and—oh, he was the household pest for fair!

And then—say, Mac, that fellow Huff pulled something just a little bit worse than anything I've ever run across, and I've seen some pretty gosh-awful female grouches, being in the renting line and getting on the inside on some of this domestic-bliss stuff, as you might say. You know what these deah chappies in England call a cad? Well, that's Huff—Homer Cadwallader Cad Huff. That's his moniker, you take it from me!

Came about this way: 'Nother salesman and I were staying a little late, and Huff was there four-flushing about working or something, and we all went out at the same time; and for once Huff acted like he was trying to be almost human.

"Tired, boys?" says he, and we answered friendly. Then he stopped on the steps and pulled a sigh to impress this large and intelligent audience, and then he yaps: "Look here, boys! Sometimes I may seem a little gruff——"

Get that? Gruff! Oh, gruff is good! Tumble up, gents! See the human tarantella from Mexico! Only one in captivity! Stings the bars of his cage till they turn green! Gruff! Whee!

"You may think I'm gruff at times," he says, "but I hope you boys won't take it too seriously. Fact is," he says, "since you've probably guessed it—well, there's a little trouble at home now and then, and it gets on my nerves, and I suppose I probably saw it off on you fellows. Just don't take it personally. Good night," he says, just like he thought he'd been awful pleasant.

Can you beat that? Him with that nice sweet wife, and hinting that she was a nagger and a crank and made him rare up.

Oh, maybe I didn't burn him up afterward when I was discussing him with the other fellow! Say, I just despised him! I may have a lot of faults. I'll own up to anything that anybody can pin on me. But I can't imagine myself talking mean about a fellow's own wife. Can you, Mac? I should sa-ay not!

And then, little while after this, Huffy started putting up a holler about my chumming round with Sim Jenson. You know Sim—advertising solicitor for the Courier. Comes into the office once in a while looking for ads, just the same as you come in to drum up a little signboard trade; perfectly right and proper. And Sim's like you. He sits round and chins a coupla minutes before he beats it. Well, somehow Huff got it into his noodle that Sim was stringing me—trying to get me to boost his paper and see if I couldn't persuade Burkett to shoot him in some more ads. Well, that was a darn lie.

Huff as much as asked me if Sim and I didn't talk about ways of ribbing up more advertising, and if we didn't, he says, what the deuce did we gas about then? Well, I don't tell all I know. I know how to keep my trap shut. Matter of fact, Sim and I pulled off some pretty good parties, and that was what we were discussing usually. But that wasn't any of Huff's business, and so I had to let him go on thinking Sim and I talked ads every time he came in.

You see, I figured out Huff was pretty much of a straight-laced old codger, for all his grouchiness, and he'd of had a fit if he knew how Sim and I got away with a little hike over to St. Clair and maybe lapped up coupla drinks every time I held out the sedan on him overnight. Huffy's just the kind of crank that claims a fellow can't drive if he has a drink under his belt, but you know me, Mac—why say, I can drive anything, plastered or sober! I just got kind of a natural taste for mechanics, you might say, and—oh, not that I really drink anything to speak of, you understand. Course I don't believe a fellow had ought to drink if he's driving—not regular—see how I mean I mean you see how I mean? Nor gamble or nothing when—but say, Mac, wisha had time to tell you about one big poker game I got into. Say, I won sixteen dollars—and right off a bunch of hard-shelled old sports, too—though of course a fellow hadn't ought to really what you might call gamble—see how I mean?

Well, 's I was saying, finally Huff up and snorts: "Mr. Moller, I wish you'd be so good and tell your dear friend Mr. Sim Jenson to stay t'hell out of here. When we got any advertising I guess the boy can find the way to the Courier office."

Oh, man, maybe I wasn't het up! You know how I am, Mac; I don't hardly ever get irritated even. But say, I cer'nly was good and plenty hostyle that time! But I never said a word—not one word. I just gave him a good straight look right square in the ocular orbit. I kind of think I threw a little scare into him. I guess he took a tumble to himself and realized that here was one guy he couldn't bulldoze the way he did the others. I was all ready to get through right then, and I guess he got my idea all right. Anyway, he never spoke to me about Sim again, and when I got darn good and ready I hinted to Sim that maybe he better not show up in the office so often—we could meet at lunch. So that blew over too.

But that's about how things went for a whole year, Sue and me fall ing out now and then and making up; and me letting Huffy go just so far and then pulling him up sharp; and him getting meaner and meaner to his wife. Used to hear him phoning to her. "No, I can't!" he'd snap at her. And he was the limit with us fellows in the office. He was just simply one chronic morning-after. He never appreciated a thing we did, and he was suspicious about our expense accounts and our time out of the office. Say, he made me so mad by suspicioning all the time and I used to get away with a few games of poker in the afternoon once in a while just to get even with him, and he never got on—naw! The poor boob thought he was keen, but he was just mean. Say, gee, that's a regular poem, eh? "He wasn't keen, he was mean!" Say, I ought to send that to the newspapers. But——

And Huffy was always so sarcastic. That was the worst of it. He'd say: "Just what was your authority for telling this party that the owner would repaper the drawing-room for him? Did you dream it, or did Mr. Simple Jenson suggest it?" Or maybe I'd be a little sleepy after lunch—you know how you get; just want to pound your ear for maybe two-three minutes, with your feet up on the desk and a house plan in your mitt like you was looking it over; and if you can get away with it, why, you feel all O. K. again, and hoopla, all ready to play, girls! But Huff—say, that guy just nachly hates being human. He'd dot over to me just when I was going bye-bye, and he'd yell: "If I may intrude into your slumbers, Mr. Moller, would it be too much to ask you to try occasionally to quote rentals right?" Like that—sarcastic.

I couldn't imagine myself ever getting sarcastic to anybody, Mac—honest I couldn't. I may have my faults. I can get peevish, and if anybody tries to ride me I'll cuss him out—yes, and I don't care how husky he is, the big stiff! I don't pretend I'm perfect. In fact I do a whole lot of frank self-analysis of myself. Little while ago I went to a lecture about that, and the fellow showed where the thing a man ought to do is to study this frank self-analysis, and I'm pretty fair to middlin' good at it. I guess I'm kind of a natural psychologist, you might say.

And I know myself.

You see, I'm telling you just how things are. I want to illustrate how it is with a fellow like Huff, and believe me, I'm sorry for you, Mac, having to get him to have signs painted. You're like me; you'd rather lose a good sale than get sarcastic—ain't that the way it is?

Well, I guess about steen million times that year I felt like going right up to Burkett himself and telling him what Huff was getting away with in his department. But pshaw, Burkett'd of had him up on the carpet and given him the gate so p. d. q. that Huffy'd of wondered when the cyclone hit town. I didn't want to do that him with a nice wife—and besides, thinks I, it wouldn't hardly be what you'd call loyal. But believe me, I was tempted, all rightee, seeing Burkett so polite and nice—so different from Huff.

Well, then I had the big grind with Huff last September. We were busy as a cat—big demand for houses to rent—and I was showing twenty people round every day, I guess, besides all the phones and all. There was a Mr. and Mrs. Sanbœuf—funny name, wop I guess, but they certainly were high class, smart people, though, and don't you forget it—came from New York, and Mr. Sanbœuf was going to open some kind of a picture store.

Say, them people knew more about house furnishing than I did! Yes, sir, I cer'nly hand it to them! And they were awful pleasant, and I had a lot of fun with them. I suppose I'm a roughneck some ways, but I swear I do like people with elegant manners. I had such a picnic with them that I guess maybe I did give 'em a little more time than was coming to them, looking at it one way. But I wanted them to be suited, and that's my business, ain't it? And they told me all about New York and how much money I could make there. I slipped them into the Vandevelt house out on Chestnut, and that's the best buy in town.

Maybe Huff had intended the Vandevelt house for one of his own pet clients, but anyway, he didn't like the Sanbœufs a-tall. Said they were four-flushing tinhorns and cranky about the plumbing and wanted four-hundred value at one and a quarter, and a lot of lies, and said if the Sanbœufs felt so superior to Vernon they better go back to New York. Outrageous the way he talked.

Well, I'd stood a lot, but I wasn't going to stand his jumping on my friends.

"Vernon may be all right for you," I says to him, "but maybe there's some people that think it's a bum town. I suppose they're nuts of course. Oughtn't to be allowed to have artistic tastes, maybe. Better have a law passed against it," I said.

Oh, I soaked it to him—showed him he wasn't the only wutt that could be sarcastic.

He come back at me with: "Well, when you get too much artistic taste or too many millions for Vernon you better take 'em on to Wall Street and tell J. P. Morgan what's what," he says.

See how I mean? Sarcastic, all the time!

Then we had quite a set-to about Vernon. I said it was crude; no stimulating influences, like the Sanbœufs said; bunch of commercial kale grabbers. He said it was the livest burg in the Middle West, and believe me, he came pretty near hinting that if I ever got so I was fit to associate with some of the big bugs here I'd be hitting up a whole lot hotter pace than I had been.

I let him have it back right hot off the bat. I don't remember just what I said, but—oh, I stood right up to him! You know this motto about so living that you'll be able to take any big slob that tries to climb your neck and give him the hard-boiled eye and tell him just where he heads in at. I don't remember just the wording, but it's something like that—and say, that's pretty good philosophy, eh? And that's me.

But the whole scrap left me feeling kind of mean, allee samee. I got to thinking about quitting—in fact, I made one or two passes at going back to Harry Jason's, where—say, let me tell you Harry was crazy to get me back. Yes, sir! Now, say, there's a guy that can appreciate a good salesman. And Harry'd of paid me more money, too, if business hadn't been kind of slack with him. Told me so himself.

So things got to going from fierce to rotten. Tillie Groat was tattling about everything I did—oh, I got this straight. Maybe there's some people think they can pull the wool over my eyes, but believe me, I keep 'em peeled! Whadyuh think she had the nerve to blab to old Huffy? Said I told Sim Jenson I could get the sedan for a party any time I wanted it! And what I really told him was—well, I didn't say anything like that—practically. Besides, it's none of her business to go horning in, listening in on a phone conversation. And, of course, Huffy got sarcastic about that too, and—oh, things simply got intolerable!

Then something happened that made me forget my grouch against Huff. I was really sorry for him—honest I was. It was pretty serious business—knocked out all the fun. His wife got pneumonia sudden—you may remember if you were in the office along about that time. And I must say it made a big change in Huff. I guess he realized and was sorry he'd been so cranky to her. Poor devil, he was calling up his house ten times a day, and ordering flowers to send up to her; and once his door was open and I heard him talking to the florist, and he was all broke up. I must say he isn't a man to give his feelings away, but he wound up his phone conversation by blurting out, "I don't know that they will do any good or that she'll ever see them, but—send up two dozen tea roses—and hurry, oh, hurry 'em!"

Honest, it got me hard. I darn near snivered standing there by the door. And afterward I tried to say good night to him nice, and I wasn't a bit huffy when he hustled out by me. I guess he never saw me at all, he was so worried. And the next day he wasn't there, and I suppose she must of died the day after that. But he came back to the office for a few hours before the funeral.

Now you know how I am, Mac—rough-housing and joshing. But gee, when I own up to it, I guess I'm pretty sentimental. And Lord, I did want to do something nice for old Huffy! So I took up a collection—put in five simoleons myself, too, if I do say it—and we thought we'd send up a special wreath from us boys in his department, besides the regular office funeral piece. But I thought maybe Huff would like something special. Then I got one large big idea that afternoon while he was in the office.

Why not give him our check and let him do what he wanted with it? thinks I. Well,

(Continued on Page 81)

FWD TRUCKS

FWD Trucks possess all of the qualifications for the every-day job, and, in addition, a reserve capacity for operation far beyond the limits of ordinary trucks. It is the truck that meets completely *all* the hauling requirements of the three-ton trucking range, but—outside of this—in the final analysis of owners' records, its big, outstanding, proved feature is economy.

A new catalog showing the FWD at work in many lines of business and describing its simple mechanism in detail will be sent upon request.

The Four Wheel Drive Auto Co.
Clintonville, Wisconsin
Canadian Factory, Kitchener, Ont.

Lake County Lumber Co., Altoona, Fla., says: "After spending something over $12,000.00 on other trucks, we tried out the FWD. The first month our saving in labor alone was over $300.00."

Barrett Everlastic Roofings

They "keep up" the appearance

"Roofs are used principally to keep out the wattur and keep up the appeerance.

"No one notices a house with a roof on, but as soon as they see one without a roof they make all sorts of remarks about it.

"Proving you are never missed till you are gone."

From the Essay of a Small Boy.

When you stop to think of it, the small boy said something.

Roofs should "*keep up the appearance*" as well as "*keep out the water*"—many of them don't do either.

Everlastic Slate-Surfaced Roofings do both. They are waterproof, weather proof, extremely durable and highly fire-resisting. But they are more than that.

They are highly artistic. A surface of real crushed slate, in the natural art shades of red and green, gives them a rich unobtrusive beauty which is *lasting* and which *keeps up* the appearance of the building.

Equally important is their economy—they are moderate in cost, easy to lay and require no painting or other upkeep.

Two styles of Shingles (both slate-surfaced) and two styles of Roll Roofing (one slate surfaced and the other plain) make Everlastic Roofings suitable for every type of steep-roofed structure, from the finest residence to the most unpretentious farm or factory building.

Everlastic Multi-Shingles
(Four Shingles in One)

The newest thing in roofing. Tough, elastic and durable. Made of high grade waterproofing materials and surfaced with crushed slate in art-shades of red or green. When laid they look exactly like individual shingles and make a roof worthy of the finest buildings. Weather and fire resisting. Need no painting.

Everlastic Tylike Shingles

Same material and art-finish (red or green) as the Multi-Shingles, but made in individual shingles; size, 8 x 12¾ inches. A finished roof of Tylike Shingles is far more beautiful than an ordinary shingle roof, and costs less per year of service.

Everlastic Slate-Surfaced Roofing

The most beautiful and enduring roll roofing made. Surfaced with crushed slate in art-shades of red or green. Very durable, requires no painting. Nails and cement in each roll.

Everlastic "Rubber" Roofing

This is one of our most popular roofings. It is tough, pliable, elastic, durable and very low in price. It is easy to lay; no skilled labor required. Nails and cement included in each roll.

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(Continued from Page 78)

you know how I am—impulsive. Minute I got the idea I was so full of it that I jumped up and busted right into his office and I started, "Oh, Mr. Huff!"

He was sitting there staring at some papers. He jumped about a mile, and he turned on me and hollered: "Good heavens, have you always got to be dragging me into your rows? Get out of here!"

I kept my temper, and I just said, "Why, I came in to ask ——"

"Ask hell!" he says. "Go do your whining to the janitor. You know your work. If you can't do it by yourself for a few days, then you better jump the job. And I don't care to hear any of your office quarrels either. Get out of here! Git!"

I got all right.

I honestly meant to quit that afternoon. But I kept telling myself to keep my shirt on; no sense taking a man seriously when he's crazy with grief, though I bet a lot of his grief was thinking and realizing how mean he'd always been to his wife, and now it was too late. Poor old duffer, he was sitting there trying to collect his thoughts, and he supposed I was butting in to start something, I told myself. Oh, sure! I argued it all out. But I was up on my ear just the same. Lord, Mac, I'd meant it so nice, and wanted to comfort him! Well never mind. But honest, it did hurt. And I gave the money I'd collected for flowers back to the fellows, and I darn near blubbered.

Why say, I was so down in the mouth that evening that Sue called me for being the human gloom, and we had some set-to, believe me—haven't hardly got over it yet. But I don't care. Nothing can shake my love for Sue. Though she'd better understand which of us is the big noise, and she ain't going to be the only trolley on our car. I guess I got just as good a right to be temperamental—that's what she calls it—as she has.

When Huff came back he had enough savvy to know he'd been pretty raw, the way he'd ordered me out of his coop. But he wasn't man enough to own up; and believe me, I wasn't going to go in and yelp, "Dear boss, I want to apologize for your kicking me in the face." So we just kind of kept circling round and watching each other, ready to bore in, and then—yippo! The old k. o. right on the point of the chin, and don't wake me, nursie dear, I'm in Paree.

It wasn't much in itself.

Huff couldn't find a letter he wanted. Swore he'd given it to me to have it filed. Of course I'd be the goat! I suppose I probably ate it on him to save lunch money. Or maybe I made an auto tire out of it. Anyway, he bawled everybody out for our carelessness about mail, and when he went out to feed his face I poked round on his desk, and darned if it wasn't right there under a bunch of junk under his elbow.

Well, I held it out on him, and 'bout midafternoon I sailed in and said—oh, I was the meek thing! You see I was kidding him. I kind of snickered like I was naughty Willie, and I said, "I found that missing letter, Mr. Huff."

Well old Nero the lion licks his whiskers and figures out here's where he'll heap ketchum plenty big meal, and he howls, "I told you you'd lost it!"

Then I let him have it—zingo!

"But I didn't. It was right on your desk all the time. I found it this noon."

Say, maybe he didn't look cheap. He knew I had him, but he tried to bluff out of it. Whadyuh think he had the gall to say?

"Then why did you put it there?" he says. "I certainly never did," he says. "I want you to be more careful. You're the most careless man I know," he says.

I looked him right square in the eye. I kind of got up on my dignity, and I was quiet, and you know how it is, Mac. A guy that'd studied human nature and frank self-analysis would of known enough to look out then and not get flip—you know how it was in the West in the old days. Gee, maybe I wouldn't of liked to have been a cow-puncher. Some life, riding round on buttes and shooting up Indians! You remember in those days if there was a big husk shooting off his mouth he was nothing but a false alarm, but a little runt with cold gray eyes and polite—say, watch out, he was dangerous. I guess I'm the same way. So I got all quiet, and I says, "Mr. Huff," I says, "I like my work, but I don't like to be persecuted. I ain't careless—not more than what there's an excuse for in rush times—and I don't think it's fair to roast me."

See, like that. Quiet. But make an impression on him? Say, does a sparrow make an impression when he lights on a tin roof?

He never got it at all. He just snorted, "So you don't think you're careless, eh?"

"No, I don't," I says, still polite, just like a hold-up man in the movies, where you find out afterward he's a secret-service man.

But my line was too smooth for him. The rough stuff, that was all he could savvy. He came back: "Then you might explain how you happened to fail to keep your engagement with this R. T. Bradley and show him an apartment."

Say, by golly, he had me there, but I wasn't going to let him get me going! And I'm never afraid to own up to my faults. So I come right back: "Yes, that was careless. Go on. Any other times you can think of?"

That stumped him, and he wanted to crawl out of it. Why, to save his life he couldn't of thought of four times when I'd been careless! So he was plumb buffaloed, and he just grunted, "Well, you don't want to be so careless," and turned his back on me.

That got me peeved. So I said, "Mr. Huff, I guess you and I have ended our usefulness to one another. I quit! I'm through!" And I walked out on him. Never looked back once.

Well, maybe he wasn't floored! I stayed on till Saturday, and I bet there was more than fifty times when he tried to get a chance to jolly me up and persuade me to hang on. But I never paid any attention to him; never passed any remarks with him; and Saturday I walked out and I wouldn't go back, not if he offered me fifty bucks per each and every week! No, sir!

So I'm thinking of going to New York and getting next to a real job. I can't do much for this burg. Too blame slow.

"Ray Moller, Realty, Forty-second Street, New York." How does that sound, eh? I bet some day I'll be making five thousand good iron men a year.

But old Huffy —— I haven't seen him since I got out of the office. But I'm hoping I'll meet him. And believe me, if I do, no matter when it is or where it is, I'm going to light into him and tell him just exactly what I think of him, and if he gets funny I'll just nachly up and pound the daylights out of him. Lord help him when I meet him again!

So that's how it is, see? I just wanted to illustrate how you have to handle a man like Homer Huff.

II

The confidences of Mr. Homer Huff, manager of the rental department of Tribby, Burkett & Day, as given to his friend Mr. McNew, of the Crescent Sign and Poster Company, at lunch at the Good Red Beef Chop House.

WELL, Mac, how are you to-day? Oh, pretty fair. Well, I've let this Ray Moller go. Remember him—salesman? Huh? Quit? Moller? Why no; I fired him. Don't like to fire any of the boys, but it was as much for his sake as for ours. He's a little too self-confident.

You know how I am, Mac; you've seen me in the office. I'm always easy to get along with, and friendly. Way I see it, I always take a chance on being easy on the boys, even at the risk of injuring discipline. But this Moller is a fellow that will take an advantage of you. Too brash. I tried to get him over it, but I saw I was wasting my time, so I fired him.

I liked the boy when I first met him too. Seems to me I first ran up against him at Harry Jason's office. I saw he was green and pretty mouthy, but he had a good deal of energy, and I thought he might have the makings of a salesman in him, so I took him on. Way I see it, the boy isn't bad, but just bumptious; always looking for trouble, and I guess there's plenty of trouble in the world without having to look very hard, Mac. I've certainly found my share without much prospecting.

Why, the lad hadn't been in the office—I don't suppose it was over two hours—before he became lippy about—what was it now? I can't remember. Oh, yes; we had a set-to about the way offices ought to be lighted, and—well, I hate to have to show up a young fellow and dampen his enthusiasm, but I had to explain some of the fundamental principles of lighting to him, and I guess he was a little chagrined when he found out how he'd been going off halfcocked.

Then there was a little discussion about the car he was to have. I forget now, but I think he wanted a flivver of his own. Anyway, the big boss, Burkett, butted in. He told me privately that he didn't care to spend any good money for a car for this youngster, flivver or anything else, and I was to let him take my sedan that the firm had bought for me, when I wasn't using it.

Now I resented that. You know how Burkett is, Mac. I like to be loyal to my boss, but old Pussyfoot Burkett sticks in my craw. You know his game; always smiling and loving out in the front office; treats every stenographer like a daughter and every salesman as if he were the Prince of Wales; and then calls us department heads into conference and tells us we have to call down our subordinates.

Minute he laid an eye on this Moller boy Burkett disliked him, and he told me: "Homer, you've made a bad break hiring this boy. Better let him out."

"What's the trouble with him?" I says. "Give him a chance, boss."

"He's altogether too fresh," says Burkett. "Acts as if I were his roommate. I don't want to butt into your department ——"

Oh, no; not at all; he didn't want to butt in a bit more than a dog wants a beef bone!

"I don't want to interfere," he said, "but if you keep this boy on he's your responsibility, and you'll have to try to lam the big head out of him."

And just to put one over on me Burkett let the boy use my sedan and kept hammering at me to scold him. He'd meet young Moller on the street and pass the time of day with him, and then come to me and grumble, "Boys of this generation—too fresh—too fresh."

Nice position a department head has, Mac. Buffer between the big boss and the staff—kicked by both sides. Young Moller thought I was a crank if I begged him to interrupt his afternoon naps and answer a phone call, and old Burkett thought I was a shyster if I didn't haul the lad up on the carpet and just naturally skin him alive every time he stole a postage stamp—which was frequent, Mac, frequent.

Most of the real trouble started over our department stenographer, Tillie Groat. You know what a cute, nice, bright little girl she is; and got the best sense of humor of any girl I ever saw. Looks so demure and quiet, but never misses a trick. She almost died laughing over the way this Moller boy swelled round talking about what a sport he was and how he and his lady friend always dined at the Royal. Tillie used to imitate him when he was out of the office—say, she took him off to the queen's taste.

Well, after about two months, I guess it was, of trying to make a killing with Tillie this Moller seemed to tumble to the fact that she wasn't lying awake nights thinking about him, and that hurt his vanity and he turned mean. Tillie asked me what she ought to do about it, and I advised her to overlook a lot, same as I always do—the rock you don't kick doesn't hurt your toes any. So she stood for his bragging about how well educated he was till I happened in one time and just gently made fun of him a little and shamed him out of it.

Not a bad boy, you see; just weak, unstable—awfully young and callow—no power of analyzing people or situations. You could see that in his relations with a fellow named Sim Jenson. You've met him? Well, you and I know what Jenson is. But he certainly is a glib mouth artist, and he fooled poor Moller. Simply used him. I never said anything, but I know they took the office sedan car out for trips constantly.

Perfectly innocent trips; though say, it's funny to listen to Moller trying to make believe he's a wild joy-riding devil.

And Moller always paid for the gas. How do I know all this? Why, I used to keep an eye on the speedometer, to see how much the car had been used after office hours. And the gas station I patronized is the same place where Moller used to get his fuel. Say, the fellows working there almost passed out laughing at the way Moller would swell up in the sedan, with Jenson and a couple of girls, and try to show off, pretending he owned the car and insisting on paying for the gas, while Jenson would make a bluff at wanting to pay himself, but always letting Moller shell out. Oh, it was rich! But I never let Moller know I was on. Poor kid, I was sorry for him.

But by and by things did get a little raw. It was when I was going through my trouble. You know what my wife was, Mac; we've talked of her enough times; don't need to go into all that again. You know how the poor girl nagged me after her nervous collapse, and how extravagant she became. I can forget all that now. But there was a time when she had me on edge; I couldn't be patient with her or anybody else. I never knew where I was at. One minute I'd hear her in the outside office joking with Tillie or some of the boys; then she'd sail in and cuss me out because I didn't make more money.

Poor old Mac, you've had to hear my troubles a lot of times. Well, all this time I tried to be considerate to the men under me, and I must say I got away with it mostly. Just to show how considerate I was: One time when I caught myself getting grouchy I hinted to some of the boys one night when we were working late just what the basis of my trouble was. I made it as delicate as I could, but I wanted them to know they could discount about seventy per cent of any bad temper I might be betrayed into showing. Course that wasn't hardly necessary, but I always believe in giving the boys the squarest deal I can, and they appreciated it. When I hinted about my wife I could see in this Moller kid's face that he understood me a little better now.

You see, I don't believe in blowing up my men way a lot of these fellows do. Instead of scrapping with them I just jolly 'em—some joke that clarifies the situation—sense of humor so much better than being gruff.

Take for instance: There was a couple from New York name of Sanbœuf—why, you must know the fellow—this grafter that calls himself an interior decorator and sells a lot of junk to fool women at about triple prices? That's the fellow. Well, he and his wife were looking for a house, and they kidded Moller into wasting a lot of time on them, so I called him in and I said, "My boy, these Sanbœufs are first-class tinhorns," I said.

"I don't know—maybe they're fakers, but they've got artistic taste," he says. "They're awful important in New York," he says.

"Yes," I says, "and you and I are important New York millionaires, and we better try and buck Wall Street," I says.

Moller laughed and said, "Well, maybe that's the way it is."

"Sure!" I said. "Don't ever take any man's estimation of himself."

See how I mean? I always had a little joke, and the boys appreciated it. So we got along fine, even if Burkett did keep after me, telling me Moller was no good. But then came the bad time when —— You remember how quick my wife took sick? I was simply dazed, and I forgot how nervous she'd been. I just thought of her as the jolly girl she used to be. And then she died, and I was about all in. And oh, Mac, I felt so darn' lonely for her!

Say, I oughtn't to be talking this way, whining like a schoolboy, but you and I've been sort of chummy so long. Mac, offices are hard places sometimes. Here I'd done everything for these boys, but there wasn't one of 'em cared, now I was up against it. Way I see it, they simply didn't have enough imagination to understand. Just because I didn't wear my heart on my sleeve I suppose they thought I didn't suffer. But Mac, not one of 'em came up and patted my shoulder and said, "Sorry, old man. Anything I can do?" And at the funeral —— Burkett sent some flowers for the office as a whole, but the boys in my department never peeped, never showed any recognition of the funeral. And there was one thing ——

This was what really started me being sore at young Moller. I came down to the office for one afternoon between her death and the funeral. I was sitting there at my desk thinking about her. I suppose I was terribly wrought up. I'm not especially sentimental most times, but that afternoon ——

I don't know anything definite about the future life, but that afternoon I felt perfectly sure that she was some place where she could start life all over again, with her nerves all right. Poor girl, she'd been so lively before her prostration. As I sat there in my office I was thinking how maybe she was some place now where she'd got back her feeling of fun in little simple things, and—it was strange, Mac; it was like a vivid dream. I felt as though she was

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STOP and look about you. Count the hinges within view. Whether you are at home, in your office, in a factory or on the farm you can see them—sometimes by the dozens, sometimes by the hundreds and in big buildings by the thousands. Everyone uses hinges *everywhere!*

Hinge making is important. Hinge usefulness is universal. The McKinney Manufacturing Company at Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, realized this when they designed their first hinge fifty years ago. It set a standard for the millions that have followed since. Today the name McKinney is a mark of unexcelled usefulness, design and durability.

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talking to me from beyond the veil, and I was saying to her: "Never mind, lass, we'll try it again over there and make a better go of it." And I could see her smiling the way she used to, and ——

Then, crack! Smash! This gawk of a Moller had come slam-banging into my office without so much as knocking, and he'd started shouting about some trouble he was having with somebody or something.

I interrupted him, and I said nice as I could: "Old man, I'm sorry, but I'm afraid I can't listen to any business this afternoon. You'll have to run your own work entirely for a few days. Use your own judgment."

And instead of getting it he looked angry because for a moment I dared to be human. I didn't say anything, but as a matter of fact I was furious—no, not so much furious as awfully hurt, that he'd come in on me at a time like that. And I tried not to be censorious, but his butting in that way and his constant impertinence had got on my nerves, and after that I couldn't help noticing how careless he was.

I'd wasted a lot of time on him, trying to teach him business technic and give him a chance to go ahead. But rats, he couldn't appreciate it! He'd forget to turn in his reports, and if he took down the particulars about a flat over the phone he'd forget to put it on the list; or if he did enter it he'd leave out the rent or the term of lease, or whether it was a. m. i., or something.

I got more and more impatient, and finally there came a time when I was looking for a letter that he'd misplaced, and he had the nerve to insist that he'd finally located it right on my own desk!

"Well," I said to him, "probably I lost it. Probably I make a regular rule of asking you for letters that I already have. But that isn't the point. The point is that you're too careless."

"Am I?" he says, impudent.

"You are," I says. "You're careless, and we're not going to argue about it in any way, shape, manner or form. Enough's enough, and I want you to quit being so careless," I said. I let him have it straight for once.

"I'm not any more careless than the rest of the fellows, except maybe in rush time," he says.

Then I lay for him. I looked innocent. I don't know how come, but suddenly I could see that for his own sake he was due for an awful jolt.

"So you don't really feel you're careless?" I said.

"No, I don't," he says.

"Then you might tell me how you happened to fail to keep the appointment that you yourself made to show Rob Bradley an apartment," I said.

He flushed up and admitted it. I was tired of coddling him. No use.

"I think you'll have to learn your lesson, my boy," I said. I was as nice as I could be, but I was pretty final. "I think maybe you'd better get through next Saturday," I said.

He blurted out: "You're not firing me, are you?" The poor kid, he almost bawled.

"Yes, I am," I said. But I saw he was so broke up that —— I always was a fool. I never could stand hurting other people's feelings. I took pity on him, and I said: "We'll put it this way: You're laid off for three months. If at the end of that time you think you can be a little more careful come back and we'll see if there's a vacancy. Meantime maybe Harry Jason will give you a temporary job."

"Honest," he said, "I can't stand working for that piker. Let me try it again," he said.

"Nope, I'm sorry," I said. I was firm.

Well, here I'd gone and tried to help him by just making it a lay-off, even though I knew Burkett would give me fits for being such a softy. But think that Moller boy appreciated it? He did not! He got impudent right away.

"I'm going to go up and kick to Burkett," he says.

Can you beat it? Then I was mad for fair.

"You come right in and do it right now!" I hollered. I grabbed his arm and yanked him into the big boss' den.

"Mr. Burkett," I says, "I've fired this yahoo. But I guess he wants to fire me instead and take my job. How about it?"

Tickled Burkett to see me so worked up.

"Why, why! How we let the angry passions rise!" he says just to get my goat. You know how he is—sarcastic. All the time. No excuse for it. But same time, course he didn't like Moller, and you've got to admit that Burkett is a master of nice polite nastiness. He turned on Moller and said: "I'm afraid we'll need your desk after Saturday. We're thinking of hiring a real rental salesman, and he'll want it."

Poor Moller slunk out completely flabbergasted. I was sorry for him. But same time it's pretty hard to forgive him for trying to go over my head to Burkett. I haven't seen Moller since he left the office. But some day I'll run into him, and then I think I'll just cut loose and tell him what I really think of him. His swelled head is going to be a whole lot reduced in size when I get through with him.

Say, somebody was telling me that Moller thinks he's going to New York to tackle the realty game there. He'll last quick! Poor kid, he'll have an awful failure. Why, he'll do well if he ever makes two thousand a year there.

So that's how it is, Mac, from the inside of the inside.

III

Stray remarks of Miss Tillie Groat, stenographer in the rental department of Tribby, Burkett & Day, to her friend, Mr. McNew.

SAY, honest, Mr. McNew, aren't men the simps? Did you know Mr. Huff has fired Ray Moller? They both of 'em make me tired. Always looking for a chance to row. You talk about women fretting and worrying! Say, Mr. McNew, if there was as many as two men out of every hundred that wasn't looking for trouble all the time, life would be about eleventy thousand per cent easier for everybody. Ain't it the truth?

Huh? Sure, Ray's a good salesman! Did you know I could of married him if I wanted to?

Huh? Sure! Huffy is a good boss—if you know how to handle him. Laugh at his jokes, that's the way.

Huh? They sure are! They're as mad at each other as can be; just working up a fine temper. Way I see it, Huff and Ray'll never be satisfied till they have a regular fight and get it out of their systems. My, I wonder what will happen when they meet up? I hope I won't be there. It'll be fierce.

Ain't men the simps!

And me, do I ever get any credit? I do not! I take the bum English both of 'em dictate to me, and turn it into swell language and slip it back to them, but they never know the diff. Way I see it, if it wasn't for Tillie this department wouldn't be one-two-three. See how it is?

IV

Statement by Mr. Burkett, president of Tribby, Burkett & Day, to his friend, Mr. McNew.

I'LL never accept another loan from the Drovers' National, McNew, and I advise you people to do the same thing. The president of the bank is too sarcastic—all the time. No excuse. Now you know how I am, McNew. I'm easy to get along with ——

V

Certain events which occurred in the city of New York at a time approximately ten years after the preceding testimonies and depositions.

MR. RAY MOLLER, the junior partner in the small but active real-estate firm of Dysell & Moller, on Thirty-fourth Street, New York City, is a business success. A fellow realtor has insisted to me that Mr. Moller is an accident; that Moller happened to be on hand at a time when his chief and the other salesmen were sick, and thus had responsibility forced upon him. But it is certain that the responsibility taught Moller the necessity of accuracy, formed in him the habits of diligence and punctuality, and developed in him a self-confidence the lack of which his former brazen boasting had concealed. An inherent cheerfulness assisted him. He became Dysell's partner, and was the larger factor in developing Dysler Park on Long Island. But he paid for his success by becoming so habituated to routine work day and night that he had no intimates.

On a certain evening as he walked away from the office, solitariness divided him from the crowds. He turned dully into the Firenze Restaurant—one of those anomalous places which are not quite cheap enough to be popular or quite good enough to be distinguished. Thoroughly bored, he ordered an entrée, coffee, pie;

(Concluded on Page 88)

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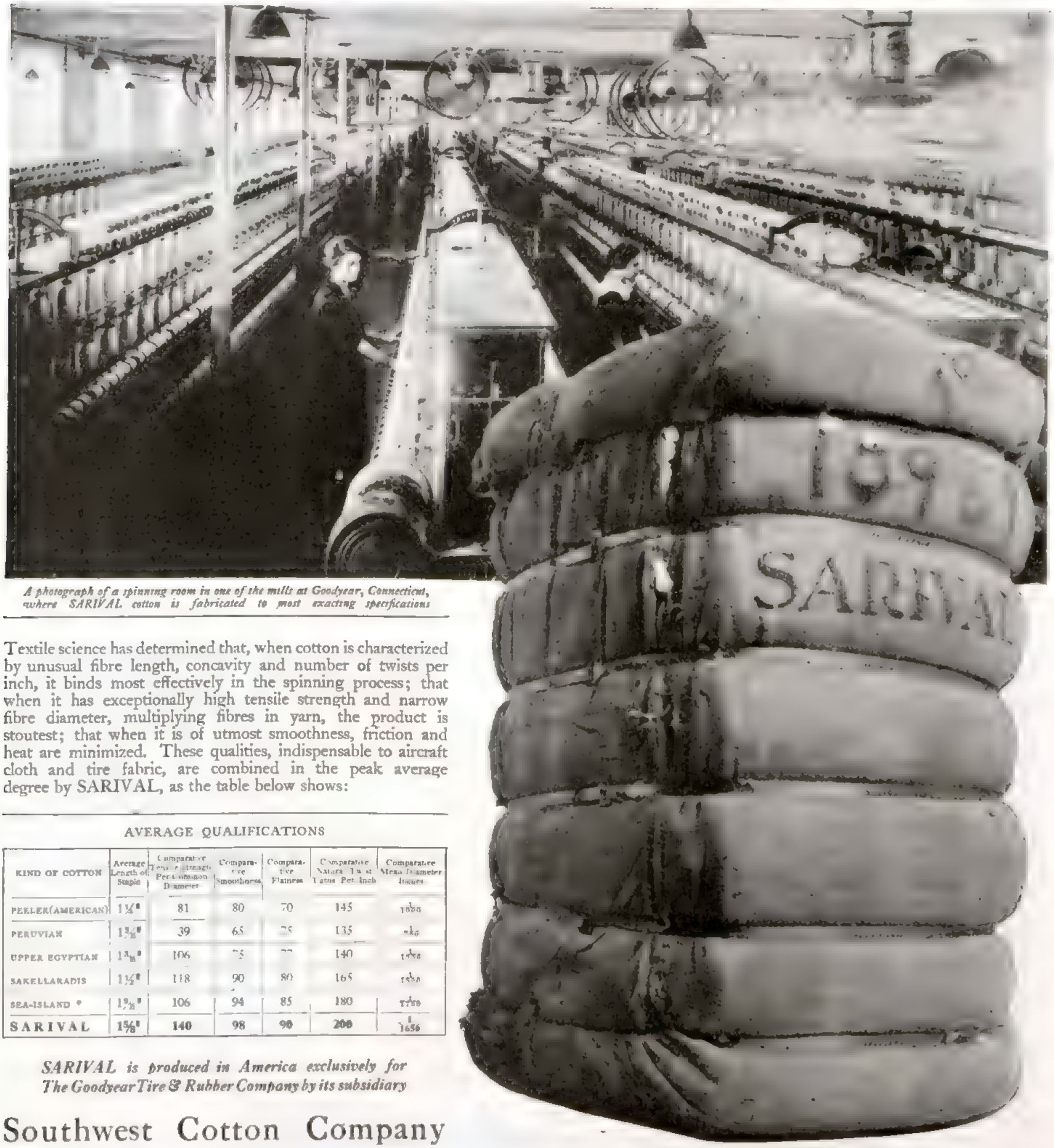

A photograph of a spinning room in one of the mills at Goodyear, Connecticut, where SARIVAL cotton is fabricated to most exacting specifications

Textile science has determined that, when cotton is characterized by unusual fibre length, concavity and number of twists per inch, it binds most effectively in the spinning process; that when it has exceptionally high tensile strength and narrow fibre diameter, multiplying fibres in yarn, the product is stoutest; that when it is of utmost smoothness, friction and heat are minimized. These qualities, indispensable to aircraft cloth and tire fabric, are combined in the peak average degree by SARIVAL, as the table below shows:

AVERAGE QUALIFICATIONS

KIND OF COTTON	Average Length of Staple	Comparative Tensile Strength Per Common Diameter	Comparative Smoothness	Comparative Flatness	Comparative Natural Twist Turns Per Inch	Comparative Mean Diameter Inches
PEELER (AMERICAN)	1¼"	81	80	70	145	1/1650
PERUVIAN	1 3/16"	39	65	75	135	1/1450
UPPER EGYPTIAN	1 3/16"	106	75	77	140	1/1600
SAKELLARADIS	1½"	118	90	80	165	1/1650
SEA-ISLAND *	1 9/16"	106	94	85	180	1/1750
SARIVAL	**1 5/8"**	**140**	**98**	**90**	**200**	**1/1650**

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One hundred dollars ($100) reward will be paid by the Security Manufacturing Co. for the arrest and conviction on the charge of grand larceny, or other felony charges, of anyone operating an automobile guarded by a Security Auto Theft-Signal, or tampering with the Theft-Signal, or trying to remove it from the wheel of the car without the proper key.

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(Concluded from Page 82)

then drugged himself with an evening paper in order to escape from reality—from the problem of what to do with his evening. He knew enough people; enough admirable young women upon whom he could call. But he reflected: "Oh, I don't know—don't feel like taking the trouble of ringing anybody up."

He would, he supposed, drift on to his expensive and plushily bleak furnished room, brood over a sales campaign, go to bed. He sighed and began to eat his entrée, not seeing it, scarce tasting it, looking across his lifted fork at headlines in the paper.

Someone was standing at his table; a familiar voice greeting him: "Well, for the love of Mike! Ray Moller!"

He was startled. Through his blood went the pleasure of seeing a face which he had known long ago. It was a Mr. Homer Huff, once his senior in a real-estate firm in the Middle Western city of Vernon. He had not seen the man since the day on which he had left that firm.

"Well, well, well, well! What the dickens you doing in New York?" Moller chuckled, springing up, eagerly shaking hands.

"I'm living here now, Ray. Been here for six months—Tomlinson-Burke Realty Company, on Madison. Say, but it's good to see you! I've heard you've done fine. Putting it all over old Huff, I guess!"

"Oh, rats, old man, just crawling along! I'll never be a real natural executive the way you are, Huff. Dining with anybody? Can't you sit down?"

Huff sat opposite, pleasure apparent in his broad face.

"It's mighty good—mighty good to see you, Ray. This is a pretty lonely town."

"I'll say it is! And I've been here almost ten years. Well, well, old Homer! I can't believe my eyes. Tell me all the news from home. Say, what ever became of that girl—what was her name? Tillie something, wasn't it?—that used to work for us. She was a bright, nice little girl, wasn't she!"

"She sure was! Why, she married Tom McNew, of the McNew Sign Posting Company."

"Well, well, well, is that a fact? I'm glad to hear it. Mac is a prince."

"He sure is! Do you ever hear from that girl you used to play round with, Ray?"

"Which one? Bessie?"

"No, wasn't there a—oh, that was it! Sue, that was her name."

"Say, by golly, Homer, that reminds me—plumb forgot it—been putting it off and putting it off—ought to write to her. She wrote me six months ago that she'd had a fourth baby born. You know she married Sim Jenson. Remember him?"

"Can't say I do."

"Why, he worked on the Courier—believe he's circulation manager on it now."

"Oh, that's right! So he is. Sure, I remember him now! Good steady worker. Nice fellow. Well, say, Ray, I want to hear about your success. I tell you I'm mighty proud of the way most of my boys have worked out. I always believed in you, and I tried to give you the best advice I could. Probably I got cranky sometimes, but I meant it for your good."

"You bet it was! Sure, you were cranky now and then. But heavens, I had it coming to me. I must have been a brassy youngster. And tell the truth, I guess I roast my salesmen worse'n you ever did me, though I wouldn't admit it to them. I've got a youngster working for me now—not bad, but unstable, weak. Doesn't analyze himself and his problems. Means well, but too fresh, and I light into him for his own good. See how it is? Say, Homer, here's a funny thing: All these years I've been thinking of you as so much older than I am, and now I feel as though you and I were about the same age. How old are you, Homer?"

"I'm forty-eight now, Ray."

"Well, I'm thirty-six, and I don't feel as though there was any difference at all. Tell me how Tomlinson has fixed you up, Homer."

"Pretty well—oh, nothing extra, but good comfortable job. How much you making now, Ray? You must be crowding ten thousand a year."

"Yes, I am. Say, isn't it funny? One time I thought if I ever made five thousand I'd be the emperor of Wall Street!"

"Yes, that's how it goes. But I always knew you'd make big money here. Say, Ray, what're you doing to-night? What d'you say we take in a show?"

"That sounds good to me, Homer. Or say, I know a couple of nice girls, business women, that have a dandy little flat uptown. What d'you say we give 'em a ring and ask 'em if they're going to be home, and we'll go call? Like to have 'em meet you, Homer."

"Fine! Suits me, boss."

The girls and their mother were home. They sat on the pillowiferous divan, while Ray Moller in the wicker chair and Homer Huff on the piano stool talked about each other.

"Homer used to be my boss, and he was the greatest sales general I ever met," boasted Ray.

"I'm proud to say that Ray worked under me. He's gone ahead of the old man, but he and I worked out a lot of things together—like the principles of office lighting, for instance," boasted Homer.

At eleven, as they descended the stairs from the apartment, Homer crowed: "Fine girls, Ray! Say, this is the best evening I've had since I hit town. Real home folks."

"Same here, Homer. I tell you it's good to see you. I haven't had any fellow to trail round with here really. Got into a bad habit of just meeting people in a business way. Then, of course, these New Yorkers aren't like us Vernon boys. Say, where you living, Homer?"

"I have a room in a small hotel. Regular old bach. Don't like it much."

"Well, look here, Homer; if you haven't any other plans, why wouldn't it be a good stunt for me and you to take a flat and furnish it together?"

"That's a great idea, Ray. You bet! Let's do it. Come have lunch with me tomorrow and we'll talk it over."

"I'll be there with bells on. I'm strong for the flat idea. We'd get along fine. We're alike in a lot of things, Homer—both of us easy to get along with, and we'd hit it off great. Always liked you from the first time we met. Funny thing about me—I can just about tell what a man is like first time I lay an eye on him."

"Same here. And I'm strong for your idea. I'd always hoped we'd meet up some day. I remember telling Tom McNew, about the time you quit Burkett: 'That boy'll make a big success,' I said."

"Quit? Why, rats, Burkett practically fired me, you might say."

"Golly, that's right! So he did, come to think of it. Isn't that just like him? Fire the best salesman in the shop! Way I see it, fundamental trouble with a man like Burkett is that he makes snapshot judgments and doesn't hold off and mull things over the way you and I always do. Well, good night, old Ray. Good luck. See you to-morrow."

WALLACE
Silver
"My Treasure Chest!"
"JUST a hushed little dreaming space stolen away from the breathless flurry—a few precious minutes to try to collect myself—to realize that today I am a Bride!
"My lovely silver lured me up here. Somehow this wonderful treasure chest has a special fascination for me. It seems so full of promise of the fun we'll have when we actually start housekeeping and I'm a hostess in my own little home.
"Every time I look at the design it seems lovelier! It's so graceful and distinctive. Mother always did have such good taste; she instinctively avoids the commonplace.
"What a glorious wedding day! Flowers everywhere and a misty, rosy, expectant feeling—with the future shining softly in my silver."
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A beautiful book of 36 pages, written by Winnifred S. Fales, a recognized authority on social matters, that tells in text and pictures just what every woman needs to know to give her assurance on all occasions and to win admiration as a hostess. Profusely illustrated with correct table settings. Sent postpaid for 50c. Address: Division of Publications.
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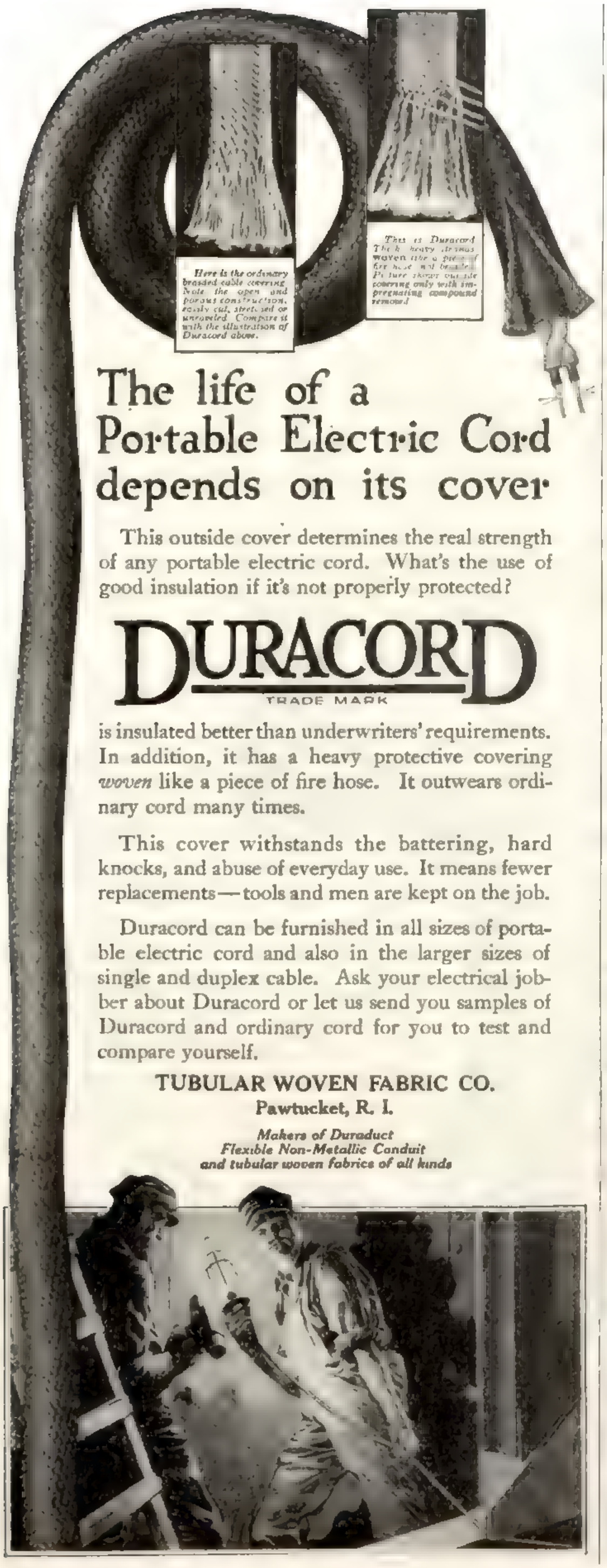
Here is the ordinary braided cable covering. Note the open and porous construction, easily cut, stretched or unraveled. Compare it with the illustration of Duracord above.
This is Duracord. Its heavy strands woven like a piece of fire hose will not unravel. It is here shown cut-away covering only with impregnating compound removed

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This outside cover determines the real strength of any portable electric cord. What's the use of good insulation if it's not properly protected?

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and tubular woven fabrics of all kinds

THE MAN FROM ASHALUNA

(Continued from Page 27)

dug up this man Silver and showed me how to put the deal over? Shucks, you gimme a pain!"

"Well," rejoined Duley, "if I hadn't learned that it's no use to argue with a crazy man I'd darned soon show you where you're wrong."

"Me and you is partners."

"Not if you talk like that, Jud. Me and you ain't nothing, you poor thickhead."

"Well, I and you then. Say, if you're figuring to make a college-eddicated squirt out of a big log jumper like me, twelve thousand five hundred dollars won't look like thirty cents to you by the time you get half through. You'll be strikin' for a raise of wages."

"Jud, if I don't make many, many times twelve thousand five hundred as a result of my acquaintance with you, you may take me out and kick me briskly from here to Grant's Tomb."

"Go as far as you like, young feller. And if I don't learn not to say hadn't oughter between now and October first, you put dope in my coffee and drop me into the Hudson River with a rock tied to my feet. Now I suppose you and I have to go to work buildin' churns. You've got me in a devil of a mess. I thought I came to New York to study art—and instead I have a job handed me."

"Job? Why, Jud, this will be child's play compared to what you'll have to face later. What's that you say about art?"

"I never told you," said Jud. "I've got a bug. I want to learn paintin' and I thought when I'd sold my churn patents and maybe the water power I'd have money enough so I could ——"

"Study art? That's a hell of an ambition for a big two-fisted doughboy like you! I'm ashamed of you!"

"Knew you would be. So's ma. So's everyone, I guess, except—— Why, dog my cats, I'm ashamed of myself!"

"I don't blame you. What ever gave you the idea you could paint?"

"I never said I could paint. What'd I want to learn for if I could do it already? Just the same"—doggedly—"I'm agoin' to hunt me up a teacher or a school and have a go at it."

"Maybe you'd better take up embroidery and millinery too," suggested Duley cuttingly.

"Maybe I better knock your head off, you lazy, overeatin' coot! Say, how soon are those fellers goin' to move out o' that Long Island City factory you hired for the Independent Improved Churn Corporation? Land sakes! Anyone'd thought you'd try to think up a long-enough name!"

"It isn't the name—it's what it stands for," said Duley. "The factory'll be ready for occupancy one week from to-day, and if the machinery people make good we will be turning out churns within a month."

"Brings our second five-thousand-dollar payment that much sooner," observed the inventor. "You goin' down to see the bank about some money?"

"Right after lunch."

"Sure they'll let us have it?"

"Millard, the president, said there'd be no difficulty. He's an old friend of my father."

"And then you ask me why I want to divide this churn business with you! Say, where'd I been if it hadn't been for you and your connections?"

"But it was your brains that made all this possible, fish! After all, my acquaintance with Millard wouldn't amount to a hoot if I weren't able to show those contracts with Burns, Elkman & Co. What are you going to do this afternoon?"

"Oh," replied Jud with an air of studied indifference, "nothin' much."

"Then you'd better come down to the bank with me."

"I'd like to all right, Duley, but—er—well—come to think of it, I guess I'll hunt up that dentist you told me about. My tooth is sort of botherin'."

"Tooth! Jud, you're too honest to make a good liar. There's a girl in this."

Dunlap turned red to his hair.

"Swear to gosh, Dule, I'm goin' to hunt up that there face blacksmith o' yours!"

"Haw!" kidded Duley. "See the big boob blush! Who is it? Someone who saw you when you had on your uniform? Can't imagine a girl falling for you in cits. Well, on your way, bud! Don't let me interfere with your playing round. Only don't try to put anything across with your aged uncle, because while I may be old and feeble I'm not so fat in the head as appearances might indicate."

"I'm glad you told me that," rejoined Jud, a trifle restored. "No one would ever s'pose the fat stopped at your collar. You better 'tend to borryin' that money and leave me mind my own affairs."

"Sure! Listen to him! I work while he lallygags round with some Jane. Wot a woil! Wot a woil! See you at dinner time, eh? G'-by, and for the love of Mike, live up to your lessons! Now I guess I know why you asked me the other day why it was necessary to make special forks for clams when we already had practically the same thing for pickles."

The boot hurled by Judson Dunlap bounced off the hastily closed door, causing harm only to the innocent woodwork. Jud pulled open the top drawer of his chiffonier and pawed hopelessly among the half dozen or more ties. Dog-gone it, he wished he'd asked Dule before he went out whether or not he ought to wear a green one with a blue shirt. If he ever got back to Ashaluna wouldn't he just have a picnic in overalls and forget such things as cravats and silk socks and that bunk?

He seized a tie at random, knotted it with fingers possessing a skill hardly to be expected considering their size, carefully brushed his coat and his new straw hat, dusted his shoes with a towel—there, by jinks, he guessed he looked as good as his Maker intended he should. Folks that set more store by the clothes a feller wore than by the man inside of 'em weren't worth botherin' about anyhow. He went out into the afternoon sunshine and walked to Fifth Avenue. Mary would—if she were prompt—be waiting for him at the Metropolitan. This was perhaps the fourth or fifth time he had spent a couple of delightful hours there with the girl.

Jud's awe had by this time given place to a fine appreciation of the museum and its treasures. He found it possible to derive genuine delight from a thousand and one items among the exhibits. It wasn't alone the pictures or the sculpture, the tapestries, the priceless potteries. It was the atmosphere of the whole place that soothed him with almost the effect of some subtle drug. He would pause at unexpected points and refuse to move for long periods, during which he appeared lost in contemplation of some comparatively unimportant exhibit.

There was the collection of spoons.

"Dog my cats!" said Jud. "Who'd have thought anyone'd want to collect spoons? Must be some reason for it. Now I never cal'lated there was anything artistic about a spoon."

He listened hungrily now to Mary's explanations. Mary certainly was a wonderful girl! She told him of books he should read which would quicken his understanding of things artistic. Some of these volumes she lent him. He often startled her with an almost uncanny penetration of the motives that lay behind an artist's conception. One picture especially he viewed with knotted brow. It was an extreme of impressionism, an ocean sunset, a veritable orgy of color.

"It's hard to understand," said Mary. "I confess I'm not up to such heights."

"Guess the feller had indigestion," said Jud quizzically. "Maybe he did it in his sleep after one of those late Broadway suppers. What is it—a lady fallin' down stairs with an armful of groceries?"

Mary Beverly giggled and Jud suddenly became serious.

"Either the man was sincere or he wasn't," he said. "Know anything about him?"

"He is considered very good."

"All right. He had it in his system. He wasn't afraid to say his say. You've got to respect a man that tells the truth as he sees it, whether he agrees with what other folks think or not. That takes spunk. It's a heap easier to do what you know folks expect. Paintin' is the same as clothes. Look at me, tryin' this mornin' to find out what kind of a necktie was proper to wear instead of pickin' one I liked. Afraid people would notice me and laugh."

"But, Jud, after your cravat is tied you don't see it. If it offends the eye the other person suffers, not you."

(Continued on Page 88)

"Horse Sense"

To fill literature with unfamiliar words is like loading the reader's stomach with sand—humans have two digestive organs—mental and physical.

During the year of 1920, motor vehicles of the United States will require five billion gallons of gasoline—100,000,000 barrels.

American autos are now going to 81 different countries, including Iceland, which last year bought 21 passenger cars and 2 motor trucks.

The personal control of more power is the craving of every normal man. In the field of transportation, automotive machines have given more men more power than any other thing to turn their time into greater profit and pleasure.

Sunnapaschugy is the word coined by the Navajo Indians of Utah for motor car, and it is literally translated to mean wagon that goes with a "chug."

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The Traffic is the lowest-priced 4,000-lb. capacity truck in the world. Built of standardized units.

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Red Seal Continental 3¾ x 5 motor; ***Covert Transmission;*** multiple disc clutch; ***Bosch magneto; Carter carburetor;*** 4-piece cast shell, cellular type radiator; drop forged front axle with ***Timken roller bearings; Russel rear axle,*** internal gear, roller bearings; semi-elliptic front and rear springs; ***6-inch U-channel frame; Standard Fisk tires, 34 x 3½ front, 34 x 5 rear; 133-inch wheelbase; 122-inch length of frame behind driver's seat;*** oil cup lubricating system; chassis painted, striped and varnished; driver's lazy-back seat and cushion regular equipment. Pneumatic cord tire equipment at extra cost.

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The demand for Traffics has made it necessary to quadruple the production this year.

Many dealers are getting in line now for future Traffic franchises.

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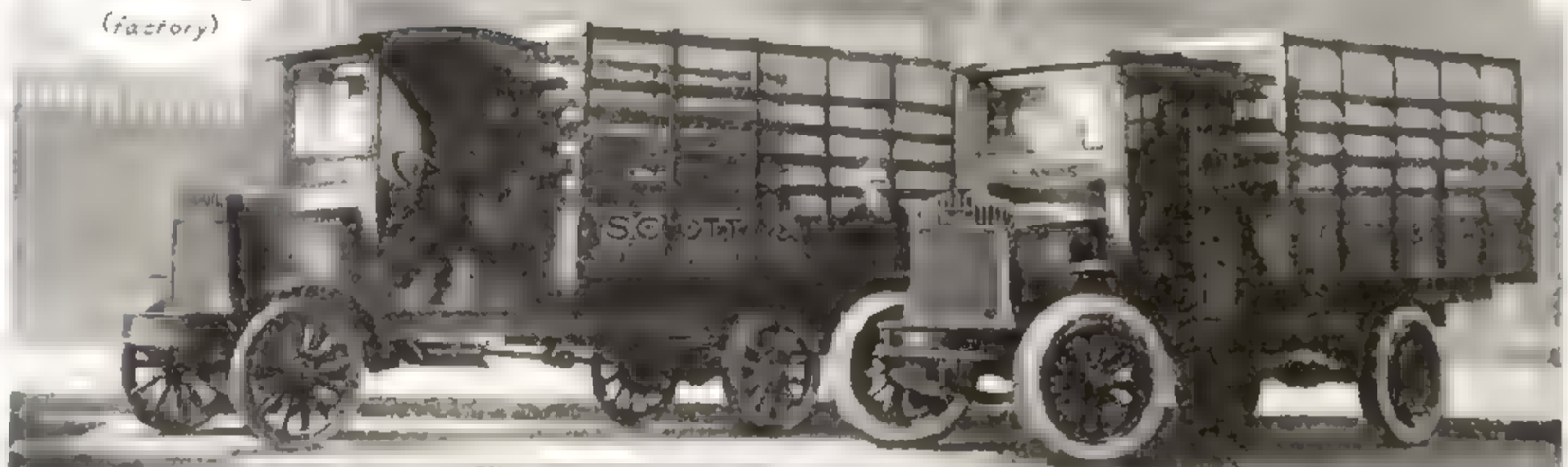

What more could any man say~

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March 9, 1920.

Traffic Motor Truck Corp.,
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Gentlemen.

During the month of August, 1919, your state representative called upon us in the interest of Traffic Trucks. We were sceptical with regard to the low price quoted, having previously bought a number of other makes at a so much higher cost. We could not understand how a truck as good as claimed for the Traffic could be built. Nevertheless, we placed our order for one truck and since that time have purchased three more.

At present our fleet consists of twenty-two trucks. As fast as we can get rid of our old trucks we are adding to our Traffics. In fact, our mechanics and drivers think so highly of the Traffic that we have decided to "Trafficize" our entire fleet, within the coming year.

Through actual tabulations we have found that Traffic Trucks do not only use less oil and gas per mile, but are in the repair shop far less than any of our others.

We have been so well pleased with Traffics, - not only [illegible] first cost savings, but the up-keep as well, that we were forced to believe you would be interested in knowing just what we think of Traffic Trucks.

Our order has already been placed with the Dennis Automobile Corporation, here, for the limited number they can furnish.

Yours very truly,

SCOTT & HART STOVE & FURN. CO.

PER D. H. Scott

Traffic Motor Truck Corporation, St. Louis, U. S. A.

Largest exclusive builders of 4,000-lb. capacity trucks in the world

(Continued from Page 86)

"Well, I'd cause some horrible agony in this town if I really wore what I'd like to."

Mary Beverly laughed and said she thought he'd made a very good selection in the matter of ties and doubted if his taste was as atrocious as he pretended.

"'Tis to-day," he said suddenly. "Le's go away from here. I don't guess I'm in the mood for art. Wish there was some woods or somethin' else besides the park that looked a little mite like Nature."

Jud's wish oddly echoed a thought in Mary Beverly's own mind.

"I'll take you somewhere," she said, "if you don't mind being a bit late for dinner."

"What's that amount to? Duley asked me to go to his club with him to-night. He'll wait if I don't get there on time."

"You must tell me more about Mr. Duley," said Mary Beverly. "Will you forgive me while I find a telephone?"

Twenty minutes later, standing with the girl on the museum steps, Jud saw a very distinguished-looking car roll up to the curb.

"Come on," said Mary.

Together they crossed the sidewalk and entered the car. Jud heard Mary Beverly give the footman, who held the door for them, some directions in which Dyckman Street Ferry played a part.

"This is a grand automobile," he said as they rolled swiftly northward. "Now you tell me where all the bigwigs live. I want to see that house of Senator Clark's and the Carnegie palace and the two-million-dollar shack our old friend L. J. built."

"L. J.?"

"Lafayette Jordan. Why, you know him! You was visitin' at Caribou Lodge that time you saved me from drownin' in the snowdrifts o' Moosehorn. What kind of a duck is he?"

"People who know him well adore him."

"And some others hate him good and plenty, eh?"

"He has his enemies, like all men of big affairs."

"Oh, I don't doubt it. Be sure to let me know when we pass his house. I came pretty near havin' some business dealin's with him. He's been kind of chasin' me, but somehow I haven't found the time to talk to him. When I first came to town I heard he was right select about seein' people, but he don't seem to be. Gorry! I s'pose I ought to take pains to be in next time he calls."

Mary Beverly gazed at her companion in speechless wonder. Lafayette Jordan chasing this unknown from the hinterland? It wasn't credible!

"I—I suppose he wanted to see you about your churn?" she hazarded.

"Don't know. Maybe. Too late now though. Dule and I've sort of buttoned the churn business up"

"You mean Austin Duley?"

"Sure! Told you about him, didn't I? Well, he and I are goin' into the churn business together. He introduced me to a man who wants all we can build and we get a nice bonus for givin' him the exclusive sale. Dule and I'll make a good thing out of it—thanks to Dule. Say, he's a grand old fat rascal, that feller! Didn't you tell me you'd met him?"

"I know him slightly. Does—does he know you know me?"

"Not yet. I—I be'n kind of bashful about mentionin' I was acquainted with any New York young lady at all. He pretty near got onto me to-day though. He mistrusted I was goin' to see some lady this afternoon and guyed me a little about it. I liked to 'a' knocked his head off. Would, too, if he hadn't shut the door so spry."

The big car sped on past the great showy houses of the avenue.

"That's Mr. Jordan's," said Mary Beverly.

"Cute little cottage," commented Jud. "Say, Mary, it was mighty nice of you to give me a ride this afternoon. I needed the change. Been thinkin' pretty hard lately and my brain's sort of unused to so much exercise. Got things fixed now so I don't need to worry, though I'm afraid it means more work than I figured on doin'. I was hopin' I could get to take some lessons in paintin'."

"Why not go to the league evenings?"

"The league?"

Mary Beverly explained how Jud could procure the necessary information concerning night classes of art students

"Thanks, Mary. Say, you're the only one I know that doesn't make fun of me when I say anything about painting. Anyone'd think it was a sufficient cause to send a feller to a home for feeble-minded."

By this time the car was well on its way through Harlem. They passed the College of the City of New York, Cathedral Heights, One Hundred and Tenth Street and the Polo Grounds.

"Never saw a big-league game in my life," said Jud. "I'll blow you one of these days, Mary. What say?"

Mary was pleasantly noncommittal. The car climbed the steep hill and descended to Broadway, turned uptown and finally swung into Dyckman Street, where it was necessary to wait in a line of motors for the ferryboat. Presently the clumsy craft came nosing into its slip and from its decks slid a dozen or more automobiles bound cityward. They debarked haltingly, with much coughing of exhausts and grinding of gears, like a stream of odorful bugs, leaving behind the thin, acrid blue evidence of a combustion which never seemed complete.

One of these creeping vehicles was a touring car more than ordinarily imposing. A single passenger occupied the tonneau. As this car passed Mary and Jud the occupant, glancing first at so unusually pretty a girl and then at her escort, smiled and lifted his hat. In five seconds more he was gone and at that moment the waiting line moved ferryward.

"Why, who was that?" asked Mary. "He bowed, but I'm sure it wasn't to me. I never saw him ——"

"I guess he was speakin' to me," said Jud. "His name's Vail—works for old Jake Mogridge, the Intercontinental Pulp and Paper man. Nice bunch of highwaymen, the Intercontinental."

Thus Mary's curiosity was appeased. The ferryboat waddled earnestly upstream, drawing gradually away from the east bank of the Hudson. The boat's housing, under which the line of motors now stood, effectually concealed much of a charming scene. But the voyage was soon over and one after another the cars emerged at the foot of the rocky wall that hems the river's western margin.

Jud casting an eye aloft exclaimed that he guessed that was quite a cliff. Made him think of Thundergap back home. The big car sprang forward and ran nimbly up the brick-paved roadway which doubles and twists summitward.

"I hope you got good brakes," ventured Jud, "in case the engine quit on you. Wouldn't be much fun slidin' down that hill backward."

The Hudson now lay delightfully spread before them, the wood-crowned heights of the east bank brilliantly green in the late afternoon sunlight. What if that rugged hillside were marred here and there by some factory chimney, some modern architectural excrescence? It was beautiful nevertheless—refreshing and restful. And the air was sweet with wood scents. If it possessed less of zest than that of his native hills Judson was in no caviling frame of mind. He was happy.

"I'm gettin' sort of used to city ways," he said. "That view looks mighty near like the real thing. Land sakes, you wouldn't think we were hardly more'n a stone's throw from New York, now would you? I declare, when I go back home I won't be satisfied to walk anywheres at all. I'll have to call a taxi to go rabbit huntin'. Don't know when I'll ever get home, though, with Dule mixin' me up with a churn factory and a whole lot of such doin's. I've got to write my mother and tell her not to expect me much before fall. If I can't go home then I'll have to fetch her here to keep house for me. Wonder what she'd do without a cow to milk or a garden to hoe?"

The car rounded the last turn and came abruptly to the brink of the hill, where it began the long, easy descent inland. On both sides of the smooth road were prosperous looking suburban homes, houses set far back amid a wealth of trees, beautifully kept lawns and a profusion of shrubbery. Jud fell into one of his taciturn moods, lost in admiration of these comfortable dwellings. It was artificial, but it was lovely.

But it represented apparently too much ease. It was atmospnered with leisure. *Dolce far niente* hung in the soft summer air. The green of polished turf allured to slumber beneath drooping leafy boughs Jud had never felt that way in the big woods. That was what city life did to people. It gave them the means to be lazy. It drugged them. They had their cake and ate it—here were the beauties of the forest combined with hot and cold water and a perfect system of drainage. Here were leafy glades, but no inspiration to woodcraft. Doubtless in the winter a plow driven by gasoline cleaned the sidewalks of snow.

"I hope I ain't slippin'," mused the countryman—"wearin' a harmonious necktie and havin' a grown man open the automobile door for me. I hope this country that's gone over by a barber twicet a week don't git a holt on me. Here I am, tryin' my darnedest to use three spoons every meal and not tuck my napkin into my vest, lettin' Duley find fault with how I talk, and makin' more money'n I know how to spend. Land sakes, if we get to turnin' out churns the way that feller wants we should, I'll be gettin' somethin' more than twenty-five thousand dollars a year! What am I goin' to do with it?"

They were passing through a flatter country now, where there were great expanses of intensively tilled ground, with low buildings and intricate systems for watering.

"Truck gardens," said Mary Beverly. "That's probably where your morning cantaloupe comes from."

Citified farms! Nothing like the farms at home. Here was land worth ten thousand dollars an acre, each acre made to produce every last stalk of celery, every ultimate plume of spinach of which it was capable. Up and down between the rows toiled scores of stooping women, their headkerchiefs bright in the sun.

"You see 'em over in France," said Jud, "in places where there hasn't been any fightin', workin' just that way. It looks different though. It's more—more ——"

"Picturesque?"

"I guess so."

These women were laborers, low paid, looking always downward into the soil. They were of a race trained to such work. No doubt they were stolidly content, dull, mechanical, so many pieces of machinery without thoughts except the elementary processes of reasoning that told them when to start, when to stop and where the rows ended or began.

Back home his mother was doing that. He supposed even now she might be weeding in the kitchen garden; or she might be driving the horse, herself sitting upon the vibrant seat of the rake, bounced violently like a missionary on a camel. But she was thinking while she worked. That made it harder. It's easy enough to grub if you don't know grubbing is drudgery.

Suddenly the fear that he might succumb to the lure of the city and its environs gave place to a fear that he might not. Darn it, those people digging up weeds with knotted, accustomed fingers were the right people for such tasks, not his mother. Let them be paid whatever their needs demanded and more, but let his mother never be required to harness a horse or wield a hoe again. If she wanted one of these smug homes near a roadway of burnished asphalt, let her but say so. She could putter as much as she liked among the flowers. She could order the ways of a household and have a hired girl to boss round. What was money for anyhow? The churn business would provide for all those things.

"I'm a goner!" said Jud suddenly.

"Why, Jud, what do you mean?"

"It's got me!"

"Are you in pain? Shan't we turn back toward home? What's got you, Jud?"

"New York! Automobiles! Open plumbin'! Harmonious neckties!"

"And a churn factory?"

"To make the pot boil, yes. That's incidental."

"And the hills of Ashaluna?"

A shade of compunction drifted across the big fellow's face.

"I can get along, I guess."

Mary Beverly smiled a small, almost imperceptible but very knowing little smile. She said: "And your mother said you weren't much of a talker."

"Am I?"

Mary's smile because still more obvious was still more quizzical.

"Oh, of course not," said Mary Beverly, and cautioned the chauffeur that Mr. Dunlap must be at the Terrapin Club as near six-thirty as possible.

XII

"IT BEATS anything in my experience," fumed Lafayette Jordan, frowning across his big desk at Messrs. Eggleston and Dabney. "I didn't feel like believing you when you said this Dunlap was difficult. But, by George, I don't seem to make any more headway than you did! I've called three times at the hotel; I've tried to have Walter make an appointment with him by telephone; I've written him; I've left word to have him call me up. He wrote me he would be pleased to see me any time we could make a mutually convenient appointment; he telephoned this office when I was out and left word simply that Mr. Dunlap called up. I'm getting desperate. The matter is serious; it worries me."

"My idea is that Mogridge has him sewed up by now."

"All the fault of you boys if the fellow's slipped us."

"It would have been perhaps if you hadn't taken the matter out of our hands."

This from Eggleston, whose awe of L. J. was a trifle less than Dabney's.

"I admit it, sir, I admit it. Nevertheless you should never have allowed yourselves to bring the matter to my attention in an unfinished state. What do you hear about Mogridge? Do you think he has been able to make progress with Dunlap?"

"There is a rumor in the Street that Intercontinental Pulp and Paper has acquired some new water-power interests. It's very indefinite. We suspect that the Mogridge crowd started it to boost their stock. At any rate it's up a point or so and rather more active."

Old L. J. scowled. He did not love Mogridge, but had not seen fit to cross swords with him in some years. Mogridge had been growing stronger in the meanwhile. The Street said that when L. J. got ready to jump there would be a fight worth watching and the innocent bystanders would do well to get out from under. There was Paper Products, one of Jordan's own stocks, as sensitive as a thermometer to every change in market temperature, competing with Intercontinental for heavy lines of business. Both concerns had world-wide distribution for their goods, both were savagely aggressive. Each was backed by a different group of banking interests.

The wise owls of Wall Street found the affairs of the two great paper companies never-ending argumentative timber. Some said the day would come when Jordan and Mogridge would get together and form a combination. Others knowing the antagonism between the magnates said this could never happen by the remotest chance. It was their opinion that there would eventually be a war of almost unprecedented ferocity in the world of finance.

"Then watch out!" warned these pessimists. "They're too big to fight the battle out alone. Every stock in Wall Street will be affected. The banks will feel it—in fact, they'll be part of it. And it won't take much to start something either. Suppose old L. J. made up his mind to go after Jake Mogridge? He's a tiger, and Mogridge would have to fight like a rat in a corner; and that's just how he will fight. He's got too many interests L. J. can attack and he'll have to sacrifice some to protect others. You must also remember that Mogridge is no one's fool, and he knows where L. J.'s tender spots are. He'll overlook no bets in a battle for his life."

"It seems a shame," said L. J. pensively, on the occasion of his conference with the partners whose efforts had proved so futile. "I don't want to plunge the Street into a riot. The market's extremely tender. Too bad to shake up the outside investors who are coming in now. It's been a long time since the public has invested in the Street. Surely it would be almost criminal to start such a panic at this time."

"That's very unselfish and altruistic of you, Mr. Jordan," ventured Dabney. "But you needn't forget that the big majority of those who come into such a market are speculators. They take their chances and can't complain if they lose."

"There you go!" roared the financier angrily. "There you go! That's exactly what the meanest humbug that ever worked a county fair with a pea under a shell always says. He defrauds people and then says they deserve to lose. On the other hand, when there's a bear raid in the Street up jump a thousand newspapers and shout: 'There they go again! The big insiders are shaking down the innocent public.' Inexperienced speculators get their fingers burned; legitimate investors, too, see their stock decline; the bucket

(Continued on Page 91)

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RACINE HORSE-SHOE TIRES

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(Continued from Page 88)

shops clean up foolish people's margins. A bad mess. It ought to be avoided. Mogridge'll start something if he thinks he can gain by doing so, regardless of whom he injures. I'm not that sort.

"But I want that Dunlap property. It's the keystone of the whole structure. With that and the Tiddividdy River we'd be very, very strong. Then I could make terms with Mogridge."

"What about Saddlerville outlet?"

"We won't worry about Saddlerville just now."

"But suppose Mogridge got hold of that in addition to Sullivan's Gap."

"Let him! If we controlled Ashaluna sluice it wouldn't help him much."

"But couldn't he block you if ——"

"Mogridge must have Ashaluna sluice or he's out of it. If he gets it he can make me a lot of trouble. But if I get it—why, don't you realize that we can back up head enough at the sluice alone to give us a tremendous water power? Mogridge's interest in the other outlets of the basin is purely speculative. He's not capable of swinging the big development. He thinks he could participate in it by reason of his control of one or two of the outlets, but he couldn't finance the enterprise. He hasn't the backing. The bankers haven't the confidence in him any more than I have."

"But doubtless he believes differently."

"No, he isn't under any undue illusions. Why, you fellows are supposed to be wise men of Wall Street. I'm surprised."

Old L. J. grinned and the partners looked helplessly at each other.

"Intercontinental's short of power."

"We hadn't heard ——"

"It's true. Several of their mills are located on streams that are not furnishing nearly the head they gave five years ago. Mogridge could put in a power plant at Ashaluna that would relieve his situation for—oh, say, the next twenty or twenty-five years. And, of course, the speculative value of the sluice is incalculable."

"Then the rumor that Intercontinental is acquiring more power is set adrift to counteract the impression that they are running short."

"Exactly."

"And it isn't so difficult to see what would happen to Intercontinental stock if it became known to the public that the Jordan interests had acquired the Ashaluna sluice, instead of Mogridge," ventured Dabney.

"Not at all," put in Eggleston. "And it is equally easy to imagine what Paper Products stock would do."

"Now," said L. J. briskly, "you understand just what the situation is. For my plan all four outlets are necessary. Mogridge holds one of them but it doesn't do him any good. If he can procure the Dunlap property he'll have us on the hip, because he will not only strengthen Intercontinental at once but he can probably actually prevent the big development. He could very profitably play dog in the manger. I should have to think seriously what methods of bringing him to terms would be justified."

Old L. J. looked exceedingly grim at this moment. In all the years of their association with him Eggleston and Dabney had never been permitted a more intimate glimpse of the motives which actuated this extraordinary man.

"What's Dunlap doing these days that you can tell me about?" he asked.

"Running round with young Duley. It seems they're going into the churn business together. Duley's arranged for some money at the Pine Street National ——"

"Millard must have a favorable opinion of him."

"Yes, he told me Duley's father was a pretty sound business man. Wholesale silks or something. Dead about five years. Young Duley's considered good for a few thousand—in fact put up quite a nice bunch of collateral—and showed the new churn company's contracts with a mail-order firm in Chicago for heaven only knows how many thousand churns."

"I know Austin Duley and I was well acquainted with his father. Austin and his sisters come to the house to see my kids."

"Kids, eh?"

"Kids to me even if they are pretty well grown," grinned the financier. "Well, the churn business seems to have the preference with our back-country friend. You would better cultivate this Duley. He'll have influence with Dunlap."

"And," suggested Eggleston, "if Duley is a friend of your family's it wouldn't be a bad idea for you ——"

Lafayette Jordan frowned.

"Please understand, Mr. Eggleston, I don't care to inject this business into the social affairs of my household."

"But since you've had so much difficulty meeting Dunlap it might solve your problem if Duley were to introduce him ——"

"We won't argue that. My daughters would be very much offended—and properly so. Though this man may be acceptable to Mr. Duley in a business way, you can hardly expect me to receive such a person into my home. He'd probably violate every known rule of polite company."

"Just as you say, Mr. Jordan," consented Dabney for the partners. "We'll see what we can do. Good morning."

"Who do you suppose wants me to go to lunch with him to-day?" telephoned Duley to Judson Dunlap next morning. "Your old friend Eggleston."

"Didn't want you should bring me along, did he, Dule?"

"He did not. You know what he's looking for? Information! He's anxious to know what our partnership in the churn business means."

"You'll have some fun, Dule. Tell him I had a first-rate offer from Jake Mogridge. That'll put his wind up, as the aviation buddies used to say. Tell him I don't pay much attention to water power these days. Tell him butter power's fascinatin' me a good deal. Ask him if he wants to buy a churn. No family should be without one."

Duley laughed and hung up. Later he reported.

"That man Eggleston's the human corkscrew," he said. "He was actually impertinent, asking all sorts of questions—and I answered 'em with a straight face."

"You didn't tell him no lies, did you?" returned Jud anxiously.

"No, I didn't tell him no lies; I didn't tell him any lies either. I'm going to begin fining you pretty soon, Jud. I informed Mr. Eggleston that we intend putting a block of churn-company stock on the curb very shortly."

"Think that was wise, Dule?"

"By the indifferent manner in which he received the information one would suppose it went in one ear and out the other. So I imagine he thought it pretty important. He said, 'Oh, is that so?' And right after that asked me if I was on my game this season and wanted to know if I'd ever played the Dunwoodie course. He also asked me if I knew the Jordan girls pretty well and how often I went to their house."

"Jordan got girls?"

"My, yes—three. Very exclusive, of course, but fine girls. You have to carry a copy of your pedigree in your pocket to get by the footman. Don't care much for the painfully swagger crowd myself. Old L. J.'s a decent scout in his family, I guess."

"I was up past his house the other day. Say, Dule!"

"Well?"

"Er—did you ever—that is—are you acquainted with a young lady in New York named—Beverly? Miss Beverly?"

"Beverly? Don't think so."

"She knows the Jordans. Visits 'em when they go to Caribou Lodge."

"Live in New York?"

"Yep!"

"Funny! I guess I've missed her somehow. Say, Jud, what did you do about that shipment of machinery from Salem, Massachusetts?"

"Telegraphed. Gave 'em the Long Island City address to reply to. I'm going over there this afternoon to see about puttin' in the partitions for the offices."

XIII

THE capitalization of the Independent Improved Churn Corporation was half a million. Austin Parsons Duley arranged with a friendly broker to market a block of the stock to raise immediate capital.

"What are your assets, Austin?" demanded the broker.

Duley exhibited his contracts with Burns, Elkman & Co., the assignment of Jud's patents, lease of the Long Island City factory, and so forth.

"Anything else?"

"Not now. Isn't that enough?"

"Give us a financial statement and we'll go to it," said Waxman. "This is a good market for such issues. Want to put it out on the curb?"

"Absolutely. But first sell a thousand shares for us over the counter."

"How about supporting the market?"

"Don't let that worry you. The market will take care of itself."

"We wouldn't want to see the bottom drop out. It hurts us with our clients."

"The clients who buy this stock are going to give you a rising vote of thanks, Bill."

"Got something good up your sleeve you haven't told me?"

Duley grinned.

"I suspect you have," ventured the broker. "If we make a market for your stock on the curb you'll protect us, of course? You won't unload a lot of your own holdings when we've got the price up to a good figure?"

"Bill, you get your lawyer and fix up a contract. We'll put all our stock in escrow, if you say so, to be released only with your consent. What I want now is to see a daily quotation in the papers. We won't even bother to list the stock. Place this first block and then trade in it a little every day, and by and by we'll show you some action."

"If you weren't a pretty good sport, Duley, we wouldn't do it; but so long as it's you we'll take a chance."

When Duley told Jud how he had arranged things with the broker the cautious inventor inquired: "How much did you have to tell him to make him agree?"

"Just about the churn; nothing about the sluice. I let him guess whatever he wanted to. He'll hear some juicy rumors about the time the stock gets swinging on the curb. We're not saying a word—just organizing our business and getting ready to build churns. Wait until the nosey ones like Eggleston and Mogridge's Mr. Vail get on the scent. That's all."

At a conference in the office of Mr. Lafayette Jordan that financier's instructions to his confidential agents were short and to the point.

"I don't know what there is back of it. The minute that churn stock comes out see that it's bought in. Buy every share of it. Might as well invest a few thousand dollars and get at the bottom of this."

Similarly Mr. Jacob Mogridge ordered Mr. Vail to absorb as many shares as possible.

"There's something in the wind, Vail. Don't let the Jordan crowd beat you. We want that stock."

The broker, Waxman, whom Austin Parsons Duley had addressed familiarly as Bill called the Independent Improved Churn Corporation at Long Island City on the phone.

"Say, Duley, what's all this?" he queried. "Half a dozen brokers are after us already for your stock. They all want an inside price and each one says he'll take the whole darned block before it's offered publicly at all. Don't understand it."

"All right, William. You tell 'em you'll let 'em know when you're ready. Don't promise a share. Wait a minute—let me think!"

Duley called Jud in from the factory, where he was superintending the installation of some machines.

"Bill Waxman is on the wire and wants to know what to do about our stock. He can unload it all in a bunch to any one of half a dozen brokers. Shall we let him do it?"

"Do we have any say about who gets it?"

"I suppose so."

"What do you think?"

"If Bill has any way of telling, and I suppose he has, I'd rather see Jordan have it."

"Me too. Fix it that way if you can."

Duley turned to the transmitter.

"Bill!"

"Yes—what the dickens is keeping you?"

"Make you a nice trade. You see that we get ninety for the stock and you sell it for the best price you can get—on one condition."

"Shoot!"

"See that it goes to L. J."

"I don't guarantee that, but I think I can manage. Leave it to me. Send you a check for ninety thousand as soon as I close the deal."

"And make about fifteen yourself, eh?"

"If I can, you bet! Don't have a soft one like this fall into my lap every day. Drop in and put me wise, Duley."

"All in good time, Bill. Go to it—and good luck!"

Duley hung up and the partners executed one of their congratulatory war dances.

"Let's go over to town and blow ourselves to some swell chow, old-timer!" shouted Jud.

"Right-o! By George, I'd have bet a million dollars to a cooky that was what you were going to say! I never saw anyone in my life with an appetite like yours. But oh, boy, haven't we got those fellows down in the Street guessing!"

"That's what makes me scared to poke my nose into that mix-up. I'm afraid I'd get it nipped off. There's too many inside tricks. Say, we'll have a good lot of capital to work with, won't we? But gosh, when you take people's money to invest in your business it puts an awful obligation on you, don't it? I feel right nervous. Say, Dule, we're going to make this churn business pay if it takes a laig!"

"Yes, old dear, we are."

"And we've got to work nights and Sundays to do it."

"You say sooth, Juddy."

"And I don't get a hell of a lot of chance to go to no Art League to study paintin' the way it looks."

"Mr. Dunlap, as a painter you are going to be a first-class churn manufacturer. I tell you what –you can take the stencil and brush and letter the name of the corporation on every churn. Thus you will combine business with art."

"Thus I will combine nothin'!" fumed Jud. "Maybe I'll combine an epitomy on your tombstone with that there stencil and brush—'Here lies the body of a young man that talked too much with his face. Arrest him in the park,' or however it is they end up a sign on a monument. Come on, you darn fool, let's go eat!"

XIV

WHEN Austin Parsons Duley predicted that his partner was to become a first-class churn manufacturer he spoke no more than the truth. Jud developed an extraordinary capacity for organization. He was determined to make the churn company pay big from the start. The ninety thousand dollars obtained from the sale of a fifth of the corporation's stock proved liberal and the work of equipping the Long Island City plant proceeded with satisfactory swiftness.

And this in spite of the fact that times were bad in many respects. Shipments of machinery and parts were likely to be held up in transit. Labor was scarce and dear. Costs of all kinds were high. Jud's days were too short to accomplish all he wished to do but he spared neither himself nor his plump partner. The weather was what can always be expected of a New York summer, stiflingly warm for days on end relieved by occasional spells of tolerable coolness.

The work was of an unusual sort and tired the woodsman, who could normally walk twenty miles a day and quit as fresh as when he set out. This was different. He became a trifle gaunt and his clothes hung loose upon his heavy lean frame. But the blue eyes were bright with an unquenchable enthusiasm.

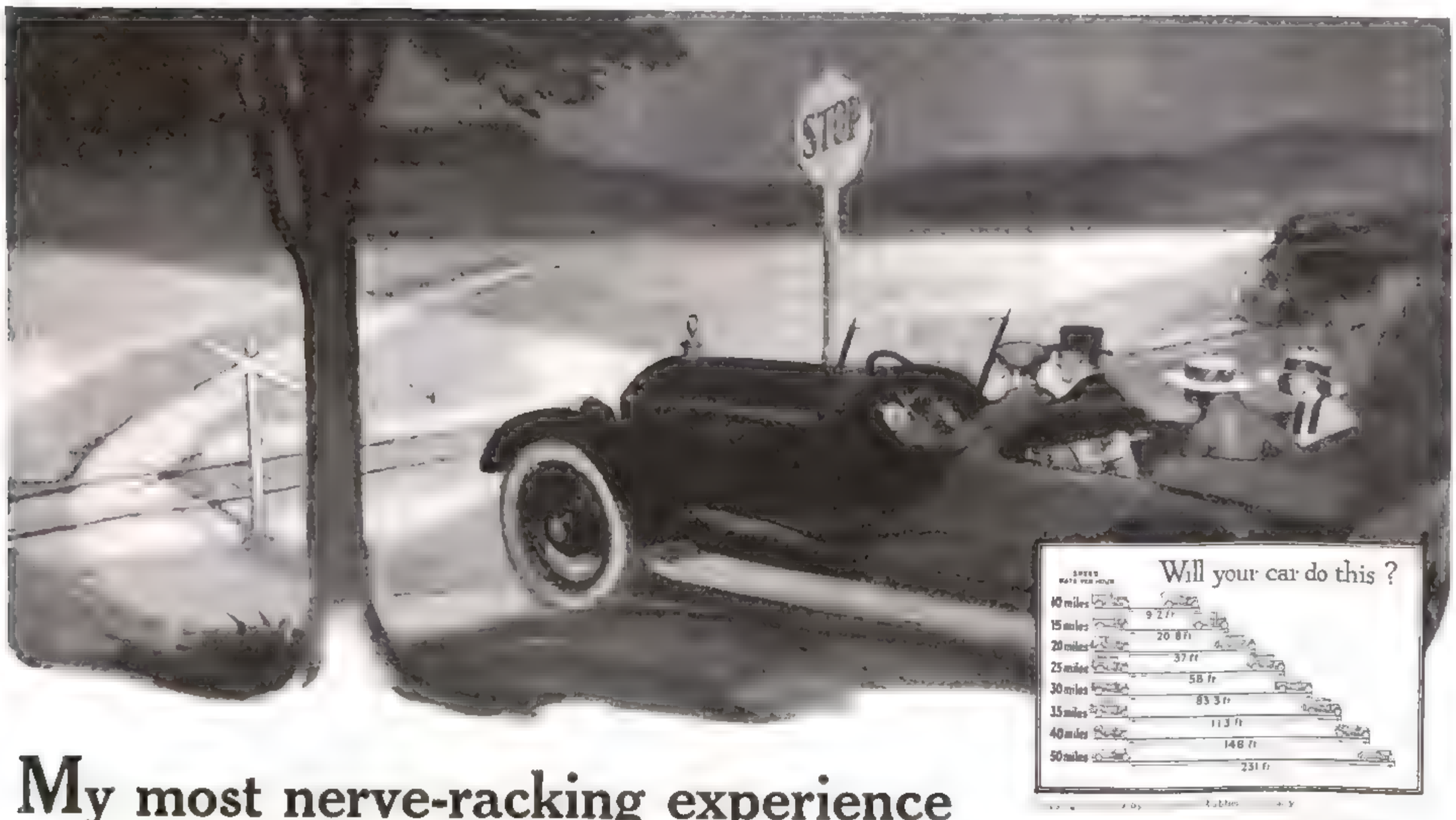
Furthermore he could wear overalls. He was his own factory superintendent. He was everywhere about the plant, assisting by hand as well as vocal direction in the placing of equipment. The grease from the machinery gave him the appearance of a day laborer. His hands were continually grimy, his face usually marked with evidence of his intimacy with things mechanical.

So for some time he saw nothing of Mary Beverly. His days were too full and his acquaintance with her never had ripened to the stage of evening appointments. Half a dozen meetings at the Metropolitan and that one delightful ride among the lawns and gardens of New Jersey constituted the extent of Jud's association with the girl. He hadn't even called at her home, which was a very low number in the high East Seventies. It must be pretty close to Fifth Avenue, "right up in Palaceville," as Jud phrased it.

Nowadays he had difficulty in getting his hands clean at night. He used some strong kind of soap which roughened and toughened his skin and the conspiracy of grease and soap made upon palms and fingers a network of fine lines darkly inlaid. Jud viewed his labor-scarred paws with a degree of disgust.

"I used to think my fingers were clumsy, but look at 'em now," he mused.

(Continued on Page 93)



This chart has been worked out by leading automobile engineers. It shows how quickly an automobile going at various speeds should be able to stop, provided the brakes are efficient.

My most nerve-racking experience in 15,000 miles of driving

"IT was pitch dark, and we were doing twenty-five miles an hour down a strange hill. As the road dipped to the bottom, there was a flash of light—a roar—and an express train came streaking over a grade crossing just ahead of us.

"I stood right up on the brake pedal, but—the brakes *failed to hold*. Only the emergency brake saved us from a deadly smash-up. It was my most nerve-racking experience in 15,000 miles of driving."

This is an extract from a letter written by George Smith, of Bronxville, N. Y.—an experienced tourist. Almost every American motorist has faced a similar emergency. Such tests drive home unforgettably the vital importance of brakes that never fail.

Have your brakes inspected regularly. The chart above shows how quickly you *should* be able to stop. Perhaps your brakes only need adjusting—perhaps they need new lining. Ordinary woven lining wears down unevenly. It needs constant adjustment. You can never tell when it will grab or slip.

The Grapnalized, hydraulic-compressed brake lining

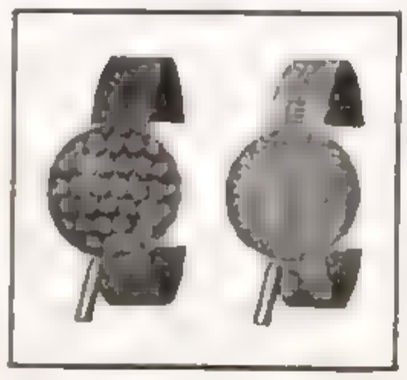
To insure efficient brake action always, a brake lining has been perfected which wears down slowly and maintains its gripping power even when worn as thin as cardboard.

In each square inch of Thermoid Hydraulic Compressed Brake Lining there is 40% more material than in ordinary lining. This additional body gives a closer texture, which is made tight and compact by hydraulic compression of 2,000 pounds' pressure. Thermoid is also *Grapnalized*—an exclusive process which enables it to resist moisture, oil and gasoline.

Brakes lined with Thermoid do not grab, slip, or swell from dampness. For these reasons the manufacturers of 50 of the leading cars and trucks have standardized on Thermoid.

Don't take any more chances with faulty brakes. Have your brakes inspected regularly. And next time you need new brake lining, be sure to specify Thermoid.

The new Thermoid book on automobile brakes is the most complete publication on the subject ever printed. It tells how to keep your car within safety limits. Sent free. Write today.



Ordinary Woven Lining
Notice the loosely woven texture. Wears down quickly and unevenly. [illegible] its gripping power [illegible]

Thermoid Hydraulic Compressed Brake Lining
Notice the compact texture. Wears down slowly, [illegible] uniform gripping surface until worn wafer thin.

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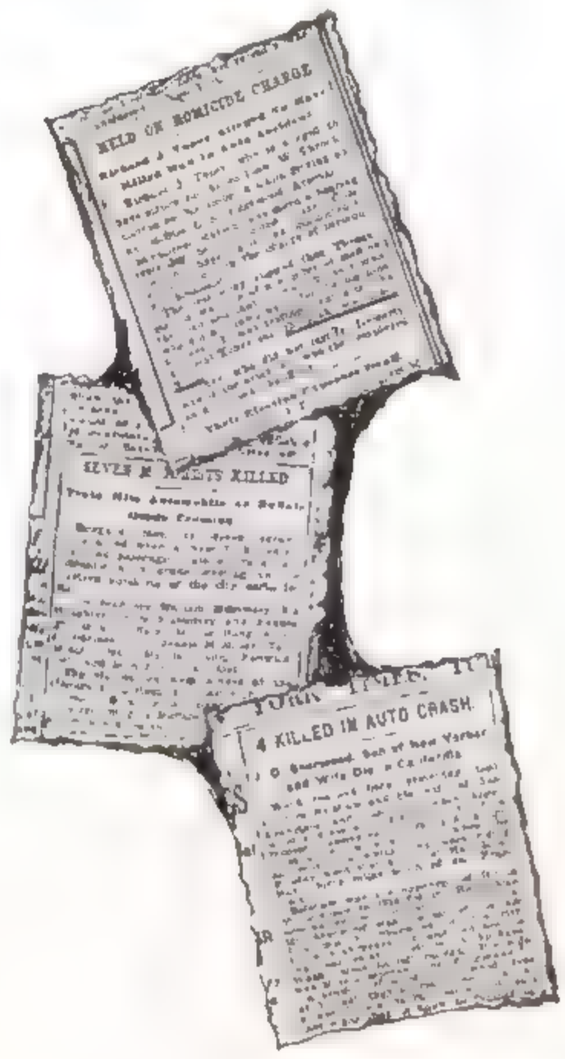

Thermoid Brake Lining

Hydraulic Compressed

Makers of "Thermoid-Hardy Universal Joints" and "Thermoid Croïde Compound Tires"

(Continued from Page 91)

He spread them out thoughtfully. Instead of the ruddy-brown color his outdoor life had given his hands they were now blue-white on the backs, a trifle hirsute, inclined to be puffy from lifting and strain. Still they were mighty well shaped.

"Don't look much as if they could handle brushes," he thought—"unless it was for spreadin' whitewash on a brick wall."

He sighed at times when he realized how far afield he had strayed from the purpose that had brought him all the way from back home. As for Mary Beverly, how could he expect to interest her? She would only be ashamed of a roughneck like him. He had too much on his mind to be bothered picking out harmonious neckties. After a while when he got things going so he didn't have to spend so much time in the factory he would get in touch with her and find out some more about those art classes.

There was a good deal to spur his imagination in his daily life. To the fastidious Duley the grind of mechanical detail was rather sordid. He elected to take charge of correspondence and accounting, to keep an eye on the finances, deal with bankers, but hardly ever went out into the factory. He was an excellent worker and put in long days and many an evening, but he did hate dirt. Consequently, like the well-known Mr. and Mrs. Sprat, Jud and Duley licked the industrial platter clean and smacked their lips with the savor of the dish.

"Well," said Lafayette Jordan to Mr. Ellery Eggleston, "I understand you secured that stock in Dunlap's churn company."

"Yes, a thousand shares at a hundred and ten."

"Someone made a profit on that."

"Waxman. He played it very cleverly. Mogridge was after it strong and would have been glad to pay what we gave for it, but I suspect those partners had a voice in the final decision. We got it before it was offered publicly at all. I trust you appreciate the value of the advance information Dabney and I ——"

"And Mogridge had of the thing, eh?" finished L. J. sarcastically. "I'm not so sure it was a good buy for us anyhow."

"It's a fifth of the concern, Mr. Jordan. You are certainly entitled to a representative on the board."

"If Dunlap likes me, I suppose. Look here, Eggleston, I'm beginning to think this fellow Dunlap is a myth anyhow. Here we are at the end of another three weeks and I haven't been able to get at him. Of course my own time has been occupied pretty constantly, but one would suppose I'd find at least half an hour in three weeks that corresponded with half an hour of the mysterious Mr. Dunlap's."

"I've tried to reach him myself," said Eggleston, "but Duley always gets on the telephone—and as a staller Duley is a master hand. Half the time Dunlap's out, he says, and the other half he's too busy to come to the phone. I'll try —"

Mr. Jordan's secretary entered the room at this moment.

"That Mr. Dunlap is on the wire."

"He is!" shouted L. J. "Here, hand me that telephone! Hello, hello! Put Mr. Dunlap through here right away. Hello, hello! Yes, this is Jordan. Well, how are you, Mr. Dunlap? By George, sir, you're a hard man to locate! Yes, I appreciate you're busy. How's the churn business? Good!"

There was a note of booming cordiality in the financier's voice that Eggleston had never heard before. Jordan actually looked across his desk and winked at the agent. He went on:

"You don't say so, Dunlap! Well, that's fine. Of course you know I'm a sort of partner of yours in that enterprise, don't you? Hundred thousand dollars of my money in there—more or less. I ought to be permitted to name a man for your board."

A pause.

"Well, you can rest assured we aren't going to quarrel, Mr. Dunlap. You know I've a place up Ashaluna way. Know your country pretty thoroughly myself. Wonderful part of the world. I'd like very much to meet you and talk with you. I understand old Silas Pillsbury claims to be the only man up there who's ever shot three bears in the woods. Well, he boasts of it. Oh, maybe. They say the best guide is usually the biggest liar."

A pause.

"No, I've a meeting of the bankers' committee on Allied loans at eleven to-morrow. Couldn't you make it at four? I'm sorry now hold on. Never mind the Allied loans! I'll be at your factory at eleven o'clock. The loans committee can wait until next day. Good-by, Dunlap. See you in the morning."

Eggleston stared at his chief in open-mouthed wonder. He was more than astonished—he was scandalized.

"There," said Jordan with satisfaction. "I'm to see Dunlap in the flesh. By George, I've waited for this day. He's made me wait too. That's more than most men can say."

"But the Allied loans ——"

"Look here, Eggleston, I'm not a superstitious man, but I want to tell you this Dunlap has been getting on my nerves. Until I manage to break the spell or whatever it is that's been holding us apart I'm not going to feel like myself. I'm not used to having things hitch and drag like this Ashaluna matter. Ordinarily I can issue orders to people like you and rely on having them carried out. But I'm convinced that Fate intends for me to handle this deal myself. Frankly, Eggleston, you're a clever man, but I wonder if you're big enough to manage Dunlap. Something tells me he's unusual. He's not your kind and he may not be mine, but no ordinary man can deal with him, that's plain."

"Lord, the old man's crazy about himself, isn't he?" thought Eggleston, leaving the presence in an exceedingly thirty-cent frame of mind. "He's nothing if not frank. Doesn't hesitate to put a fellow in his place."

He was very sore. But then it wouldn't pay to stay so. Eggleston reported the news to his partner, who grinned. He had had plenty of experiences similar to Eggleston's, and as Eggleston was rather the more important of the two it pleased him to see his associate humbled.

"Oh, well, never mind," he said. "The main thing is for L. J. to see this countryman and satisfy himself just how difficult he is. I'll wager he won't get far. Dunlap's either very deep or very stupid. And Duley's no heavyweight."

"He seems to have been able to keep the inside track so far."

"Yes, by humoring Dunlap in that churn project. They'll come a cropper, mark my word. Neither one knows anything about business. Then our cocky Mr. Dunlap will climb down from his high horse and be willing to negotiate."

"We'll see, Dab, we'll see. I'd like to agree with you, but I'm afraid you're wrong. Probably L. J. was perfectly just when he said I wasn't big enough for the job. It hurts to admit it, but one might as well be honest."

Dabney merely shrugged.

"Time will tell," he observed sapiently.

Lafayette Jordan left his motor at the curb in front of the factory of the Independent Improved Churn Corporation and climbed the stairs ponderously. They were steep stairs and the office was up two flights. He was not used to that kind of exercise, and as he neared the top he puffed out his cheeks with each breath.

The churn corporation's office was modest and painfully new. The smell of varnish still hung upon the air. There was no mahogany in sight, only yellow-pine woodwork, including railings, shelves and molding. The desks were of inexpensive plain oak. The only persons in sight were a bookkeeper and two stenographers, all girls. The day was hot and through open windows drifted the noises of wagons on the pavement, the discordant jar and roar of motor trucks, the exhaust of coal-burning locomotives in the near-by railroad yards. To this was added the din of the factory, composed of the chatter of many belted pulleys, intermittent screams of saws, snarl of a buzz planer and beat, beat, beat of a seeming regiment of hammers.

"Mr. Dunlap in?" asked L. J.

"I'll speak to Mr. Duley," replied one of the girls, and disappeared into an inner office. Shortly a plump young man came forth and greeted the visitor.

"Step right inside, Mr. Jordan. I'll send out into the shop for Dunlap. We're making our first shipment of churns to-day and he's up to his eyes. Sit down, won't you? Smoke?"

"You're Mr. Duley?" queried the financier. "I've seen you at the house, haven't I? Friend of my girls."

Mennen Shaving Cream is used in all Terminal Shops

In a Good Natured Way,

I have occasionally taken a crack at barbers because they persisted in the unscientific practice of rubbing in lather with fingers. In a way it wasn't fair because hard, caustic soap has to be rubbed in to soften the beard, even partially.

But it never occurred to me that barbers would ever use an expensive preparation like Mennen Shaving Cream, which costs a quarter of a cent more per shave than ordinary rubbing-in soap.

Yet the unexpected has happened—in a big way, too. Ever been facially reconstructed in one of the palatial Terminal Barber Shops in New York? I don't want to offend other barbers, but as far as I know these are the finest and cleanest shops in America. The photo shows about half their shop in the Hotel Commodore. Others are in Hotel Pennsylvania, Waldorf and Equitable Building—ten all told in New York.

All Terminal Shops now use Mennen's—*and don't rub it in.*

The Terminal President, Joe Schusser, wrote me a nice letter about it. For six months he experimented personally with every known shaving soap—hard, powdered or creamed. He meant to use the best of everything if it broke him.

Mennen's won by a mile.

Then Mr. Schusser trained his barbers to keep their fingers out of the lather, using a sterilized brush only.

To say the customers are enthusiastic is a restrained way of describing the results. And Terminals have millionaire trade—multi, hereditary and profiteer.

They shaved over a million men last year. I guess my work of training men how to enjoy shaving is about accomplished. If the barbers are coming through I don't see how any man who respects his face can hold out much longer. Try it this summer—with cold water. The big tube costs 50 cents.

It holds so much more cream than an ordinary sized tube that it is really economical. I will send a demonstrator tube for 15 cents.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

THE MENNEN COMPANY
NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.

"Acquaintance, anyhow. Hot, isn't it? This factory was a lucky find for us, but it certainly does collect a barrel of cinders, especially when we have to have all the windows open. Yes, I've got plenty of matches. Hello, here's Jud! Meet Mr. Lafayette Jordan, Mr. Dunlap."

"'Stermeecher, Mr. Jordan," remarked a grimy citizen in soiled overalls. "Sorry my hands are so dirty."

"Oh, that's all right."

Jordan ignored the grime and shook hands with a grip as rugged as Jud's own. The two men stood about equal in height. Jud, vivid, lean, poised in the calm assurance of undefeated and still-illusioned youth, his head thrown back, his generous mouth widened in a smile of instant liking—Jordan, crowned with the snow of his sixty-odd dynamic years, thickset, ruddy, peering out from under those great brows whence had forked many an optic lightning to make his opponents seek a less sinister antagonist.

"By Jove," was Austin Duley's mental comment, "there's a pair of kings for your money! I believe they could lick the whole world if they had to."

The plump partner gazed at the picture with the eye of a connoisseur

"Took us a long time to get together, Mr. Dunlap," said Jordan. "Too long in fact. That's why I wouldn't let a few hundred millions more or less for the Allied countries stand between us when I finally got you on the wire."

He sat down, good-humored and smiling. Jud kept his feet, leaning with one smut-streaked arm on top of Duley's roll-top desk.

"I ought not to of asked you to come here," said the churn maker, "but we start shippin' to-day. Maybe Duley told you. You've got a lot of money tied up in this business and we calculate to see it earn dividends. Now that's a funny one, too, when you come to think. When your man Dabney came to see me I talked churn and he turned up his nose. Then Eggleston, he was a little more reasonable, but he said he'd rather not tell me who the man was he represented. Called you Brown! Huh! I set my foot down good and hard on Eggy. That kind of fellers make me tired, beatin' and scuttlin' round the bush, doin' everything in whispers and surroundin' what they do with a lot o' mystery like one of these here stage magicians. Sort of a now-you-see-it-now-you-don't idea. Yet after all that hocus-pocus it's your money we're doing business with.

"Now about that yarn of old Si Pillsbury's. He never shot but one bear in his life—and that one was in a trap. There's no man in Ashaluna that's shot three bears in the open. Bears are pesky sly and don't show themselves. Men have hunted a lifetime and trapped dozens of 'em and never saw one runnin'. I know a man's shot two though."

"Who? I'd like to know him."

"Oh, you know him!"

"What's his name?"

"I'm too bashful to tell you, Mr. Jordan. Want to come out in the shop and see how we've been spendin' your money? Gosh, we think we've done pretty well, shipping churns a whole month ahead of when we promised 'em! Means five thousand dollars for Dule and me right in our own pockets. Second payment on our bonus and three more in the next nine months."

"Doesn't that go to the corporation?"

"No, sir. That's our personal bit. I turned all the patent rights over to the company and the contracts with the Burns, Elkman folks, but the bonus is mine, and I'm splittin' it with Duley because he listened when no one else would. Dabney and Eggleston had the same chance, but they're a couple of weak sisters. I told 'em both I could easily make you see the merit in my churn."

"Yes," agreed Jordan, "I think you could. You can also make me see the merit in the way your plant is organized, Dunlap. I don't know whether you're the man, but it certainly is well planned. Had you ever had any experience?"

"Oh, before I went to the war I used to work winters in a churn factory up home. Always seemed to me they were mighty slipshod and wasteful. I figured if I ever had anything to do with runnin' one I'd improve it over that old shop. Now you just look at the way we cut our staves. Ain't that simple? All our machinery is from stock too—and some secondhand. Never had to have a single special machine made. Makes it easy to get parts.

"Had a devil of a time with help though. Finally decided to give 'em their regular wages and a little piece o' the profits before the stockholders can have any dividends. You see - "

For more than an hour Dunlap conducted the financier about the factory, exhibiting, explaining, elucidating.

"I've got to get back to my office," said Jordan reluctantly. "This is the pleasantest morning I've spent for a long time."

The great man was actually enthusiastic. Deep in his nature he possessed an innate love of mechanics. He grasped technical details instantly.

"Like you to stay and have a bite to eat," said Jud cordially. "We don't put on any style. Best place round here is a lunch room where a lot of us factory hands go. They kind of sling it at you, but it's fair. Anyhow it would suit you all right or anyone else that was ever satisfied to be cooked for by Si Pillsbury's Jim. Of all the soggy biscuits "

L. J. grinned.

"I should be pleased to have Mr. Duley and you dine at my home at the first opportunity," he said. "At the moment I'm afraid I'll have to be running along."

"I guess you'll have to spare five minutes," said Jud as they rejoined Austin Duley in the latter's office. "Dule, have you drawn up that minutes of a stockholders' meetin'?"

"I certainly have."

"Let Mr. Jordan read 'em."

L. J. scanned the typewritten sheets rapidly.

"You subscribe to those sentiments, don't you?" asked Jud.

Jordan hesitated.

"I don't usually go on boards," he said. "I delegate some of my subordinates."

"Like Eggleston or Dabney? Not on your life! You own the stock, you come round and give us the benefit of your advice. 'Twon't be much trouble to show up at a meeting once in a while. We don't want any Eggys in this pie. Duley and I own the majority of stock and we've agreed on you for a director

"If you won't serve we'll put in one of the girls. We've got to have someone that'll do the way we want 'em to."

"You flatter me," smiled Jordan. "I'm rather in the habit of dominating situations in which I take a hand."

"Oh, go ahead and dominate all you want," Jud assured him. "If your ideas are better'n ours don't hesitate to express 'em. That's why we want you on the board. Eh, Dule?"

Duley gurgled something which Dunlap construed as agreement. Jordan grunted a hasty assent

"It's gratifying to be appreciated," he said, and took his departure

When the door had shut behind him Duley said nothing while he lighted a thoughtful cigarette. Then he surveyed his partner, who was industriously scrubbing his hands in the washbasin.

"Jud," he blurted, "you're the limit!"

"How so?"

"Do you realize who it is you've been bullying?"

"I haven't been bullyin' anyone. I just put a reasonable proposition up to a reasonable man and he agreed with me. Gosh, folks make me tired talkin' about these great men! You'd think they were more than human.

"Now take Jordan. You had me believe he'd come in here a-rampin' and chargin' and switchin' his tail like a lion, lookin' for whosoever he might devour. Kind of a lamblike old soul, I think. It's all in how you handle 'em, Dule. You pestered me to death to wash up and leave off my overalls. Now wouldn't that of be'n silly! He knows me ten times better'n he would of if I'd slicked my hair and put on one o' my harmonious neckties."

"But the way you talked to him - as if you were his boss!"

"I am in this business, y'bet!"

"And the way you put over that predigested stockholders' meeting. I'd prepared the minutes, but by George, I never thought we'd use 'em!"

Jud grinned.

"No, and as long as you were full o' doubts you wouldn't have. But say, Dule."

"Yes?"

"He never said a darned word about the sluice."

"He did a lot of thinking though. That old fellow's a deep one."

"Pretty good old buddy, I calculate!"

Eggleston dropped in and found L. J. at his desk

"Thought I'd ask how you got along with the mythical Mr. Dunlap."

"Just as I told you," replied L. J., with the air of one who had spent an afternoon with King George. "He's not at all hard to handle—if you know how."

"I suppose not," agreed Eggleston humbly. L. J. was a wonder.

"And Eggleston."

"Yes?"

"I made him like me. What do you think of that? I made him like me!"

TO BE CONTINUED

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Trucks Equipped With Inland Piston Rings Seldom Puff Out Blue Smoke

Owners of Inland-equipped trucks have reliable evidence that there is no oil-leak in their engines due to faulty piston rings—because their trucks seldom puff out the grayish-blue smoke that indicates the presence of oil in the firing chamber.

To be proof against leakage of oil, piston rings must be without gaps and must fit the cylinder walls snugly, even when the cylinders have been worn "out of round."

These two requirements are the reasons for the spiral cut which is the exclusive feature of Inland Piston Rings.

The spiral cut makes the Inland unusually elastic.

Its tension holds the Inland together as a one-piece unit and at the same time permits it to uncoil so as to overcome variations in the walls of the cylinder.

Unless the cylinders are severely scored, oil cannot work past Inlands into the firing chamber and interfere with combustion.

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INLAND

ONE-PIECE PISTON RING

THE OFFSHORE PIRATE

(Continued from Page 11)

"Because inside of five minutes you'll have to make a clear decision whether it's go or stay."

He picked up the book and opened it curiously.

"The Revolt of the Angels. Sounds pretty good. French, eh?" He stared at her with new interest. "You French?"

"No."

"What's your name?"

"Farnam."

"Farnam what?"

"Ardita Farnam."

"Well, Ardita, no use standing up there and chewing out the insides of your mouth. You ought to break those nervous habits while you're young. Come over here and sit down."

Ardita took a carved jade case from her pocket, extracted a cigarette and lit it with a conscious coolness, though she knew her hand was trembling a little; then she crossed over with her supple, swinging walk and sitting down in the other settee blew a mouthful of smoke at the awning.

"You can't get me off this yacht," she said steadily; "and you haven't got very much sense if you think you'll get far with it. My uncle'll have wirelesses zigzagging all over this ocean by half past six."

"Hm."

She looked quickly at his face, caught anxiety stamped there plainly in the faintest depression of the mouth's corners.

"It's all the same to me," she said, shrugging her shoulders. "'Tisn't my yacht. I don't mind going for a coupla hours' cruise. I'll even lend you that book so you'll have something to read on the revenue boat that takes you up to Sing Sing."

He laughed scornfully.

"If that's advice you needn't bother. This is part of a plan arranged before I ever knew this yacht existed. If it hadn't been this one it'd have been the next one we passed anchored along the coast."

"Who are you?" demanded Ardita suddenly. "And what are you?"

"You've decided not to go ashore?"

"I never even faintly considered it."

"We're generally known," he said, "all seven of us, as Curtis Carlyle and his Six Black Buddies, late of the Winter Garden and the Midnight Frolic."

"You're singers?"

"We were until to-day. At present, due to those white bags you see there, we're fugitives from justice, and if the reward offered for our capture hasn't by this time reached twenty thousand dollars I miss my guess."

"What's in the bags?" asked Ardita curiously.

"Well," he said, "for the present we'll call it—mud—Florida mud."

III

WITHIN ten minutes after Curtis Carlyle's interview with a very frightened engineer the yacht Narcissus was under way, steaming south through a balmy tropical twilight. The little mulatto, Babe, who seemed to have Carlyle's implicit confidence, took full command of the situation. Mr. Farnam's valet and the chef, the only members of the crew on board except the engineer, having shown fight, were now reconsidering, strapped securely to their bunks below. Trombone Mose, the biggest negro, was set busy with a can of paint obliterating the name Narcissus from the bow and substituting the name Hula Hula, and the others congregated aft and became intently involved in a game of craps.

Having given orders for a meal to be prepared and served on deck at seven-thirty Carlyle rejoined Ardita and, sinking back into his settee, half closed his eyes and fell into a state of profound abstraction.

Ardita scrutinized him carefully—and classed him immediately as a romantic figure. He gave the effect of towering self-confidence erected on a slight foundation; just under the surface of each of his decisions she discerned a hesitancy that was in decided contrast to the arrogant curl of his lips.

"He's not like me," she thought. "There's a difference somewhere."

Being a supreme egotist Ardita frequently thought about herself; never having had her egotism disputed she did it entirely naturally and with no distraction from her unquestioned charm. Though she was nineteen she gave the effect of a high-spirited precocious child, and in the present glow of her youth and beauty all the men and women she had known were but driftwood on the ripples of her temperament. She had met other egotists; in fact, she found that selfish people bored her rather less than unselfish people—but as yet there had not been one she had not eventually defeated and brought to her feet.

But though she recognized an egotist in the settee next to her she felt none of that usual shutting of doors in her mind which meant clearing ship for action; on the contrary her instinct told her that this man was somehow completely pregnable and quite defenseless. When Ardita defied convention—and of late it had been her chief amusement—it was from an intense desire to be herself, and she felt that this man on the contrary was preoccupied with his own defiance.

She was much more interested in him than she was in her own situation, which affected her as the prospect of a matinée might affect a ten-year-old child. She had implicit confidence in her ability to take care of herself under any and all circumstances.

The night deepened. A pale new moon smiled misty-eyed upon the sea, and as the shore faded dimly out and dark clouds were blown like leaves along the far horizon a great haze of moonshine suddenly bathed the yacht and spread an avenue of glittering mail in her swift path. From time to time there was the bright flare of a match as one of them lighted a cigarette, but except for the low undertone of the throbbing engines and the even wash of the waves about the stern the yacht was quiet as a dream boat star-bound through the heavens. Round them flowed the smell of the night sea, bringing with it an infinite languor.

Carlyle broke the silence at last.

"Lucky girl," he sighed, "I've always wanted to be rich—and buy all this beauty."

Ardita yawned.

"I'd rather be you," she said frankly.

"You would—for about a day. But you do seem to possess a lot of nerve for a flapper."

"I wish you wouldn't call me that."

"Beg your pardon."

"As to nerve," she continued slowly, "it's my one redeeming feature. I'm not afraid of anything in heaven or earth."

"Hm, I am."

"To be afraid," said Ardita, "a person has either to be very great and strong—or else a coward. I'm neither." She paused for a moment, and eagerness crept into her tone. "But I want to talk about you. What on earth have you done—and how did you do it?"

"Why?" he demanded cynically. "Going to write a movie about me?"

"Go on," she urged. "Lie to me by the moonlight. Do a fabulous story."

A negro appeared, switched on a string of small lights under the awning and began setting the wicker table for supper. And while they ate cold sliced chicken, salad, artichokes and strawberry jam from the plentiful larder below, Carlyle began to talk, hesitatingly at first, but eagerly as he saw she was interested. Ardita scarcely touched her food as she watched his dark young face—handsome, ironic, faintly ineffectual.

He began life as a poor kid in a Tennessee town, he said, so poor that his people were the only white family in their street. He never remembered any white children—but there were always a dozen pickaninnies streaming in his trail, passionate admirers whom he kept in tow by the vividness of his imagination and the amount of trouble he was always getting them in and out of. And it seemed that this association diverted a rather unusual musical gift into a strange channel.

There had been a colored woman named Belle Pope Calhoun who played the piano at parties given for white children—nice white children that would have passed Curtis Carlyle with a sniff. But the ragged little "po' white" used to sit beside her piano by the hour and try to get in an alto with one of those kazoos that boys hum through. Before he was thirteen he was picking up a living teasing ragtime out of a battered violin in little cafés round Nashville. Eight years later the ragtime craze hit the country and he took six darkies on the Orpheum circuit. Five of them were boys he had grown up with; the other was the little mulatto, Babe Divine, who was a wharf nigger round New York and long before that a plantation hand in Bermuda, until he stuck an eight-inch stiletto in his master's back. Almost before Carlyle realized his good fortune he was on Broadway, with offers of engagements on all sides, and more money than he had ever dreamed of.

It was about then that a change began in his whole attitude, a rather curious, embittering change. It was when he realized that he was spending the golden years of his life gibbering round a stage with a lot of black men. His act was good of its kind—three trombones, three saxophones and Carlyle's flute—and it was his own peculiar sense of rhythm that made all the difference; but he began to grow strangely sensitive about it, began to hate the thought of appearing, dreaded it from day to day.

They were making money—each contract he signed called for more—but when he went to managers and told them that he wanted to separate from his sextet and go on as a regular pianist they laughed at him and told him he was crazy—it would be an artistic suicide. He used to laugh afterward at the phrase "artistic suicide." They all used it.

Half a dozen times they played at private dances at three thousand dollars a night, and it seemed as if these crystallized all his distaste for his mode of livelihood. They took place in clubs and houses that he couldn't have gone into in the daytime. After all, he was merely playing the rôle of the eternal monkey, a sort of sublimated chorus man. He was sick of the very smell of the theater, of powder and rouge and the chatter of the green room and the patronizing approval of the boxes. He couldn't put his heart into it any more. The idea of a slow approach to the luxury of leisure drove him wild. He was, of course, progressing toward it but, like a child, eating his ice cream so slowly that he couldn't taste it at all.

He wanted to have a lot of money, and time and opportunity to read and play, and the sort of men and women round him that he could never have—the kind who, if they thought of him at all, would have considered him rather contemptible; in short he wanted all those things which he was beginning to lump under the general head of aristocracy, an aristocracy which it seemed almost any money could buy except money made as he was making it. He was twenty-five then, without family or education or any promise that he would succeed in a business career. He began speculating wildly, and within three weeks he had lost every cent he had saved.

Then the war came. He went to Plattsburg, and even there his profession followed him. A brigadier general called him up to headquarters and told him he could serve the country better as a band leader—so he spent the war entertaining celebrities behind the line with a headquarters band. It was not so bad—except that when the infantry came limping back from the trenches he wanted to be one of them. The sweat and mud they wore seemed only one of those ineffable symbols of aristocracy that were forever eluding him.

"It was the private dances that did it. After I came back from the war the old routine started. We had an offer from a syndicate of Florida hotels. It was only a question of time then."

He broke off and Ardita looked at him expectantly, but he shook his head.

"No," he said, "I'm not going to tell you about it. I'm enjoying it too much, and I'm afraid I'd lose a little of that enjoyment if I shared it with anyone else. I want to hang on to those few breathless, heroic moments when I stood out before them all and let them know I was more than a damn bobbing, squawking clown."

From up forward came suddenly the low sound of singing. The negroes had gathered together on the deck and their voices rose together in a haunting melody that soared in poignant harmonics toward the moon. And Ardita listened in enchantment:

Oh down—
Oh down,
Mammy wanna take me downa milky way,
Oh down—
Oh down,
Pappy say to-morra-a-a-ah!
But mammy say to-day,
Yes—mammy say to-day!

Carlyle sighed and was silent for a moment, looking up at the gathered host of stars blinking like arc lights in the warm sky. The negroes' song had died away to a plaintive humming and it seemed as if minute by minute the brightness and the great silence were increasing until he could almost hear the midnight toilet of the mermaids as they combed their silver-dripping curls under the moon and gossiped to each other of the fine wrecks they lived in on the green opalescent avenues below.

"You see," said Carlyle softly, "this is the beauty I want. Beauty has got to be astonishing, astounding—it's got to burst in on you like a dream, like the exquisite eyes of a girl."

He turned to her, but she was silent.

"You see, don't you, Anita—I mean, Ardita?"

Again she made no answer. She had been sound asleep for some time.

IV

IN THE dense sun-flooded noon of next day a spot in the sea before them resolved casually into a green-and-gray islet, apparently composed of a great granite cliff at its northern end which slanted south through a mile of vivid coppice and grass to a sandy beach melting lazily into the surf. When Ardita, reading in her favorite seat, came to the last page of The Revolt of the Angels and slamming the book shut looked up and saw it, she gave a little cry of delight and called to Carlyle, who was standing moodily by the rail.

"Is this it? Is this where you're going?"

Carlyle shrugged his shoulders carelessly.

"You've got me." He raised his voice and called up to the acting skipper. "Oh, Babe, is this your island?"

The mulatto's miniature head appeared from round the corner of the deckhouse.

"Yas-suh! This yeah's it."

Carlyle joined Ardita.

"Looks sort of sporting, doesn't it?"

"Yes," she agreed; "but it doesn't look big enough to be much of a hiding place."

"You still putting your faith in those wirelesses your uncle was going to have zigzagging round?"

"No," said Ardita frankly. "I'm all for you. I'd really like to see you make a get-away."

He laughed.

"You're our Lady Luck. Guess we'll have to keep you with us as a mascot—for the present anyway."

"You couldn't very well ask me to swim back," she said coolly. "If you do I'm going to start writing dime novels founded on that interminable history of your life you gave me last night."

He flushed and stiffened slightly.

"I'm very sorry I bored you."

"Oh, you didn't—until just at the end with some story about how furious you were because you couldn't dance with the ladies you played music for."

He rose angrily.

"You have got a darn mean little tongue."

"Excuse me," she said, melting into laughter, "but I'm not used to having men regale me with the story of their life ambitions—especially if they've lived such deathly platonic lives."

"Why? What do men usually regale you with?"

"Oh, they talk about me," she yawned. "They tell me I'm the spirit of youth and beauty."

"What do you tell them?"

"Oh, I agree quietly."

"Does every man you meet tell you he loves you?"

Ardita nodded.

"Why shouldn't he? All life is just a progression toward and then a recession from one phrase—'I love you.'"

Carlyle laughed and sat down.

"That's very true. That's—that's not bad. Did you make that up?"

"Yes—or rather I found it out. It doesn't mean anything especially. It's just clever."

"It's the sort of remark," he said gravely, "that's typical of your class."

"Oh," she interrupted impatiently, "don't start that lecture on aristocracy again! I distrust people who can be intense at this hour in the morning. It's a mild form of insanity—a sort of breakfast-food jag. Morning's the time to sleep, swim and be careless."

(Continued on Page 101)

Tom and Huck in the woods

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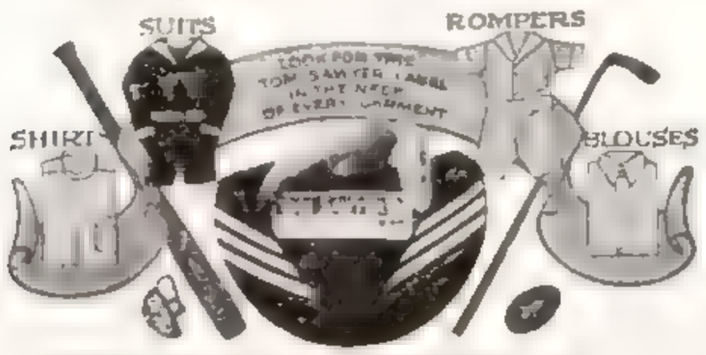

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"WASHWEAR" For Real Boys

GET OUT FOR A LONG CAREER

(Continued from Page 99)

Ten minutes later they had swung round in a wide circle as if to approach the island from the north.

"There's a trick somewhere," commented Ardita thoughtfully. "He can't mean just to anchor up against this cliff."

They were heading straight in now toward the solid rock, which must have been well over a hundred feet tall, and not until they were within fifty yards of it did Ardita see their objective. Then she clapped her hands in delight.

There was a break in the cliff entirely hidden by a curious overlapping of rock and through this break the yacht entered and very slowly traversed a narrow channel of crystal-clear water between high gray walls. Then they were riding at anchor in a miniature world of green and gold, a gilded bay smooth as glass and set round with tiny palms, the whole resembling the mirror lakes and twig trees that children set up in sand piles.

"Not so darned bad!" cried Carlyle excitedly. "I guess that little coon knows his way round this corner of the Atlantic."

His exuberance was contagious and Ardita became quite jubilant.

"It's an absolutely sure-fire hiding place!"

"Lordy, yes! It's the sort of island you read about."

The rowboat was lowered into the golden lake and they pulled ashore.

"Come on," said Carlyle as they landed in the slushy sand; "we'll go exploring."

The fringe of palms was in turn ringed in by a round mile of flat sandy country. They followed it south and, brushing through a farther rim of tropical vegetation, came out on a pearl-gray virgin beach where Ardita kicked off her brown golf shoes—she seemed to have permanently abandoned stockings—and went wading. Then they sauntered back to the yacht, where the indefatigable Babe had luncheon ready for them. He had posted a lookout on the high cliff to the north to watch the sea on both sides, though he doubted if the entrance to the cliff was generally known—he had never seen a map on which the island was even marked.

"What's its name," asked Ardita—"the island, I mean?"

"No name 'tall," chuckled Babe. "Reckin she jus' island, 'at's all."

Ardita thought for a moment.

"I'll name it," she said. "It'll be the Isle of Illusion."

"Or of Disillusion," murmured Carlyle.

"Disillusion, if more people know about it than Babe seems to think."

In the late afternoon they sat with their backs against great bowlders on the highest part of the cliff and Carlyle sketched for her his vague plans. He was sure they were hot after him by this time. The total proceeds of the coup he had pulled off, and concerning which he still refused to enlighten her, he estimated as just under a million dollars. He counted on lying up here several weeks and then setting off southward, keeping well outside the usual channels of travel, rounding the Horn and heading for Callao, in Peru. The details of coaling and provisioning he was leaving entirely to Babe, who, it seemed, had sailed these seas in every capacity from cabin boy aboard a coffee trader to virtual first mate on a Brazilian pirate craft, whose skipper had long since been hung.

"If he'd been white he'd have been king of South America long ago," said Carlyle emphatically. "When it comes to intelligence he makes Booker T. Washington look like a moron. He's got the guile of every race and nationality whose blood is in his veins, and that's half a dozen or I'm a liar. He worships me because I'm the only man in the world who can play better ragtime than he can. We used to sit together on the wharves down on the New York water front, he with a bassoon and I with an oboe, and we'd blend minor keys in African harmonics a thousand years old until the rats would crawl up the posts and sit round groaning and squeaking like dogs will in front of a phonograph."

Ardita roared.

"How you can tell 'em!"

Carlyle grinned.

"I swear that's the gos——"

"What you going to do when you get to Callao?" she interrupted.

"Take ship for India. I want to be a rajah. I mean it. My idea is to go up into Afghanistan somewhere, buy up a palace and a reputation, and then after about five years appear in England with a foreign accent and a mysterious past. But India first. Do you know, they say that all the gold in the world drifts very gradually back to India! Something fascinating about that to me. And I want leisure to read—an immense amount."

"How about after that?"

"Then," he answered defiantly, "comes aristocracy. Laugh if you want to—but at least you'll have to admit that I know what I want—which I imagine is more than you do."

"On the contrary," contradicted Ardita, reaching in her pocket for her cigarette case, "when I met you I was in the midst of a great uproar of all my friends and relatives because I did know what I wanted."

"What was it?"

"A man."

He started.

"You mean you were engaged?"

"After a fashion. If you hadn't come aboard I had every intention of slipping ashore yesterday evening—how long ago it seems—and meeting him in Palm Beach. He's waiting there for me with a bracelet that once belonged to Catharine of Russia. Now don't mutter anything about aristocracy," she put in quickly. "I liked him simply because he had an imagination and the utter courage of his convictions."

"But your family disapproved, eh?"

"What there is of it—only a silly uncle and a sillier aunt. It seems he got into some scandal with a red-haired woman named Mimi something—it was frightfully exaggerated, he said, and men don't lie to me—and anyway I didn't care what he'd done; it was the future that counted. And I'd see to that. When a man's in love with me he doesn't care for other amusements. I told him to drop her like a hot cake, and he did."

"I feel rather jealous," said Carlyle, frowning—and then he laughed. "I guess I'll just keep you along with us until we get to Callao. Then I'll lend you enough money to get back to the States. By that time you'll have had a chance to think that gentleman over a little more."

"Don't talk to me like that!" fired up Ardita. "I won't tolerate the parental attitude from anybody! Do you understand me?"

He chuckled and then stopped, rather abashed, as her cold anger seemed to fold him about and chill him.

"I'm sorry," he offered uncertainly.

"Oh, don't apologize! I can't stand men who say 'I'm sorry' in that manly, reserved tone. Just shut up!"

A pause ensued, a pause which Carlyle found rather awkward, but which Ardita seemed not to notice at all as she sat contentedly enjoying her cigarette and gazing out at the shining sea. After a minute she crawled out on the rock and lay with her face over the edge, looking down. Carlyle, watching her, reflected how it seemed impossible for her to assume an ungraceful attitude.

"Oh, look!" she cried. "There's a lot of sort of ledges down there. Wide ones of all different heights."

He joined her and together they gazed down the dizzy height.

"We'll go swimming to-night!" she said excitedly. "By moonlight."

"Wouldn't you rather go in at the beach on the other end?"

"Not a chance. I like to dive. You can use my uncle's bathing suit, only it'll fit you like a gunny sack, because he's a very flabby man. I've got a one-piece affair that's shocked the natives all along the Atlantic coast from Biddeford Pool to St. Augustine."

"I suppose you're a shark."

"Yes, I'm pretty good. And I look cute too. A sculptor last summer told me my calves were worth five hundred dollars."

There didn't seem to be any answer to this, so Carlyle was silent, permitting himself only a discreet interior smile.

V

WHEN the night crept down in shadowy blue and silver they threaded the shimmering channel in the rowboat and tying it to a jutting rock began climbing the cliff together. The first shelf was ten feet up, wide and furnishing a natural diving platform. There they sat down in the bright moonlight and watched the faint incessant surge of the waters, almost stilled now as the tide set seaward.

"Are you happy?" he asked suddenly.

She nodded.

"Always happy near the sea. You know," she went on, "I've been thinking all day

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that you and I are somewhat alike. We're both rebels—only for different reasons. One year ago, when I was just eighteen, and you were ——"

"Twenty-five."

"—— well, we were both conventional successes. I was an utterly devastating débutante and you were a prosperous musician just commissioned in the army ——"

"Gentleman by act of Congress," he put in ironically.

"Well, at any rate, we both fitted. If our corners were not rubbed off they were at least pulled in. But deep in us both was something that made us require more for happiness. I didn't know what I wanted. I went from man to man, restless, impatient, month by month getting less acquiescent and more dissatisfied. I used to sit sometimes chewing at the insides of my mouth and thinking I was going crazy—I had a frightful sense of transiency. I wanted things now—now—now! Here I was—beautiful —— I am, aren't I?"

"Yes," agreed Carlyle tentatively.

Ardita rose suddenly.

"Wait a second. I want to try this delightful-looking sea."

She walked to the end of the ledge and shot out over the water, doubling up in midair and then straightening out and entering the water straight as a blade in a perfect jackknife dive.

In a minute her voice floated up to him.

"You see, I used to read all day and most of the night. I began to resent society ——"

"Come on up here," he interrupted. "What on earth are you doing?"

"Just floating round on my back. I'll be up in a minute. Let me tell you. The only thing I enjoyed was shocking people; wearing something quite impossible and quite charming to fancy-dress parties, going round with the fastest men in New York and getting into some of the most hellish scrapes imaginable."

The sounds of splashing mingled with her words, and then he heard her hurried breathing as she began climbing up the side to the ledge.

"Go on in!" she called.

Obediently he rose and dived. When he emerged, dripping, and made the climb he found that she was no longer on the ledge, but after a frightened second he heard her light laughter from another shelf ten feet up. There he joined her and they both sat quietly for a moment, their arms clasped round their knees, panting a little from the climb.

"The family were wild," she said suddenly. "They tried to marry me off. And then when I'd begun to feel that after all life was scarcely worth living I found something"—her eyes went skyward exultantly—"I found something!"

Carlyle waited and her words came with a rush.

"Courage—just that; courage as a rule of life and something to cling to always. I began to build up this enormous faith in myself. I began to see that in all my idols in the past some manifestation of courage had unconsciously been the thing that attracted me. I began separating courage from the other things of life. All sorts of courage—the beaten, bloody prize fighter coming up for more—I used to make men take me to prize fights; the *déclassée* woman sailing through a nest of cats and looking at them as if they were mud under her feet; the liking what you like always; the utter disregard for other people's opinions—just to live as I liked always and to die in my own way. Did you bring up the cigarettes?"

He handed one over and held a match for her silently.

"Still," Ardita continued, "the men kept gathering—old men and young men, my mental and physical inferiors, most of them, but all intensely desiring to have me—to own this rather magnificent proud tradition I'd built up round me. Do you see?"

"Sort of. You never were beaten and you never apologized."

"Never!"

She sprang to the edge, poised for a moment like a crucified figure against the sky; then describing a dark parabola plunked without a splash between two silver ripples twenty feet below.

Her voice floated up to him again.

"And courage to me meant plowing through that dull gray mist that comes down on life—not only overriding people and circumstances but overriding the bleakness of living. A sort of insistence on the value of life and the worth of transient things."

She was climbing up now, and at her last words her head, with the damp yellow hair slicked symmetrically back, appeared on his level.

"All very well," objected Carlyle. "You can call it courage, but your courage is really built, after all, on a pride of birth. You were bred to that defiant attitude. On my gray days even courage is one of the things that's gray and lifeless."

She was sitting near the edge, hugging her knees and gazing abstractedly at the white moon; he was farther back, crammed like a grotesque god into a niche in the rock.

"I don't want to sound like Pollyanna," she began, "but you haven't grasped me yet. My courage is faith—faith in the eternal resilience of me—that joy'll come back, and hope and spontaneity. And I feel that till it does I've got to keep my lips shut and my chin high and my eyes wide—not necessarily any silly smiling. Oh, I've been through hell without a whine quite often—and the female hell is deadlier than the male."

"But supposing," suggested Carlyle, "that before joy and hope and all that came back the curtain was drawn on you for good?"

Ardita rose, and going to the wall climbed with some difficulty to the next ledge, another ten or fifteen feet above.

"Why," she called back, "then I'd have won!"

He edged out till he could see her.

"Better not dive from there! You'll break your back," he said quickly.

She laughed.

"Not I!"

Slowly she spread her arms and stood there swanlike, radiating a pride in the young life within her that lit a warm glow in Carlyle's heart.

"We're going through the black air with our arms wide," she called, "and our feet straight out behind like a dolphin's tail, and we're going to think we'll never hit the silver down there till suddenly it'll be all warm round us and full of little kissing, caressing waves."

Then she was in the air and Carlyle involuntarily held his breath. He had not realized that the dive was nearly forty feet. It seemed an eternity before he heard the swift compact sound as she reached the sea.

And it was with his glad sigh of relief when her light watery laughter curled up the side of the cliff and into his anxious ears that he knew he loved her.

VI

TIME, having no ax to grind, showered down upon them three days of afternoons. When the sun cleared the porthole of Ardita's cabin an hour after dawn she rose cheerily, donned her bathing suit and went up on deck. The negroes would leave their work when they saw her, and crowd, chuckling and chattering, to the rail as she floated, an agile minnow, on and under the surface of the clear water. Again in the cool of the afternoon she would swim—and loll and smoke with Carlyle upon the cliff; or else they would lie on their sides in the sands of the southern beach, talking little, but watching the day fade colorfully and tragically into the infinite languor of a tropical evening.

And with the long sunny hours Ardita's idea of the episode as incidental, madcap, a sprig of romance in a desert of reality, gradually left her. She dreaded the time when he would strike off southward; she dreaded all the eventualities that presented themselves to her; thoughts were suddenly troublesome and decisions odious. Had prayers found place in the pagan rituals of her soul she would have asked of life only to be unmolested for a while, lazily acquiescent to the ready, untutored flow of Carlyle's ideas, his vivid boyish imagination and the vein of monomania that seemed to run crosswise through his temperament and colored his every action.

But this is not a story of two on an island nor concerned primarily with love bred of isolation. It is merely the presentation of two personalities, and its idyllic setting among the palms of the Gulf Stream is quite incidental. Most of us are content to exist and breed, and fight for the right to do both, and the dominant idea, the foredoomed attempt to control one's destiny, is reserved for the fortunate or unfortunate few. To me the interesting thing about Ardita is the courage that will tarnish with her beauty and youth.

"Take me with you," said Ardita late one night as they sat lazily in the grass under the shadowy spreading palms. The negroes had brought ashore their instruments and the sound of weird ragtime was drifting over softly on the warm breath of the night. "I'd love to reappear in ten years as a fabulously wealthy high-caste Indian lady," she continued.

Carlyle looked at her quickly.

"You can, you know."

She laughed.

"Is it a proposal of marriage? Extra! Ardita Farnam becomes pirate's bride. Society girl kidnaped by ragtime bank robber."

"It wasn't a bank."

"What was it? Why won't you tell me?"

"I don't want to break down your illusions."

"My dear man, I have no illusions about you."

"I mean your illusions about yourself."

She looked up in surprise.

"About myself! What on earth have I got to do with whatever stray felonies you've committed?"

"That remains to be seen."

She reached over and patted his hand.

"Dear Mr. Curtis Carlyle," she said softly, "are you in love with me?"

"As if it mattered."

"But it does—because I think I'm in love with you."

He looked at her ironically.

"Thus swelling your January total to half a dozen," he suggested. "Suppose I call your bluff and ask you to come to India with me?"

"Shall I?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"We can get married in Callao."

"What sort of life can you offer me? I don't mean that unkindly, but seriously; what would become of me if the people who want that twenty-thousand-dollar reward ever catch up with you?"

"I thought you weren't afraid."

"I never am—but I won't throw my life away just to show one man I'm not."

"I wish you'd been poor. Just a little poor girl dreaming over a fence in a warm cow country."

"Wouldn't it have been nice?"

"I'd have enjoyed astonishing you—watching your eyes open on things. If you only wanted things! Don't you see?"

"I know—like girls who stare into the windows of jewelry stores."

"Yes—and want the big oblong watch that's platinum and has diamonds all round the edge. Only you'd decide it was too expensive and choose one of white gold for a hundred dollars. Then I'd say, 'Expensive? I should say not!' And we'd go into the store and pretty soon the platinum one would be gleaming on your wrist."

"That sounds so nice and vulgar—and fun, doesn't it?" murmured Ardita.

"Doesn't it? Can't you see us traveling round and spending money right and left and being worshiped by bell boys and waiters? Oh, blessed are the simple rich, for they inherit the earth!"

"I honestly wish we were that way."

"I love you, Ardita," he said gently.

Her face lost its childish look for a moment and became oddly grave.

"I love to be with you," she said, "more than with any man I've ever met. And I like your looks and your dark old hair and the way you go over the side of the rail when we come ashore. In fact, Curtis Carlyle, I like all the things you do when you're perfectly natural. I think you've got nerve, and you know how I feel about that. Sometimes when you're round I've been tempted to kiss you suddenly and tell you that you were just an idealistic boy with a lot of caste nonsense in his head. Perhaps if I were just a little bit older and a little more bored I'd go with you. As it is, I think I'll go back and marry—that other man."

Over across the silver lake the figures of the negroes writhed and squirmed in the moonlight, like acrobats who, having been too long inactive, must go through their tricks from sheer surplus energy. In single file they marched, weaving in concentric circles, now with their heads thrown back, now bent over their instruments like piping fauns. And from trombone and saxophone ceaselessly whined a blended melody, sometimes riotous and jubilant, sometimes haunting and plaintive as a death dance from the Congo's heart.

"Let's dance!" cried Ardita. "I can't sit still with that perfect jazz going on."

Taking her hand, he led her out into a broad stretch of hard sandy soil that the

(Continued on Page 106)

Rich ice cream at one third the cost

RIGHT now—as fresh fruits are becoming increasingly plentiful—have fruit ice cream every day or two!

It may seem like an expensive luxury—this delightful, wholesome, fresh-fruit ice cream—but it is really inexpensive. You can make it at home at one-third the cost of buying it—and it will have the real cream taste, the delicate flavor and the rich smooth quality which means real cream.

Don't think ice cream is hard to make—it is both quick and easy. All you need is a half hour's time, ten cents' worth of ice and salt, and just the right ingredient for the cream.

That is what Libby's Evaporated Milk is—a perfect ice cream ingredient. It is pure rich milk—from the most famous dairy sections of this country. From this fine milk more than half the moisture is removed—nothing is added. That is why it has more than twice as much butter fat as ordinary milk—why it is like cream. And it costs so much less than cream.

To make ice cream with Libby's Evaporated Milk, all you have to do is to add the flavoring and sugar, turn it into the freezer and fifteen minutes later your work is done. Here, for instance, is a recipe for delightful ice cream, which may be made either with or without fresh fruits or berries:

2 cups Libby's Milk — 1 egg
2 cups water — 1-8 teaspoon salt
1-2 cup sugar — 1 tablespoon vanilla
1 tablespoon flour

Scald milk and water, add slowly to dry ingredients, and heat to boiling. Pour mixture slowly into slightly beaten egg and cook one minute, stirring constantly. Strain, cool, flavor and freeze.

This will make one and one-half quarts. One cup of fresh fruit or berries may be added to the cream before freezing, or the fruit may be served over the frozen cream.

Have Libby's Evaporated Milk in the house for all milk and cream uses. Order it from your grocer—he has it or will gladly get it for you.

Libby, McNeill & Libby, 505 B Welfare Bldg., Chicago

Libby's Milk

Larger photograph: One of the big Goodyear Cord Tires used in a five months' comparison with cushion (semi-solid) tires which was made by The Liquid Carbonic Company, Chicago. Small photograph: The two trucks compared, No. 57 on pneumatic tires and No. 56 on semi-solid tires

Copyright 1920, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.

GOODYEAR

The Economy of Pneumatics in Plain Figures

THE Liquid Carbonic Company, at Chicago, has kept daily records for five months of the operation of Truck No. 56, shod with cushion (semi-solid) tires mounted on resilient wheels, and Truck No. 57, entirely equipped with Goodyear Cord Tires. The two trucks were of the same capacity. Although the cushion type of truck tire is more yielding and active than a solid tire, Truck No. 56 covered only little more than half the mileage negotiated by No. 57 on Goodyear Cord Tires and its operating cost exceeded that of the pneumatic-equipped truck by 5.2 cents per mile. The recapitulation below shows the wide margins of saving in favor of the Goodyear Cord Tires.

	Truck No. 56 (Semi-solid tires)	Truck No. 57 (Goodyear Cord Tires)	Difference in favor of Pneumatics
Number of days operated	128	126	Due to service conditions
Miles traveled	3750	6181	65% increase
Miles per gallon of gasoline	6.7	8.33	24% increase
Maintenance and repairs per mile	$ .012	$ .009	25% saving
Labor cost per mile (drivers)	$ .141	$ .104	26% saving
Operating cost per mile	$ .383	$ .331	13% saving

When reduced to simple figures in a cost record, as above, the superiorities of pneumatic truck tires are quite as impressive on paper as they are on a busy city route or rolling continental highway.

Every virtue by which the pneumatics increase motor truck capacity for work receives its utmost complement of strength from Goodyear Cord construction, which thus affords the basis of extreme hauling economy.

Further ledger proof of the truck savings effected by pneumatics, through removal of the restrictions imposed by solid or semi-solid tires, can be secured from The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio.

CORD TIRES

More and Better Shaves!

Talk about exact science and fine art! Talk about diamond cutting! In what other factory must such precision prevail as in the Ever-Ready Radio Blade factory?

If there's one little defect in your blade, your shave isn't right. But there ISN'T one little defect in Radio Blades.

At the Ever-Ready factory, they say that is their business—making those little thin edges of beard-slicing steel. All thoughts are focused on that edge. It must be perfect, more than perfect.

The tougher your beard and the tenderer your skin, the more you'll appreciate the Ever-Ready Radio Blade.

6 for 40c—Sold the World Over

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Brooklyn, N. Y.

Makers of the famous Ever-Ready Safety Razors and Ever-Ready Shaving Brushes

Factories:
New York
Brooklyn
Toronto
London
Paris

(Continued from Page 102)

moon flooded with great splendor. They floated out like drifting moths under the rich hazy light, and as the fantastic symphony wept and exulted and wavered and despaired Ardita's last sense of reality dropped away and she abandoned her imagination to the dreamy summer scents of tropical flowers and the infinite starry spaces overhead, feeling that if she opened her eyes it would be to find herself dancing with a ghost in a land created by her own fancy.

"This is what I should call an exclusive private dance," he whispered.

"I feel quite mad — but delightfully mad!"

"We're enchanted. The shades of unnumbered generations of cannibals are watching us from high up on the side of the cliff there."

"And I'll bet the cannibal women are saying that we dance too close and that it was immodest of me to come without my nose ring."

They both laughed softly—and then their laughter died as over across the lake they heard the trombones stop in the middle of a bar and the saxophones give a startled moan and fade out.

"What's the matter?" called Carlyle.

After a moment's silence they made out the dark figure of a man rounding the silver lake at a run. As he came closer they saw it was Babe in a state of unusual excitement. He drew up before them and gasped out his news in a breath.

"Ship stan'in' off sho' 'bout half a mile, suh. Mose, he uz on watch, he say look's if she's done ancho'd."

"A ship—what kind of a ship?" demanded Carlyle anxiously.

Dismay was in his voice and Ardita's heart gave a sudden wrench as she saw his whole face suddenly droop.

"He say he don't know, suh."

"Are they landing a boat?"

"No, suh."

"We'll go up," said Carlyle.

They ascended the hill in silence, Ardita's hand still resting in Carlyle's as it had when they finished dancing. She felt it clench nervously from time to time as though he were unaware of the contact, but though he hurt her she made no attempt to remove it. It seemed an hour's climb before they reached the top and crept cautiously across the silhouetted plateau to the edge of the cliff. After one short look Carlyle involuntarily gave a little cry. It was a revenue boat with six-inch guns mounted fore and aft.

"They know!" he said with a short intake of breath. "They know! They picked up the trail somewhere."

"Are you sure they know about the channel? They may be only standing by to take a look at the island in the morning. From where they are they couldn't see the opening in the cliff."

"They could with field glasses," he said hopelessly. He looked at his wrist watch. "It's nearly two now. They won't do anything until dawn, that's certain. Of course there's always the faint possibility that they're waiting for some other ship to join; or for a coaler."

"I suppose we may as well stay right here."

The hours passed and they lay there side by side, very silently, their chins in their hands like dreaming children. In back of them squatted the negroes, patient, resigned, acquiescent, announcing now and then with sonorous snores that not even the presence of danger could subdue their unconquerable African craving for sleep.

Just before five o'clock Babe approached Carlyle.

There were half a dozen rifles aboard the Narcissus, he said. Had it been decided to offer no resistance? A pretty good fight might be made, he thought, if they worked out some plan.

Carlyle laughed and shook his head.

"That isn't a Spic army out there, Babe. That's a revenue boat. It'd be like a bow and arrow trying to fight a machine gun. If you want to bury those bags somewhere and take a chance on recovering them later, go on do it. But it won't work—they'd dig this island over from one end to another. It's a lost battle all round, Babe."

Babe inclined his head silently and turned away, and Carlyle's voice was husky as he turned to Ardita.

"There's the best friend I ever had. He'd die for me, and be proud to, if I'd let him."

"You've given up?"

"I've no choice. Of course there's always one way out—the sure way—but that can wait. I wouldn't miss my trial for anything—it'll be an interesting experiment in notoriety. 'Miss Farnam testifies that the pirate's attitude to her was at all times that of a gentleman.'"

"Don't!" she said. "I'm awfully sorry."

When the color faded from the sky and lusterless blue changed to leaden gray a commotion was visible on the ship's deck and they made out a group of officers clad in white duck, gathered near the rail. They had field glasses in their hands and were attentively examining the islet.

"It's all up," said Carlyle grimly.

"Damn!" whispered Ardita. She felt tears gathering in her eyes.

"We'll go back to the yacht," he said. "I prefer that to being hunted out up here like a 'possum."

Leaving the plateau they descended the hill, and reaching the lake were rowed out to the yacht by the silent negroes. Then, pale and weary, they sank into the settees and waited.

Half an hour later in the dim gray light the nose of the revenue boat appeared in the channel and stopped, evidently fearing that the bay might be too shallow. From the peaceful look of the yacht, the man and the girl in the settees and the negroes lounging curiously against the rail, they evidently judged that there would be no resistance.

Two boats were lowered casually over the side, one containing an officer and six bluejackets, and the other, four rowers and in the stern two gray-haired men in yachting flannels. Ardita and Carlyle stood up and half unconsciously started toward each other. Then he paused and putting his hand suddenly into his pocket he pulled out a round glittering object and held it out to her.

"What is it?" she asked wonderingly.

"I'm not positive, but I think from the Russian inscription inside that it's your promised bracelet."

"Where—where on earth ——"

"It came out of one of those bags. You see, Curtis Carlyle and his Six Black Buddies, in the middle of their performance in the tea room of the hotel at Palm Beach, suddenly changed their instruments for automatics and held up the crowd. I took this bracelet from a pretty overrouged woman with red hair."

Ardita frowned and then smiled.

"So that's what you did! You have got nerve!"

He bowed.

"A well-known bourgeois quality," he said.

And then dawn slanted dynamically across the deck and flung the shadows reeling into gray corners. The dew rose and turned to golden mist, thin as a dream, enveloping them until they seemed gossamer relics of the late night, infinitely transient and already fading. For a moment sea and sky were breathless and dawn held a pink hand over the young mouth of life—then from out in the lake came the complaint of a rowboat and the swish of oars.

Suddenly against the golden furnace low in the east their two graceful figures melted into one and he was kissing her spoiled young mouth.

"It's a sort of glory," he murmured after a second.

She smiled up at him.

"Happy, are you?"

Her sigh was a benediction—an ecstatic surety that she was youth and beauty now as much as she would ever know. For another instant life was radiant and time a phantom and their strength eternal—then there was a bumping, scraping sound as the rowboat scraped alongside.

Up the ladder scrambled the two gray-haired men, the officer and two of the sailors with their hands on their revolvers. Mr. Farnam folded his arms and stood looking at his niece.

"So," he said, nodding his head slowly.

With a sigh her arms unwound from Carlyle's neck, and her eyes, transfigured and far away, fell upon the boarding party. Her uncle saw her upper lip slowly swell into that arrogant pout he knew so well.

"So," he repeated savagely. "So this is your idea of—of romance. A runaway affair, with a—a high-seas pirate."

Ardita considered him carelessly.

"What an old fool you are!" she said quietly.

"Is that the best you can say for yourself?" (Concluded on Page 109)

GRANT SIX

RARELY do you find in a motor car such symmetry and such grace of line, such completely successful blending of form and function, as mark the Grant Six.

At a touch of the starter this beauty takes on new meaning. It becomes the outward symbol of buoyant fleetness and silent, tireless power.

If there be such a thing as poetry of motion the Grant Six portrays it. Almost it rivals the effortless flight of the eagle or the silent gliding of the swan.

If you have never enjoyed the thrill of boundless power, the feeling of mastery over limitless force, the consciousness that your mere touch will unloose the speed of the wind, this pleasure is in store for you now if you follow the judgment of the many thousands who have bought Grant Sixes during the past year. And your satisfaction will be none the less keen when you realize that the Grant Six is a car of almost unrivalled economy.

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EXPORT REPRESENTATIVE, INDUSTRIAL EXPORT COMPANY, INC., 245 WEST 55TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY

Electrification - a Significant Step in Railway Progress

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And yet how nearly the railroads have accomplished the proverbially impossible!

Whatever your own little individual grudge against the railroads—still they command your wholesome respect, and as your mind's eye glances out over their thousands of miles of gleaming rails, carrying vast congeries of men and trains, hurrying passengers and the supplies of life and industry to their innumerable destinations, as a man you cannot but thrill with pride at this tremendous, this monumental work of men.

* * *

The responsibilities of railway operation have attracted many of the world's most capable organizers and executives and called together a personnel which averages higher, perhaps, than that engaged in any other great human undertaking. Nothing so climaxes the loyalty, discipline and high specialized skill of railroad executives and men, and so clearly indicates the level of their capability, as their ready acceptance of every demonstrated new useful force and aid to better service and safer operation.

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* * *

Habirshaw is proud to have had an important place in this latest progression in railway operation.

As the foremost producer of insulated electric wires and cables, Habirshaw has done much to solve one of the most formidable of problems in railway electrification—the economical *transmission* of electrical power.

Today Habirshaw cables in many terminals are carrying the surging, tremendous horsepower to move long, heavy trains. And in the Habirshaw laboratories every scientific resource of a great organization is at work on the problems of tomorrow.

In the field Western Electric railroad specialty men, charged with technical service and the distribution of Habirshaw products for railway work, are in continuous touch with every practical condition as it arises.

HABIRSHAW is by volume production securing *economy* in first cost, and by perfection of organization a permanent *quality* in every product.

Habirshaw achievement in each of these efforts is such that the railroad management or the architect or the electrical engineer or contractor is assured of the quality of an electrical installation, whether it is a house-wiring job or the distribution system of a great power project—if there's an affirmative answer to the question: "Is it wired with Habirshaw?"

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HABIRSHAW

"Proven by the test of time"

Insulated Wire & Cable

Plus Western Electric Company's Service

(Concluded from Page 106)

"No," she said as if considering. "No, there's something else. There's that well-known phrase with which I have ended most of our conversations for the past few years—'Shut up!'"

And with that she turned, included the two old men, the officer and the two sailors in a curt glance of contempt, and walked proudly down the companionway.

But had she waited an instant longer she would have heard a sound from her uncle quite unfamiliar in most of their interviews. Her uncle gave vent to a wholehearted amused chuckle, in which the second old man joined.

The latter turned briskly to Carlyle, who had been regarding this scene with an air of cryptic amusement.

"Well, Toby," he said genially, "you incurable, harebrained, romantic chaser of rainbows, did you find that she was the person you wanted?"

Carlyle smiled confidently.

"Why—naturally," he said. "I've been perfectly sure ever since I first heard tell of her wild career. That's why I had Babe send up the rocket last night."

"I'm glad you did," said Colonel Moreland gravely. "We've been keeping pretty close to you in case you should have trouble with those six strange niggers. And we hoped we'd find you two in some such compromising position," he sighed. "Well, set a crank to catch a crank!"

"Your father and I sat up all night hoping for the best—or perhaps it's the worst. Lord knows you're welcome to her, my boy. She's run me crazy. Did you give her the Russian bracelet my detective got from that Mimi woman?"

Carlyle nodded.

"Sh!" he said. "She's coming on deck."

Ardita appeared at the head of the companionway and gave a quick involuntary glance at Carlyle's wrists. A puzzled look came over her face. Back aft the negroes had begun to sing, and the cool lake, fresh with dawn, echoed serenely to their low voices.

"Ardita," said Carlyle unsteadily.

She swayed a step toward him.

"Ardita," he repeated breathlessly, "I've got to tell you the—the truth. It was all a plant, Ardita. My name isn't Carlyle. It's Moreland, Toby Moreland. The story was invented, Ardita, invented out of thin Florida air."

She stared at him, bewildered amazement, disbelief and anger flowing in quick waves across her face. The three men held their breaths. Moreland, Senior, took a step toward her; Mr. Farnam's mouth dropped a little open as he waited, panic-stricken, for the expected crash.

But it did not come. Ardita's face became suddenly radiant, and with a little laugh she went swiftly to young Moreland and looked up at him without a trace of wrath in her gray eyes.

"Will you swear," she said quietly, "that it was entirely a product of your own brain?"

"I swear," said young Moreland eagerly.

She drew his head down and kissed him gently.

"What an imagination!" she said softly and almost enviously. "I want you to lie to me just as sweetly as you know how for the rest of my life."

The negroes' voices floated drowsily back, mingled in an air that she had heard them sing before:

Time is a thief;
Gladness and grief
Cling to the leaf
As it yellows ——

"What was in the bags?" she asked softly.

"Florida mud," he answered. "That was one of the two true things I told you."

And Ardita being a girl of some perspicacity had no difficulty in guessing the other.

SCHOOL-TEACHERS

WHEN men wore whiskers and girls wore red-flannel petticoats and boys wore copper-toed shoes, the business of teaching a rural school was listed as one of the hazardous occupations, and one who applied for a position was not questioned closely concerning his intellectual attainments if his breadth of shoulder gave promise of ability to maintain order in the schoolroom. The teacher earned a little more than the plow hand, and his board was part of his pay.

In later years, when schoolboys had grown tamer, girl pedagogues appeared. For the most part the girls became teachers because their earnings were needed at home. If there were several girls in the family and the head of the house decreed that one should become a teacher the lot usually fell to the one least beautiful, the assumption being that she had less reasonable hope of catching a husband. If homely girls develop more brains than pretty girls it is because they have need of more.

Girl pedagogues were considered desirable because they lived at home and were thus enabled to work for a smaller salary than men demanded. Then, as now, citizens made fine talk concerning the benefits of education and whined about the taxes levied for educational purposes.

Teaching was not a profession. Men without capital taught school until something better should offer, and girls taught while waiting for a man. Their social standing was near that of the preacher. Like the preacher they were respected for their knowledge and despised for their poverty, and those who furnished their support purchased the right to hold them in mild contempt. It is not surprising that pedagogy progressed but slowly to the dignity of a profession.

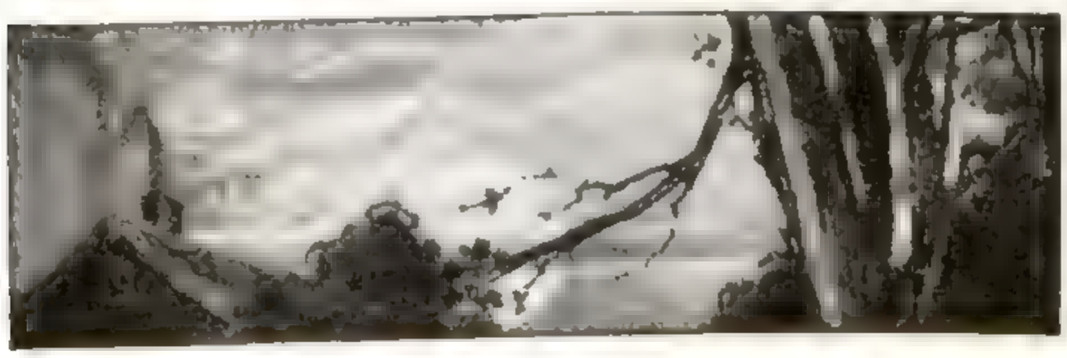
A profession it is to-day. Reputable schools teach the art of teaching as others teach medicine and the law. One who would teach must know his trade. And as we demand more of our teachers so do we respect them more. Indeed, in most communities the pedagogue is a superior person, deferred to and consulted in many matters not rightly pertaining to his craft.

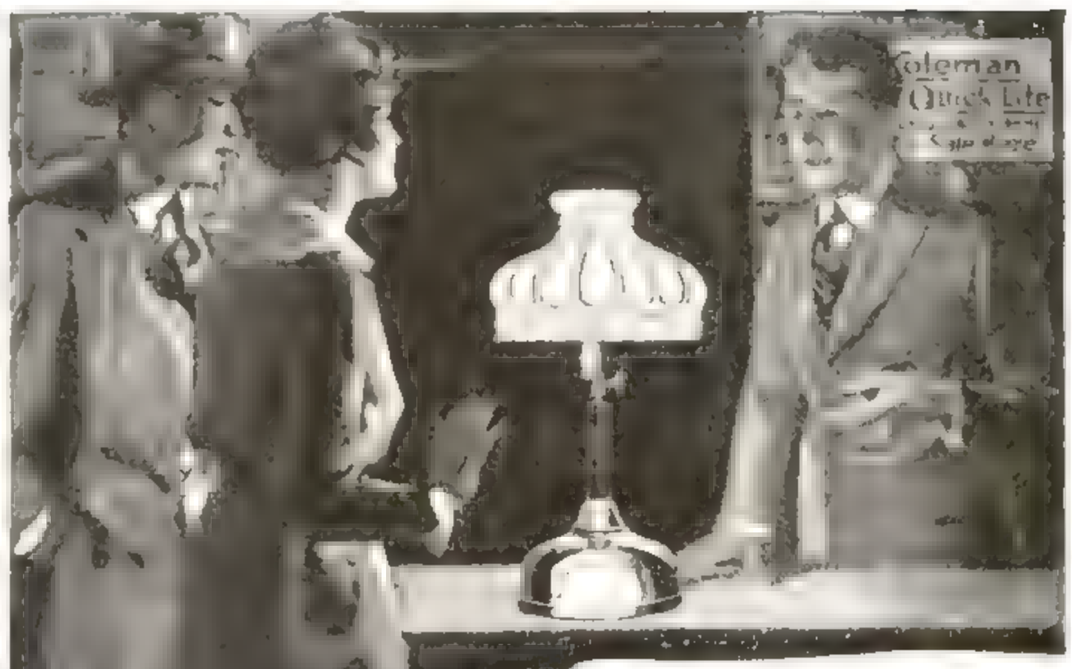
He holds the respect he deserves, but he does not receive the pay he deserves. Business men gauge the value of an employee by his ability to make a profit for his employer. The profit made by the pedagogue for his employers is an indefinite one, not readily comprehended, and since it cannot be counted in dollars and cents must be accepted on faith. As an incentive to continued investment, faith is less effective than the sight of immediate profits in cash.

The pedagogue has devoted years to the task of learning his trade, but he will not always pay the price of poverty for the privilege of doing his work. The ever-widening gulf between his earnings and the earnings of those whose sole stock in trade is brawn will in time persuade him to venture into a new field and the schools will come upon an evil day.

We prate of our civilization, and mouth pretty phrases concerning the blessings of education; but we do not show our faith by our works. If we valued education as we profess to value it, brains would have a reasonable cash value in the schoolroom as they have in commerce and industry, and college-bred experts would not be held down to a wage that is demanded and received by apprentices in other trades.

It will always be possible to hire teachers at the price now paid; it will not long be possible to hold competent teachers at that price.





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—"and the Cost to Use it is Only a Trifle More Than a Cent a Night"

"That's cheaper than the candles your grandfather *had* to use. And the old style oil lamp isn't in it with a Coleman Quick-Lite for economy of operation.

"A lot of my customers say that after using their Quick-Lite a whole year they have money left on what it formerly cost to use oil lamps.

"With the Quick-Lite you also save a lot of time and labor. No daily cleaning necessary—no greasy wicks to trim, no dirty chimneys to wash.

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"The Sunshine of the Night"

"Any way you figure, the Quick-Lite is a saving investment. You save when you buy it because the price is right and you get a lamp that is guaranteed to give years and years of satisfactory service.

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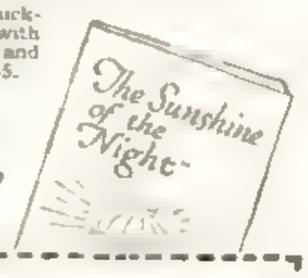

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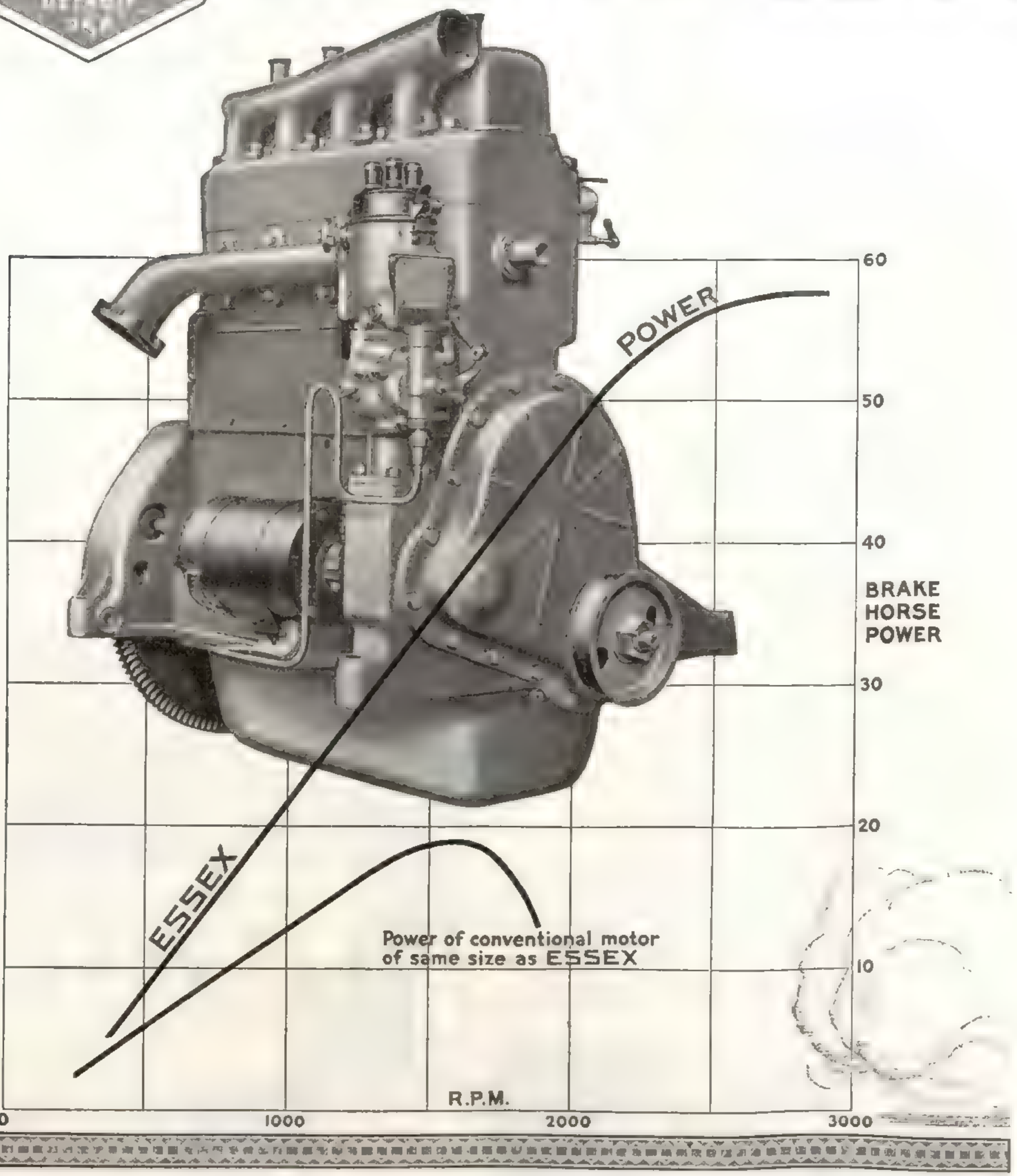

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The swing of interest to light cars, led by champions of the Essex, calls for particular caution.

Some may think Essex only one of a finer type, marking a general advance in standards throughout the light-car field.

But the facts quickly expose that mistake.

For the Essex motor is patented. No other can use it. And Essex performance, so enthusiastically admired by all motordom, is the product of that exclusive invention.

Essex has set the greatest official endurance record of 3037 miles in 50 hours. It has never been equalled by any other car, regardless of size or price.

And Essex made the world's 24-hour road-record, by traveling 1061 miles over snow-covered Iowa country roads.

All Results of Its Patented Motor

For cars of its piston displacement, it has won every official record, from 1 to 50 hours. It has proved speed such as only the fleetest of costly cars can rival.

And in its first year it set a selling record never equalled in motor history.

The Essex is a light, moderate-priced car. But its famous performance records by no means signify similar ability in other light cars. In fact they establish exactly the opposite. They prove the abilities, shown in making these unrivalled marks, exclusive in Essex.

Do they leave any vestige of comparison with the light cars you have known?

Does the sheer ability of the Essex patented motor leave any possibility that other light cars can match it?

Three Times More Power In the Same Size Motor

That is what the Essex invention means. Three times more power need not mean a thrice-better car. But consider how the enormous power of Essex is derived. That is the important thing.

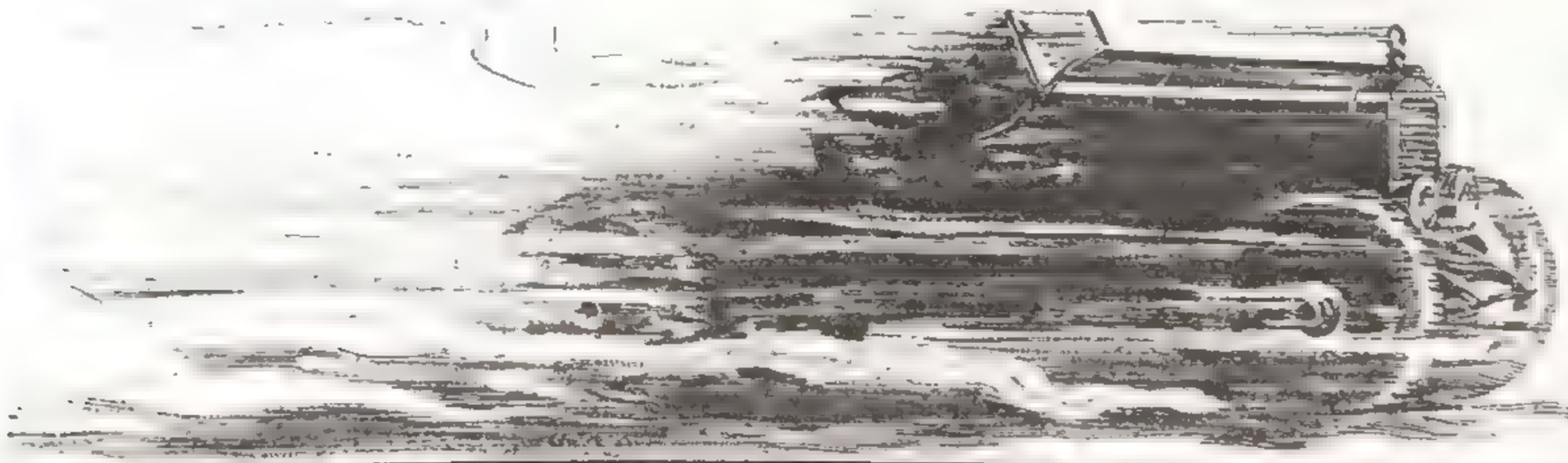
No larger than standard motors that yield but 18 H. P. at utmost, the Essex delivers 55 H. P. This from one of the smallest automobile motors in the world. Neither size nor great fuel consumption figure in the high power of the Essex motor. That is a great advantage over other types.

But its greatest advantage is in endurance. It is a long-lived car, free of most of the repair expense usual to light types. Many owners have driven their Essex cars 18,000 to 20,000 miles at practically no repair cost.

It creates a new standard of light-car capacity in a totally new type. And it cannot be copied. Do not forget that. No other can use its motor or the principle which accounts for its superiority.

Think what this three-fold power means—the greater ability, the increased flexibility—all proved in official tests. And more important still, 36,000 owners attest it.

It adds no size to the motor. It retains the small-car advantages in fuel, oil and tire economy, and it gives the big-car kind of performance, and riding ease, with the luxury, distinction and reliability of the costly types.



ESSEX Motors

HANDING IT BACK

(Continued from Page 9)

an American National Council of Uhro-Rusins, and toward the end of July the twenty-three members of this council met and prepared a memorandum to be presented to President Wilson. This memorandum demanded complete independence, or at least autonomy, for Rusinia. Having prepared this memorandum, the Rusin councilors did nothing for nearly three months. But at the end of that time they held another meeting and elected as representative a young man named Gregory Satkovich. By so doing they injected upward of seven quarts of jazz into the movement for Rusin independence, and the movement immediately attained such impetus that almost nobody who originally laid hands on it has since been able to let go of it.

Gregory Satkovich is a Pittsburgh lawyer. He was born in Holubina, Rusinia, in 1886. His father was a notary and the head man of a small district. The elder Satkovich was very pro-Russian in his beliefs, and since Rusinia was a part of Hungary the Hungarians could see very little advantage in his pro-Russian views. Consequently they made things unpleasant for him, and he promptly packed up and emigrated to America. That was in 1890. In 1891 he sent back to Rusinia for his wife and the six children, and the whole Satkovich family moved to America. The elder Satkovich edited a Rusin newspaper in Homestead, Pennsylvania, for twenty-five years. The children received good schooling. Gregory, who was next to the youngest, went to the De Witt Clinton High School in New York, and then to Duquesne University, where he received an A. B. degree in 1907. In 1910 he was graduated from the University of Pennsylvania Law School. He was admitted to the Pennsylvania bar the same year, and practiced steadily until he got tangled up with the movement for Rusin independence in October, 1918.

Prior to October, 1918, Gregory Satkovich was concerned only with such things as the independence of the Satkovich family, the batting average of Honus Wagner and the annoying rise in the price of lamb chops. But with his election to the American National Council of Uhro-Rusins his mind was promptly filled with plans for a free Rusinia. He was a solid American citizen. Rusinia was only a name to him, for he had left the country when he was five years old. He didn't know what the Rusins in Rusinia wanted, or why Rusinia should be free, but he was a young American and an energetic American, and he had been elected to an organization that was trying to get freedom for Rusinia. So he threw up his law practice and sailed into the job of obtaining Rusin independence.

A Chat With Mr. Satkovich

He translated the memorandum of the national council into English, gathered a few prominent Rusins and rushed to Washington. He saw McAdoo. He saw his congressman. And on October twenty-first he saw President Wilson in the Blue Room.

"Dog-gone!" said Mr. Satkovich reminiscently, as we sat together over a pitcher of beer in the capital of Czechoslovakia. "Dog-gone! I remember it yet! I was spokesman. I slipped him the memorandum. He took to it very kindly and promised to help us. He said we couldn't be independent, but he promised to help get our autonomy. Dog-gone!"

The Rusins of America then asked President Wilson for help, and President Wilson promised to assist Rusinia in becoming autonomous. President Wilson also thought it would be expedient for the Rusins to seek membership in the Mid-European Union—a union of eleven small nationalities of Middle Europe who were banded together in America for the purpose of cementing the moral and material forces of small oppressed nationalities against the enemies of the entente. The president of this Mid-European Union was Thomas G. Masaryk, who is now president of Czechoslovakia. So the Rusins sought membership in this union, and requested recognition of Rusinia as a separate nationality. All this was graciously granted by the Mid-European Union on October 23, 1918.

One of the Hungarian Posters Protesting Against the Partition of Hungary. Pressburg, the Old Hungarian Pozsony, Has Been Pure Hungarian for a Thousand Years. The Hungarian Kings Were Crowned There. It Now Belongs to Czechoslovakia and Is Known as Bratislava

In November the Rusins in America decided that Rusinia should line up with Czechoslovakia as an autonomous state. A plebiscite of Rusins in America was held, and showed that sixty-six per cent were in favor of joining the Czechs, twenty per cent were in favor of joining the Ruthenians, and that the rest favored being just plain independent. And all the while the Rusins in Rusinia were plodding along in the same old way—just Rusing along, so to speak.

In February, 1919, Mr. Satkovich, accompanied by one other Rusin-American, arrived in Paris and submitted the results of the plebiscite to that august body, the peace conference. The august body accepted the plebiscite, and as a result Rusinia became an autonomous state under Czechoslovakia.

When President Satkovich told me the story of Rusinia's rise he didn't refer to the peace conference as an august body. His opinion of the peace conference for accepting the plebiscite was not high.

"What," I asked President Satkovich, "did the men in Paris know about Rusinia or about the merits of Rusinia's claims?"

"Not a thing," said President Satkovich.

So Rusinia became an autonomous state under Czechoslovakia, and Mr. Satkovich went down to Uzhorod, the capital of Rusinia, to break the glad news to the native Rusins.

He had his troubles traveling through Czechoslovakia, as almost everyone does. The Czechs don't make it easy for travelers even now. When Mr. Satkovich was doing his traveling the Hungarians in Slovakia were celebrating a national holiday and were on the verge of rebelling against the Czech soldiers who were scattered promiscuously over the countryside. The Czech soldiers were consequently not only on the qui vive, but were jumping nervously up and down on it. Once when the Satkovich automobile didn't stop quickly enough they shot his rear tires full of holes.

"Boy, oh, boy," said President Satkovich in describing the incident, "I certainly thought they had me dead!"

But they didn't. He reached the capital of Rusinia at night. It was dark and lonesome. He climbed up the hill to the castle, which was built some 700 years ago and is still habitable. His cousin lived in it, being connected with the seminary which now occupies it. His cousin didn't know him. So he introduced himself and announced that he had come to tell the Rusins that they were free. His cousin was unimpressed. It was a depressing evening.

In the morning when Mr. Satkovich rose and looked out of the window of his medieval bedchamber he looked down on the Ung River, stretching straight down the valley from the castle. It was a lovely view, but it was somewhat impaired by the fact that the Hungarian Bolsheviks were in the valley, and that the Czechs were holding one side of the river while the Bolsheviks held the other. The lines were being held by agreement, and there was no fighting. But every little while one of the Czechs in an outburst of national enthusiasm would empty his rifle, and the bullet would usually hit the castle. So Mr. Satkovich left the castle and went down into the town and informed the Rusins that they were free. They were pleased with the news, but they doubted it.

Eventually they believed. The work of their American brothers was highly commended. Mr. Satkovich was made president of the Directorate of Rusinia.

President Satkovich is paid 5000 Czechoslovak crowns a month, and that amount when I met him in February, 1920, was equal to about sixty-five American dollars.

"I have to dig into my own pocket every month," he said sadly. "If I hadn't salted away some coin before I came over here the country would have gone bankrupt long ago."

Since the population of Rusinia is more than eighty per cent illiterate, the ordinary type of election ballot can't be used. President Satkovich has devised a new sort—a regular American ballot, with a photograph in place of every name. If a voter hasn't met a candidate he must vote according to the manner in which he is impressed by the candidate's picture. If he leans toward socialism he picks the hardest-looking picture.

The photographic ballot gives rise to some delicate problems. Shall it be illegal for a candidate to have his photograph retouched? Shall he be permitted to be photographed in his Sunday clothes, or will he be obliged to wear his everyday garments? Shall the picture be full length, exposing the wrinkles in the trousers, or shall it be only head and shoulders, exposing the wrinkles round the ears? These are questions which cannot be answered offhand.

President Satkovich said that Rusinia was going to have a parliament and a constitution modeled after one of our state constitutions. I asked him on what state constitution the Rusin constitution would be modeled.

"Pennsylvania, I suppose," said he. "It's the only one I know anything about, but I hate to use it for a model."

He has five cabinet ministers: A Minister or Director of Culture, a Minister of the Interior, a Minister of Finance, a Minister of Law, and lastly a Minister of Religion and Commerce. The latter seemed an odd combination. It brought up pictures of money changers in the temple. I asked the president about it, and he explained satisfactorily by saying that being Minister of Religion didn't provide enough ministering for any active minister, so that he doubled in commerce, as one might say.

There is a police force in the Rusin capital, but there seems to be a strong inclination on the part of some of the Rusins, police officers included, to go back to their old position as a part of Hungary instead of remaining a part of the Czechoslovak state. Consequently a Czech soldier accompanies every Rusin policeman when he is on duty. I asked the president why it should be so.

"Safety first," said he, shrugging his shoulders enigmatically.

He added that the Hungarian propaganda to separate Rusinia from Czechoslovakia was very strong; that there were many posters depicting the better food conditions which would exist under Hungarian rule, and that the Czechs didn't trust the Rusins.

Irksome Boundary Lines

I have dealt at this undue length with Rusinia because its position explains one or two of the reasons why Americans in Central Europe develop flushed faces when they mention the peace conference. The peace conference, knowing nothing about Rusinia, granted autonomy to it on the representations of ex-Rusins who were American citizens, who had been out of touch with their former country for years, and whose views had consequently mellowed in retrospect. And here is the situation which existed early in February:

The ignorance and poverty in Rusinia are of such nature that the Rusins are wholly incapable of governing themselves. Rusinia was formerly a part of Hungary. Today it is separated from Hungary by a boundary line which is guarded by barbed wire and Czech soldiers and a rigid passport control. The Rusins cannot follow their old custom of going down into the Hungarian plains and earning their winter supply of food by the sweat of their brows. They are dying of starvation daily in the mountains of Rusinia, and they are locked in by the new border with which the peace conference in its magnificent and awe-inspiring wisdom has furnished them. Their pine trees no longer roll down the valleys to the natural market in Hungary, and the Czechs have no facilities for rolling them across the mountain slopes into Slovakia.

The American Relief Administration sends food into Rusinia for the children, but in some districts the adults appropriate it and use it to eke out their own miserable rations of grass and vegetable flour. The Rusins are helpless and hopeless.

Czechoslovakia, then, is shaped like an old tennis shoe. The Czechs, surrounded by Germans, are in the heel; the Slovaks are in the front part of the shoe, and they have a patch of Hungarians along the sole—a very squeaky and troublesome patch. In the extreme toe are the Rusins. Between the Czechs and the Slovaks are the Moravians—a gentle, kindly, religious, agricultural people rather like the Slovaks. At the top of the shoe laces are the Teschen and Upper Silesian coal fields, mostly inhabited by Poles. Everywhere through Czechoslovakia are Czech soldiers—in Bohemia, in Moravia, in Slovakia, in Rusinia, and especially round the coal districts. And along the Hungarian border there are trenches and machine guns and acres of barbed-wire entanglements, and Czech soldiers.

Czechoslovakia is a beautiful country, a rich country, a country well worth fighting for. Its fertile farm lands lie in broad valleys and on softly swelling hills. Its villages are quaint and clean and substantial. Its towns and cities are satisfyingly picturesque. In the windows of all its provision stores the hungry wayfarer who drops in from starved Austria and stripped Poland sees butter in tubs and countless eggs and fat Roquefort and cream and Cheddar cheeses; he sees slabs of bacon and fine meats and frosted cakes and sweet chocolate; and his eyes glisten at the wealth of the country. Factory chimneys

(Continued on Page 115)

Reproduced from an old woodcut in the library of the Gruen Watchmakers Guild

Oliver Cromwell's Watch—*Typical of the Old Guild Masterpieces*

IN Cromwell's day a watch was worth its weight in gold. The quaint old "egg watch" that the fiery dictator owned was priceless in its value.

It was then that the watchmakers guilds—"worshipful companies of watchmakers"—flourished. It was in these guilds that watchmaking became a fine art, mastered only after years of apprenticeship. Each minute part must be forged and tempered and fashioned by hand—weeks, and often months, were required to make a single watch.

In the mountainous cantons of Switzerland the art of the watchmaking guilds attained its fullest development. There the masters of the guild wrought watches such as Cromwell owned. There they dedicated their lives to their work, and passed down the art as a priceless heritage to their sons and grandsons.

In the Gruen Verithin *the* Guild Spirit *Finds Its Fullest Expression*

IT remained for Gruen to bring into the Gruen Watchmakers Guild the descendants of these old guild masters, that the ancient ideals might be preserved.

In the Gruen Guild workshops at Madre-Biel, Switzerland, the Gruen Verithin is made, and in this model the guild spirit finds its fullest development. Here, with the aid of the most modern American machinery, master craftsmen fashion the Gruen movements—and here these artisans, with the same skill and devotion as was possessed by the masters of old, do what no machine can do—finish by hand and adjust each movement to the exacting standards of Gruen Precision accuracy.

On Time Hill, Cincinnati, is the American workshop of the Gruen Guild where the hand-wrought cases are made, and the movements inserted and given final adjustment. Here, also, is maintained a *real* service workshop, where standardized duplicate repair parts are always on hand for prompt delivery to any jeweler in America.

Thus, in Gruen Guild Watches, are combined the old ideals that made the Swiss guildsmen the watchmaking masters of the world, and the new American principles of standardization that make for uniformity and sustained quality of output.

You may see the Gruen Verithin at one of the 1,200 jeweler agencies, the best in each locality, to whom the sale is confined. Look for the Gruen Guild Emblem displayed in the store windows of all Gruen agents. Remember, however—not every Swiss watch is a Gruen.

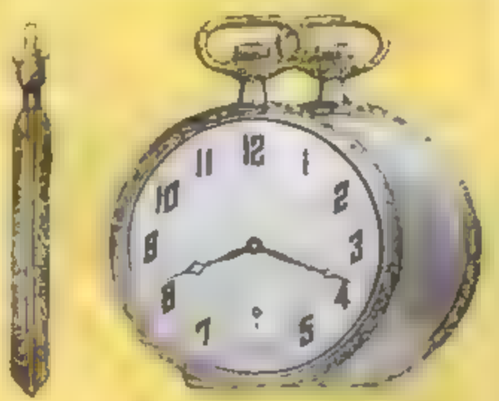
Write for the Gruen Guild Exhibit

A book of Etchings and Photographic Plates showing Gruen Guild Watches for men and women will be sent if you are sincerely interested.

Dietrich Gruen Models, $325 to $825; Ultrathin Models, $250 to $600; Very-Verithin Models, $65 to $350; Verithin Models, $65 to $350; Thin Models, $27.50 to $75; Men's Strap Models, $27.50 to $225; Ladies' Wrist Models, $27.50 to $275; with full cut AA1 Diamonds, up to $4000

GRUEN WATCHMAKERS GUILD, Time Hill, Cincinnati, O.

Makers of the famous Gruen Watches since 1874. Canadian branch, Toronto, Can.



One of the newest Gruen Verithin models
VV 464 LW

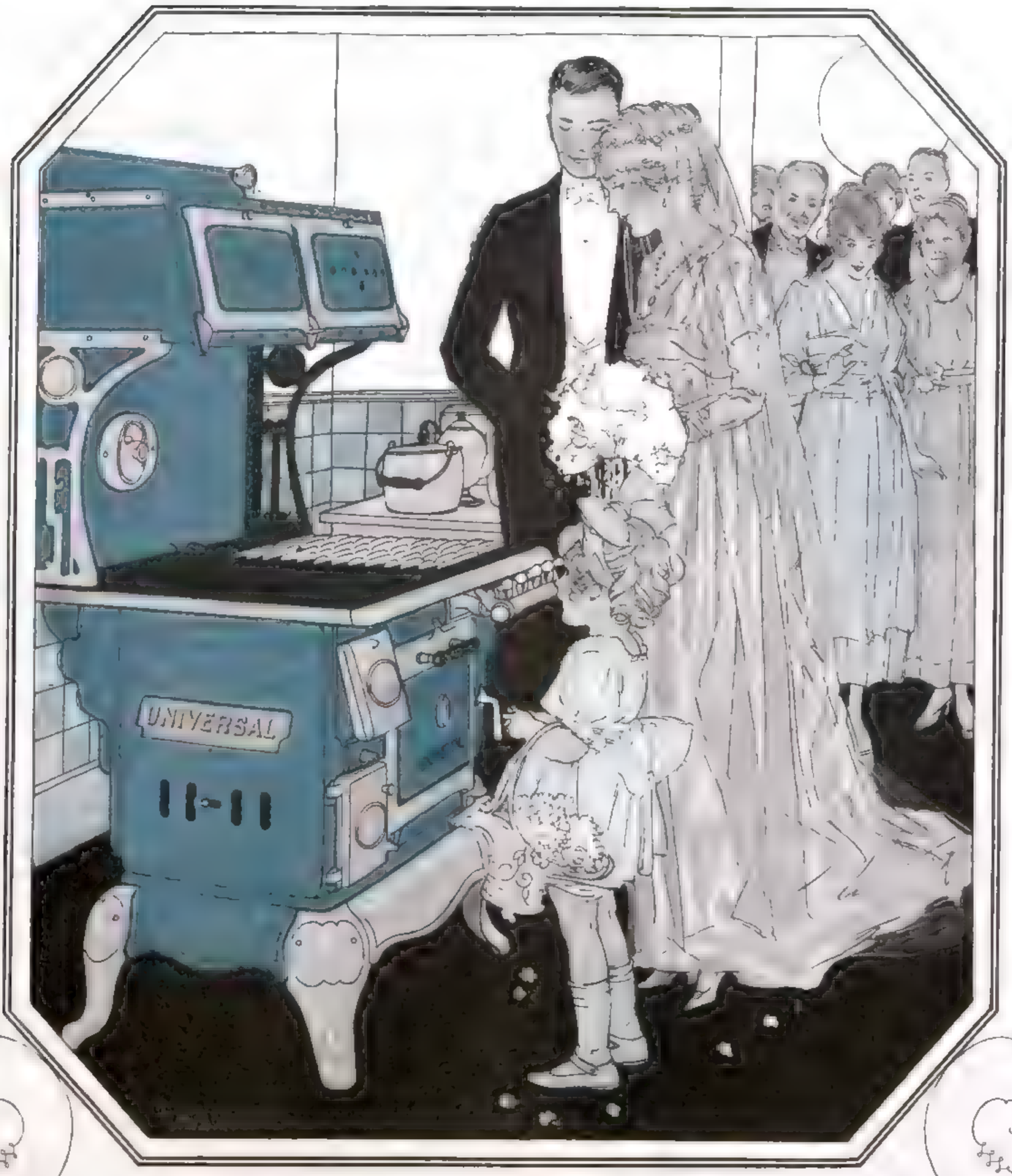
How the Gruen Pat. Wheel Construction made an accurate watch thin

The shortness of staff makes watch more durable

The "Gentael" Wristlet
RK 28¾ G

Entrance to the Gruen Guild Workshops, Time Hill, Cincinnati, O. Reproduced from a photograph

GRUEN Guild Watches



"a gift . . . delightfully sensible . . ."

Picture returning to this cheery kitchen—happy that her Universal Combination Range is waiting to contribute its bit to the deliciousness of every dish her deft fingers create. Nowhere is found a gift more delightfully sensible.

The turn of a simple lever automatically adjusts oven for use with coal, wood or gas. No parts to change; no dampers to operate. Beautifully finished in unbreakable, durable UNIVIT Porcelain—Peacock Blue or Pearl Gray. Will not chip, craze or discolor. Clean as a china dish. Can be washed like a porcelain bath. Also made in plain and nickel finish. Fits in small space and keeps kitchen cool in summer and warm in winter. At all good dealers' —cash or terms. Dealer's name and illustrated booklet on request.

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DENVER PORTLAND SAN FRANCISCO PITTSBURGH NEW YORK ALLENTOWN, PA. BAYONNE, N. J.
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UNIVERSAL COMBINATION RANGE
Burns Natural or Artificial Gas *and* Coal or Wood

(Continued from Page 112)

are smoking bravely—a noteworthy sight to persons fresh from Austria, where every stack is cold—and there are plenty of them.

Of the industries which were claimed before the war by the entire Austro-Hungarian monarchy Czechoslovakia now has ninety-five per cent of the sugar industry, ninety-five per cent of the wool-textile industry, eighty-two per cent of the cotton-textile industry, seventy-eight per cent of the machinery manufactures, sixty-five per cent of the iron foundries, fifty per cent of the distilleries, all of the china industry, ninety-eight per cent of the glass industry and eighty-five per cent of the shoe factories. She has the coal fields which used to supply the entire Austro-Hungarian Empire with its coal. Czechoslovakia was the top layer of the old Austria-Hungary. It is as though Austria-Hungary had been a receptacle full of rich milk. All the cream formed at the top, and this cream was skimmed off and given to Czechoslovakia, leaving a very watery fluid for the other people interested.

Czechoslovakia seems to have everything she needs, with the single exception of raw materials. She is far better off than most of her neighbors. In fact one might go so far as to say that there is nothing at all the matter with Czechoslovakia except the bad rate of exchange, a small coal shortage, a lack of discipline among government employees and soldiers, a lack of trained officials, too many Germans, too many Hungarians, too many Rusins, low wages, high prices, too much socialism, a shortage of railway cars, too much peace conference, too many neighbors who don't care passionately for the country, too much suspicion, too much hatred, too many soldiers, too much boundary and too much politics. Outside of these few things, which the passage of years will do much to remedy, Czechoslovakia is all right.

A Comic-Opera Setting

Prague was the capital of the kingdom of Bohemia and is now the capital of the brand-new Czechoslovak state. There is a poem which begins with lines to the general effect that "The man whom I pity knows naught of the city—the wonderful city of Prague." There is some reason for this exuberant statement, for Prague is so well stocked with medieval towers and palaces and sky lines that nine-tenths of the city looks like well-constructed stage scenery instead of a regular town. In every block there is something that was built back in thirteen hundred and something, or fourteen hundred and something, or fifteen hundred and something; and wherever one wanders there are tablets or statues to commemorate somebody's bravery against the Turkish Army more than 400 years ago, or somebody else's historic defense of Prague against the Swedes, or what's-his-name's bold feat of throwing a couple of disliked councilors out of a second-story window, or the discovery of fifty or sixty new stars by Tycho Brahe round 1599, or a few of the gallant deeds of the famous king Ottocar II, who died back in 1278 after living up to his name by traveling far and fast and breaking down with a loud report at the end.

Lovers of the antique frequently fall into swoon after swoon because of the beautifully carved doorways and columns and wrought-iron work which ornament the humblest dwellings of Prague; while artists of great poise and experience often burst into tears at their first sight of the spire and walls and towers and battlements of the Royal Palace and the cathedral rising in a glorious jumble from the heights above River Moldau.

The stagy effect of the medieval Prague buildings is heightened on Sundays and holidays by the national costumes which the women wear. They are exactly the type of costume which the glorified dairymaids wear in such popular successes as The Duchess of Discobolus or The Prince of Prunella. The skirts are brilliantly red or blue, and come only to the knee; and the waists are gracefully puffed and incrusted with beautiful embroidery; and there is a frothy white or red headdress, a purely decorative embroidered apron and a brilliantly colored shawl which is caught loosely over the arms according to the ideas of the best-known chorus directors.

Early in February I stood in the Old Town Square of Prague, sometimes known as John Huss Square, to watch the Czech legionaries return from Siberia. Under all conditions the Old Town Square looks like the work of an imaginative artist. There is the medieval church of the Hussites at one end, with two high Gothic towers; and midway up the high-pitched roof of each tower are four diminutive towerlets stuck against the slope in such a manner that they look as though they were going to fall off in about six seconds. There is the Kinsky Palace and a Gothic town hall and rows of porticoes and queer old-fashioned buildings with carvings and painted figures and balconies and columns on their fronts.

With all this as a background, the square began to fill with soldiers. Czechs in American uniforms on which the United States army buttons still remained debouched from one street; Czechs in French birettas and American uniforms debouched from another street; from a third came a column of 250 Czecho-Americans in olive-drab uniforms, headed by two big American flags and singing a Czech marching song as they came. They lined up round the square. From far off there came the bang and the crash of a Czech band. All the bells of Prague went to tolling, the white and red of Czechoslovakia fluttered at all the windows; and into the square marched the Siberian Rifles, resplendent in tawny-brown uniforms purchased in Japan—the first of the Czech units to return from Siberia.

Incidentally these Czech fighters are the best advertisement that Czechoslovakia has ever had. They are the cream of the Czech fighting forces—finely drilled, husky, hard-fighting, upstanding troops. None of the other Czech military units compares with them. For five years their homes had been only a name to them. They had endured the unendurable and surmounted the insurmountable.

So the bands blared, the people cheered, alongside the Siberians ran hundreds of Czech women and girls in their national costumes—short skirts, embroidered aprons, glistening headdresses, foamy waists brilliant with embroidery, beautiful shawls, silk stockings. One expected the women to burst into some such song as We're the Dainty Dairymaids or The King is Returning To-day, Hurrah!

The women in their opera costumes crowded round the statue of John Huss in the center of the square, the Siberian Rifles lined up round three sides of it, the Czechoslovak Foreign Minister and a French general and several officers advanced and kissed the regimental flag decorated with the Russian Cross of St. George—regular stage stuff, aside from the lighting effects.

How Czechs Enjoy Themselves

As a result of the war and the splitting up of Central Europe into small nations the national spirit of the different peoples has been greatly intensified. This is particularly true of the Czechs, who take the attitude that nothing is any good unless it is Czech. The Czech idea of a riotously good time is to put on the Czech national costume and walk up and down the street, giving the frigid and unmistakable Czech razz to anybody who tries to talk anything but Czech. There was a period during the early months of 1919 when a person who couldn't talk Czech simply couldn't get anywhere at all in Prague. The Czech national feeling was so strong that Czechs who spoke perfect German or French refused to speak anything but Czech. In fact people who spoke German were frequently mobbed. This is quite understandable, of course, for the Germans and the Czechs have been at each others' throats for hundreds of years. For more than 600 years the Germans and the Austrians have been trying to Germanize the Czechs. The attempt almost succeeded round the year 1380, but John Huss stepped forward and reminded the Czechs who they were, whereupon they became violently chauvinistic, so to speak; chauvied viciously in all directions and brought forth the Hussite wars, as a result of which the Czech language and literature obtained the ascendancy over the German products for a time. The Hapsburgs made another determined stab at Germanizing the Czechs all through the nineteenth century, and as a result the bitterness of the feuds between the Czechs and the German-Bohemians since 1861 would make the bitterest Kentucky feud look like a strawberry festival.

So the Czechs can scarcely be blamed for wanting to Czechize everything. Having been Germanized by the Germans and Austrians, they now propose to Czechize the Germans and Austrians in turn.

"Hand it back!" That's the slogan which might to good advantage be inscribed on most Central European coats of arms.

All of the cities and towns in Czechoslovakia which used to have German or Hungarian names have now been given Czech names. This causes embarrassing happenings. The capital of Slovakia, for example, has appeared on all maps for the past few hundred years as Presburg. This was the German name for the town, and in parentheses after the German name usually appeared its Hungarian name, which was Pozsony. The city was inhabited almost entirely by Germans and Hungarians. With the creation of the Czechoslovak state the Czechs came down to Presburg, seized it and began to drive out the Hungarians. They also gave the town a Czech name—Bratislava. Consequently the capital of Slovakia now has three names: Presburg, Pozsony and Bratislava. The Czechs frequently refuse to recognize the city by any other than Bratislava. If one wishes to catch a train from Prague to Presburg his inquiries concerning the train are apt to be met by apparent ignorance on all sides because of the unwillingness of the Czechs to admit that there is any such place as Presburg in existence. The same thing has happened to a less tongue-twisting degree to the Slovak city whose German name is Kaschau, whose Hungarian name is Kassa and whose Czech name is Kosice—which is pronounced Koseetsy.

Lessons Well Learned

This sudden accession of national feeling on the part of the Czechs has made them very brusque and belligerent toward all their neighbors. They are ready at any moment of the day or night to enjoy a free-for-all fight with either the Hungarians or the Poles; and all of their neighbors accuse them of all sorts of contract breaking and cruelty. The Austrians, for example, say that the Czechs do not live up to their agreement to send a certain amount of coal daily into Austria. The Czechs admit this, but say that when they made the agreement they overestimated the amount they could let Austria have. They also say that if the conditions were reversed Austria would let Czechoslovakia freeze rather than give her a single ton of coal. This statement, in the light of what Austria has done to the Czechs in the past, is not at all unreasonable. Czechoslovakia is merely handing it back. One of the most prominent men in Czechoslovakia—himself an enthusiastic Czech—made the following interesting statement:

"The Allies don't realize or appreciate all that the Czechs did to contribute to the fall of Austria-Hungary. We taught our railway conductors to steal, our freight officials to divert shipments, our postmen to open letters; we taught our accountants to falsify accounts; we encouraged all sorts of cheating and crookedness and chicanery, so that the economic situation of the old monarchy might be undermined. We taught Czech soldiers to disobey orders and to mutiny, so that the discipline of the Austro-Hungarian army might be undermined. We were successful. But to-day we are paying the cost, for the things which we taught our people cannot be untaught in a short time."

This man, I believe, was unduly severe toward his own people. All through Central Europe there is an enormous amount of loafing, cheating, stealing, graft, debauchery and starvation. Throughout Central Europe at least ninety per cent of the people find it absolutely impossible to live decently on their salaries. They are demoralized by years of war. They are further demoralized by the new and inefficient governments that are trying to hang onto the reins of those strange wild horses, International Politics and Affairs of State, and whose arms are almost being pulled out by the roots in the attempt. Want, plus demoralization, results in many unpleasant things.

Though Czechoslovakia seems on the surface to be far better off as regards food than all her neighbors, her city dwellers are really suffering almost as much from lack of it as are the people round about her, because of the high cost of everything in crowns.

The Czechoslovak crown, when I was in Czechoslovakia in February, 1920, was worth one and one-third cents, as compared with a prewar value of 20 cents. Before the war one got five crowns for a dollar. In February, 1920, one got seventy-five. Yet this queer condition existed: The rate of exchange for Central Europe is fixed in the Swiss banking center of Zurich. At the same time that one dollar could be changed for seventy-five Czechoslovak crowns in Czechoslovakia the Zurich rate was 100 Czechoslovak crowns for a dollar. This was due to the fact that the Czechoslovak foreign-exchange office fixed the internal exchange rate for Czechoslovakia and kept it unnaturally high for fear that the people would start a few riots if the value of their money was allowed to slump too rapidly.

If I had exchanged American dollars for Czechoslovak crowns in Switzerland, and then rushed over into Czechoslovakia with my crowns, I could have bought a third again as much as could a person who exchanged American dollars in Czechoslovakia. Such an arrangement might be very nice if the Czechs could put up a high barrier so that nobody from the outside world could come in and spend money in their country. But they can't do that, so that their peculiar attempts to regulate their own money only result in assisting their own people to get it where the chicken got the ax.

Since Czechoslovakia used to be a part of Austria-Hungary, the new republic started with the old Austro-Hungarian currency, to which a small Czechoslovak stamp had been attached. Since one could get 330 Austrian crowns for a dollar at the same time that one was getting seventy-five Czechoslovak crowns for a dollar, one of the great outdoor sports consisted of forging stamps and attaching them to Austrian money, thus making Czech money out of it. It was an easy sport and a great money-maker. But it didn't help the value of the Czech crown to any noticeable extent. The Czechs are replacing the old money with beautiful new money made in America, and when it is all replaced there will be no more counterfeiting.

The Currency Jumble

One of the largest banks in Prague had a display of American securities in its window to stimulate confidence in prospective depositors. The securities were all made out in the name of the bank. There was a certificate for one share of United States Steel Common, a certificate for one share of Pennsylvania Railroad and a certificate for one share of Anaconda Copper. These are all excellent securities, but classed, I believe, as a business man's rather than a bank investment. Encouraged by the American securities, I sought an interview with one of the highest officials of the bank and urged him to explain the whys and wherefores of the peculiar Czechoslovak financial situation. Out of the flux of words which he emitted I gathered only one thing: With the foreign-exchange office fixing the exchange rate at seventy-five when the Zurich rate was 100, anybody who sold American dollars in Czechoslovakia lost money, and anybody who bought them made money just like finding it. All a buyer had to do was to hold his dollars until they reached the Zurich level, which they would inevitably do.

Any European banker who attempts to explain foreign exchange nowadays talks like a phonograph playing a worn-out record with a toothpick as a needle. But many European bankers are making more money every month by speculating in money than they ever made before in all the years of their life put together.

Since I got no results from the banker, I interviewed Mr. Benes, the Foreign Minister of Czechoslovakia, on the subject.

"The problems of Czechoslovakia," said Mr. Benes, "like the problems of many other governments in Central Europe, are particularly puzzling, because the problems which naturally confront a new republic are accentuated and intensified by the awful rate of exchange. This exchange rate makes it absolutely impossible for European nations to buy abroad. Ultimately the United States will find herself in precisely the situation which we are now in. The value of the American dollar is too high. When there is overproduction, as there will be when America cannot sell to Europe, the factories will have to close. Then there will be troubles among the workmen, and the value of the dollar will fall.

"The only remedy is stabilizing the rate of exchange. The most terrible feature about the money of Central Europe is the manner in which it fluctuates. If any country could know that its money would

(Continued on Page 118)

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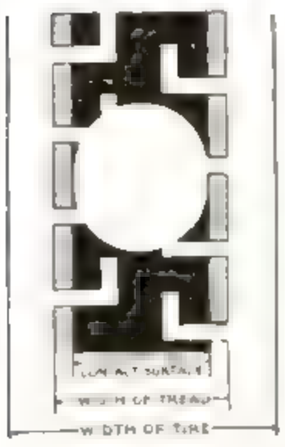

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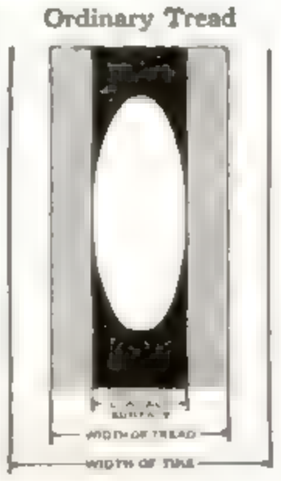
Ordinary Tread



TREAD TIRES

(Continued from Page 115)

be stationary to any point it could get along somehow. But the rate of exchange can only be stabilized by international agreement."

I advanced the theory that speculation had more to do with the fluctuation of foreign money than anything else.

"Certainly," said Mr. Benes. "Whenever Czechoslovakia attempts to improve the value of its money Germany throws millions of Czechoslovak crowns on the market and the value of our money falls again. It is not to the advantage of Germany to have our money worth more than the German mark."

"Then the nations of Europe are harpooning each other," I said. "Each one is grabbing all he can while the grabbing is good?"

"Of course," said Mr. Benes, with a pitying smile at the childish innocence of my remark.

One of the most puzzling things about European affairs to an American wanderer is the enormous amount of energy devoted by the nations of Europe to proving that the United States must raise the value of European money by loaning money to Europe, and the complete absence of any attempt to stabilize exchange by agreement. Suppose a gentlemanly burglar were removing the loose change from the pocket of a helpless wayfarer; and suppose at the same time that the burglar were shouting over his shoulder to a distant friend of the wayfarer that the wayfarer was losing money and must be given more at once. I make no comments and draw no conclusions, but if your supposers are in good working order just do a little supposing along those general lines.

Making Ends Meet

But as I started to say some time back, the high cost of everything in crowns makes living very difficult for the city dwellers of Czechoslovakia. An unskilled laborer in Prague gets from 7000 to 8500 crowns a year, while a skilled laborer gets from 14,000 to 20,000 crowns a year if he works six days a week and is never out of a job. A bank employee who has been with the same bank for thirty years also earns 20,000 crowns a year—or the equivalent of about $265 in American money. The average wage of the clerks, the teachers and the small government official is about 7500 crowns a year.

A good suit of clothes in Czechoslovakia costs 2500 crowns, or one-third of the yearly income of a white-collar man. Poor men who must buy new clothes or go round in rags can get shoddy suits for 600 crowns, or eight dollars American, but such a suit won't endure three months of reasonable wear without falling to pieces. A pair of workingman's shoes costs about 280 crowns. The cheapest sort of shirt costs seventy crowns. Almost nobody in Czechoslovakia wears underclothes any more because of their high cost. But shirts must be worn, and cheap shirts have a bad habit of disintegrating after a few washings. Consider then the cost of a shirt in the eyes of the average Czechoslovak. The average wage is 7500 crowns a year. The price of the cheapest shirt is seventy crowns. It's the same as though a man who earned $1800 a year in the United States had to pay seventeen dollars for a single shirt.

I was talking living costs with a Czech government official who received a salary of 19,000 crowns a year. In the middle of our talk a small boy entered with a package. The official opened it shamefacedly. It contained one slice of ham on a small slice of black bread.

"There you are," said he. "That piece of ham and bread cost eight crowns. If I had it every day for a year it would cost me nearly 3000 crowns."

I asked him how much he paid for his meals.

"For breakfast," said he, "I pay four crowns, and get a piece of cheese, some tea and some bread. My lunch costs fifteen crowns, and for that I get soup, a small piece of meat, a vegetable and a pudding. My dinner costs thirteen crowns, and I have soup, meat or fish, a vegetable, bread and a glass of beer. That represents a yearly expenditure of 11,680 crowns for food alone, and I am always hungry. Every day I have to send out for little things to eat."

When a single man pays 11,680 crowns in the course of a year for nothing but three frugal meals each day it can be seen that a yearly salary of eight, ten or twelve thousand crowns hasn't a heavy purchasing power for an entire family which has to figure on clothes, heat, light and rent, as well as on food. For further depressing financial details I refer the reader to my preceding articles on Poland and Austria. Though the suffering in Poland and Austria is far greater and more widespread than in Czechoslovakia, the sudden drop in the value of Central European money has created in all these countries a condition which is very similar.

Americans find the living very inexpensive in Czechoslovakia. I sampled the best rooms in the leading hostelries of Wittingau, Prague and Königgrätz in Bohemia; Brünn in Moravia; and Presburg in Slovakia; and in none of them was I obliged to pay more than thirty American cents for my night's lodging and breakfast the next morning. One person could have a sumptuous repast in Prague for seventy or eighty cents, while the wine list presented some bargains that would make even a soda fountain hang its head in shame. From the Rhine-wine list one could have a large bottle of Hochheimer or Liebfraumilch, for example, for forty cents. A magnum of Hungarian champagne set the reveler back ninety cents and provided him with at least ten dollars' worth of headache. To top off a dinner one could have his choice of a small shot of Benedictine, Chartreuse, cherry brandy or Curaçao for five cents a glass.

And while on the subject of forbidden fruit it should be recorded that Czechoslovakia is the only Central European country whose beer tastes at all like beer. Even in Czechoslovakia the resemblance between the beer which one gets and the beer which one ought to get is none too startling. Yet the Pilsener beer—Pilsen now being a Czech city with the name of Plzen, just as Budweis is a Czech city with the name of Budejowice—is quite recognizably bitter and beery. But all other German, Austrian, Czech and Hungarian beers are the most annoying burlesques on beer into which a thirsty man ever thrust his nose.

The near beer which was so common in America during the doubtful or almost arid era was powerful and potent compared with the present-day German and Austrian beer. It looks like beer and it smells like beer. It is a beautiful golden yellow in color, or a rich brown, and it is crowned with a creamy collar that makes the air whistle shrilly through the parched throat. It looks, as I say, like the real thing, but it tastes like some sort of ditch water that would be nasty if it had enough strength but that hasn't even enough strength to quench a thirst. Its percentage of alcohol must be considerably smaller than that of buttermilk, but I cannot give any figures on this phase of the matter, because everyone was so disgusted with the beer that he was unwilling to talk about it.

Habits of Real Bohemians

A traveler in Bohemia quickly learns that there are certain things which are essentially Bohemian—or Czechish. There is a belief in the neighborhood of Washington Square, New York, that true Bohemianism consists of wearing the finger nails in deep mourning, scattering cigarette ashes on the floor late at night, not paying the rent on time, placing all successful people on a verbal griddle and talking a great deal about art.

This, however, is not truly Bohemian. True Bohemians eat enormous quantities of caraway seeds and goose, use the most uncomfortable bedclothes in the world, and go to bed at eight o'clock at night. A natural disinclination to be quiet before two or three o'clock in the morning would consequently prevent the Washington Square Bohemians from resembling the true Bohemian to any marked degree.

The Bohemian has the same passion for caraway seeds that the southern Italian has for garlic. When a Bohemian cook prepares anything she instinctively reaches into the caraway-seed box and heaves a handful of seeds into the dish. She uses caraway seeds with hors d'œuvres, soup, fish, meat, vegetables, desserts and cakes. One American in Prague carries a pair of small silver tweezers with him, and whenever he sits down to eat a meal he draws the tweezers from his pocket and starts to pick the caraway seeds out of his bread with them. He spends twice as much time in picking caraway seeds out of his food as he does in eating, and the doctor says that he will have a nervous breakdown if he can't get food that has no caraway seeds in it. The advantages which accrue from the use of caraway seeds in food are not known except to the Czechs and the Germans. I asked a Czech what it was about caraway seeds that made them so popular. He shrugged his shoulders.

"Why does an Arctic explorer love the Arctic regions?" he countered.

It was an unanswerable counter which answered all things.

The national dish of Bohemia is unquestionably goose. Americans in Prague declare that the Czech coat of arms should be a goose couchant on a knüdliche, surmounted by three caraway seeds rampant. The knüdliche is a ball of half-cooked dough about as large as a baseball, and it is highly esteemed as a food in Bohemia. If the Czechs ever fight the Hungarians they could use the knüdliche as an offensive weapon to good advantage, for it would perform terrible execution if thrown with any accuracy against the enemy. Anybody who had the misfortune to be struck by a knüdliche would think that a house had fallen on him. Strangers who eat an entire knüdliche for the first time have the sensation of having swallowed one of the Pyramids of Gizeh.

The Land of Geese

As for the goose, it is a common food in Bohemia because everyone raises geese. I made a trip by automobile up through Bohemia, across Bohemia to that portion of the country known as the Sudetenland, where the German inhabitants set up a republic called the Sudetenland Republic after the armistice, and down through Moravia; and in that trip I saw more geese than I had dreamed were in existence. Geese rushed out from every house to voice their displeasure of automobiles by undulating their necks and hissing ferociously; geese gathered in solemn conclaves in our path and honked their loathing of us to high heaven; geese materialized from nowhere and flapped out from under our fenders. Wherever we stopped for food the food consisted of goose—goose soup, goose liver, goose breast, roast goose, chopped goose, sliced goose, stewed goose and just plain goose, with an occasional hors d'œuvre of *pâté de foie gras*. Goose is a fine food for Christmas and holidays; but goose for lunch and goose for dinner and goose for supper day after day and week after week is a bird of another feather—a bird in fact completely covered with variegated feathers. After a few days of this fare the mere sight of a goose is sufficient to send a wave of nausea through the most enthusiastic goose lover, while the distant honk of a goose is enough to give him a nervous chill.

Probably the enormous numbers of geese that are killed annually in Czechoslovakia account for the feather bedclothes. Every little house in the country, every apartment and almost every hotel room in Czechoslovakia boasts feather bedclothes. The contraption resembles a flimsily made feather mattress. When retiring for the night one throws himself on the bed and allows the feather covering to fall heavily and clingingly on top of him. It is musty and adhesive and oppressive. It isn't so bad when the weather is bitterly cold and one can succeed in prying open one of the windows which Central Europeans so religiously seal down during the winter months; but when the weather is at all warm the feather bedclothes are excessively heavy. It is a case of all or nothing. The entire wad of goose feathers must be endured, for if it is thrown off there is nothing left—sometimes not even a sheet.

Some of the more advanced hotels have substituted blankets and a quilt for the feather bedclothes, but even in such cases tradition is too strong for them. The top of the quilt has a row of buttons down each side and across the foot, and the sheet is pulled up onto the slippery mass. In order to remove the quilt on a warm evening one has to do as much unbuttoning as though he were assisting all the inmates of an orphan asylum out of their pinafores. And when the bedclothes are buttoned up any sudden movement on the part of the person who is reclining beneath them is sufficient to cause the entire mass to slide off the bed and onto the floor.

The head of the Hoover child feeders in Czechoslovakia is Capt. Arthur C. Ringland, a former American army officer, who used to be in the Forestry Service round the Grand Cañon. With five American assistants Captain Ringland has divided Czechoslovakia into 200 districts, with local feeding committees scattered through each district. Thus there are 200 district committees and 3000 local committees; and through this organization the American food goes to some 650,000 children.

The Americans, of course, are not interested in Czechoslovak politics, except as the politics tend to hinder their work. They don't even care about talking Czechoslovak politics. They are in Czechoslovakia to see that the children who are suffering from malnutrition, in the opinion of competent physicians, are fed. They don't care what race a child may belong to or what his parents' creed may be. If the child is hungry they aim to feed it. The people among whom they work, however, don't always feel that way about it. In many towns which have Czech majorities the Czechs frequently try to fix things so that German children won't be fed. In towns with German majorities the Germans often take steps to deprive the Czech children of food.

The American Relief Administration has been forced to recognize this condition, and they have to be very careful that the feeding committees are carefully mixed. Each committee must have an equal number of Czechs and Germans on it, or of Slovaks and Hungarians, or of whatever nationalities the districts may be comprised. In the town of Novi-Paka, for example, a party representing one nationality succeeded in grasping the reins of power. Its first move was to insist that only the children of that party be fed. The examining doctors were assailed by a mob which demanded that their children be put in C class—C class representing the worst cases of malnutrition and the only class to be fed—without regard for their actual physical state.

Internal Squabbles

All of this has been a great shock to the Americans in Czechoslovakia, who had come to the new republic expecting to find all the inhabitants of the young Czechoslovak state pulling together in enthusiasm and accord. They had forgotten, of course, the messy condition which existed in the United States after the Revolutionary War, to say nothing of the odorous state of affairs after the Civil War. They had forgotten that Czechoslovakia was being guided by politicians and diplomats who had donned the official silk hat of statesmanship for the first time on October 28, 1918, admired themselves in the mirror for a few moments, and then strolled up to the palace and wondered how to start running a republic.

The internal squabbles which distress the Americans to such a degree and make them so pessimistic are old, old stories. So, too, are the attitudes which the Czechs adopt toward their friends and enemies. Historians and observers who have been notoriously pro-Czech have for many years written the Czechs down as being overaggressive, as well as painfully shortsighted and narrow in their political outlook. One of their greatest admirers has declared that though the progress of the Czechs in fields other than political has been altogether admirable they have always lacked political leaders of eminence, so that they have allowed themselves to squander time and energy over barren linguistic brawls, to overdo the policy of the mere wrecker and obstructionist, and so to destroy their prestige and reputation for political foresight both at home and abroad.

The squabbles between the Czechs and the Germans are so old that, in the low patois of the late American army, they have whiskers on them—long, flowing white whiskers. Both the Germans and the Czechs claim, of course, that they got to the country first. But when two different nationalities in Europe get to arguing over a bit of real estate the first move of each people is to prove that they got there first. The Rumanians and the Hungarians can each prove beyond the shadow of a doubt that they got to Transylvania ahead of the other. The Hungarians and the Slovaks lie rings round each other on a similar question. The Czechs and the Germans go back thousands of years to prove their claims to Bohemia. If put to it, the Germans could probably prove conclusively—conclusively to themselves, that is—that they were the original inhabitants of Canada, Mexico and

(Continued on Page 122)

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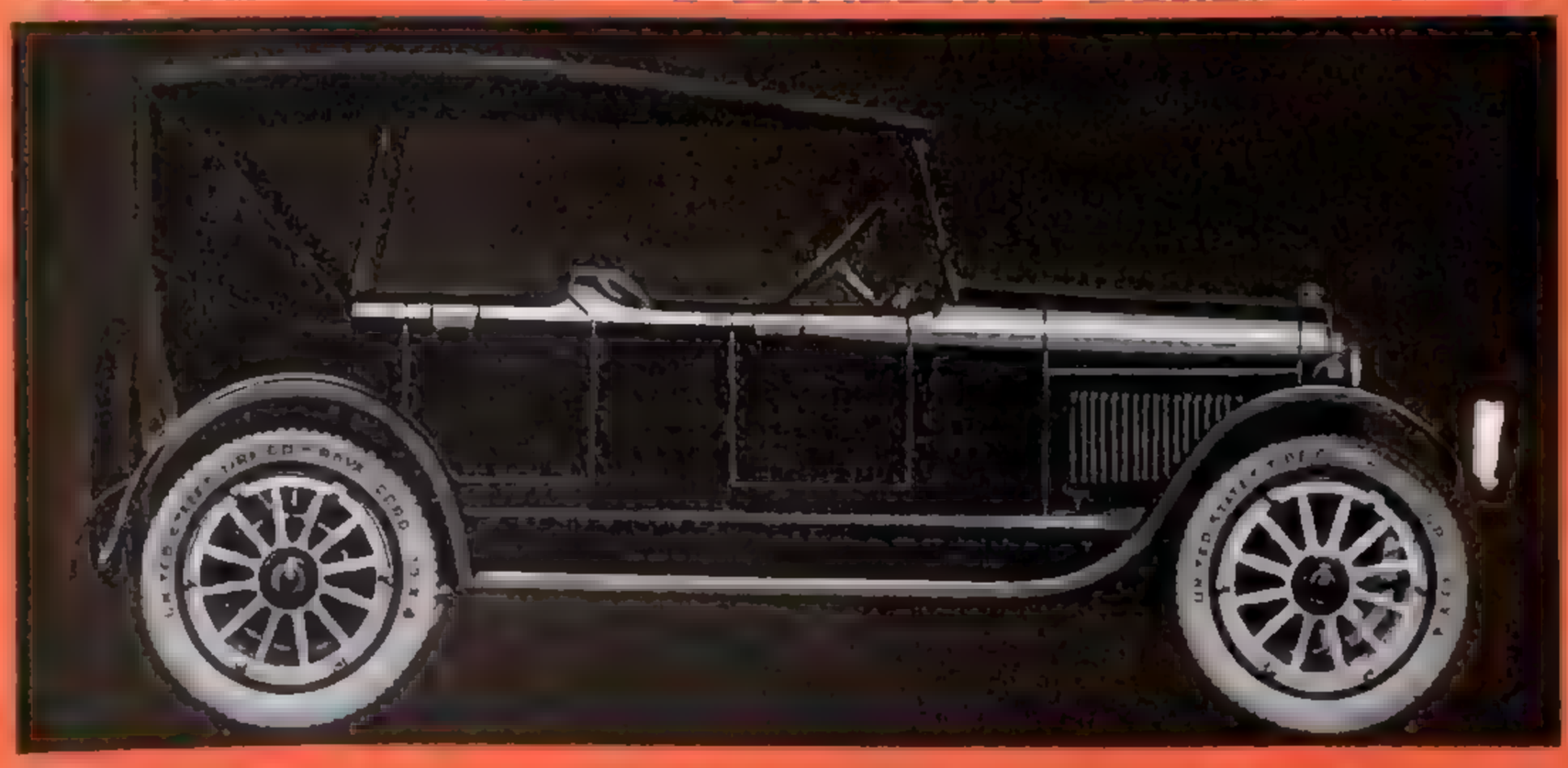

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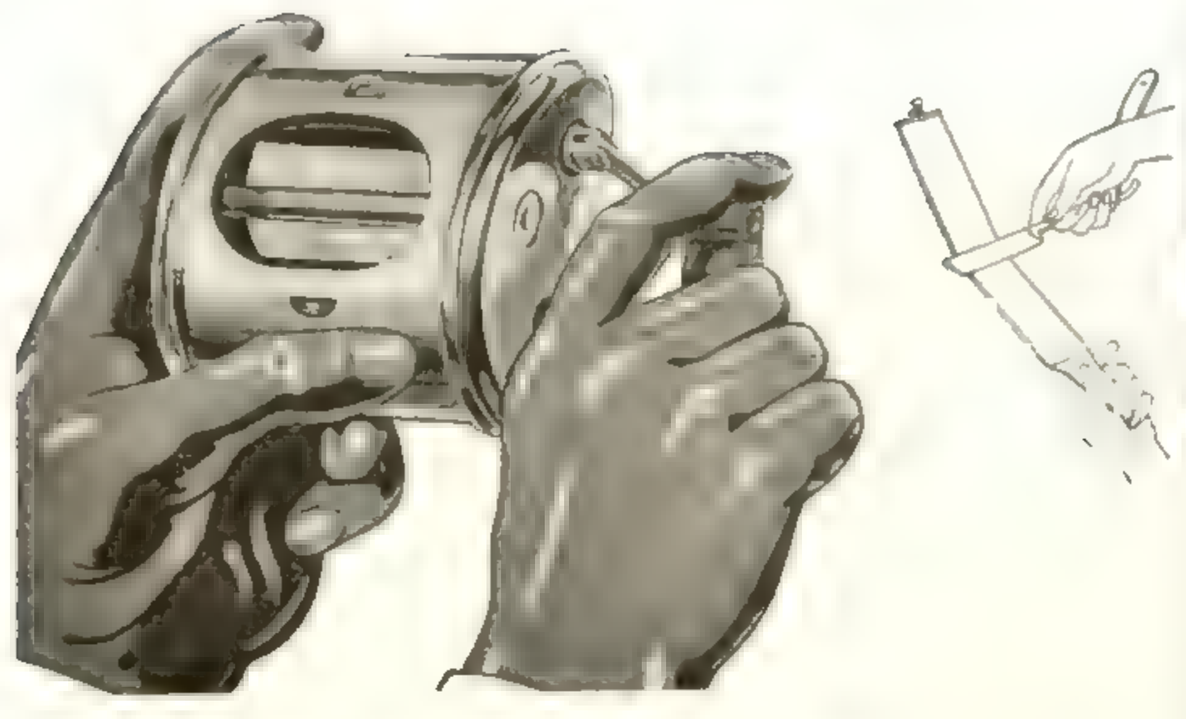

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(Continued from Page 118)

the North Pole, and that the effete government of the Incas of Peru resulted from their rejection of German culture.

As a matter of fact, outsiders don't much care who got there first. If the Dutch tried to take New York away from the United States on the ground that the original settlers of New York were Dutch they would probably receive one of the loudest and most resonant guffaws that ever emerged from human lips. But it is a matter of history that there was a Czech state in Bohemia 1200 years ago, or nearly 1000 years before the late Christopher Columbus borrowed money on the quaint theory that the earth was round enough to permit him to discover America. At that time—1200 years ago—the Czechs were indulging in passionate and ferocious wars with the neighboring German tribes. Sometimes the Germans would come out on top, and the Czech state would dry up to a small peanut. At other times the Czechs would get the Germans on the run, and at such times the Czech state would swell out like a wet sponge. Always—century after century and sometimes generation after generation—the Czech-German racial struggle came off with absolute certainty, albeit without the same regularity as Christmas or the Allentown Fair.

It is this same old racial struggle which is going on to-day. The Germans used to hand it to the Czechs; and now the Czechs are handing it back to the Germans. They aren't getting on a bit better than they have ever got on; and it is highly probable that they aren't getting on any worse either, in spite of the assurances of the Germans that they simply can't endure the Czechs another minute.

The Germans—a ring of 3,000,000 round the 6,000,000 Czechs—are roaring ferociously. They are complaining that they have no representation in the laws under which they must live; that their schools are being taken away from them; that they are being forced to speak the barbarous Czech language; that they are being discriminated against in business; and that they cannot and will not stand it.

The Views of the Premier

Over against their hair-raising howls is the fact that the Bohemian, or Czech, part of Czechoslovakia is a geographical unity. It is a plateau fringed with mountains—a natural fortress. It is Czechland, and anybody who doesn't like it is at liberty, as the saying goes, to lump it. If the Germans don't like it they can lump it. If a large crowd of Americans should emigrate to Bohemia, and should start to make a protracted and poignant yelp because they didn't like something, they also could lump it. Czechs in the United States who don't like American customs and American laws and American ideas—and American schools—are also at liberty to lump it or get out.

With the Czechs it is a case of Bohemia for the Czechs. It is also apparently a case of Slovakia, Rusinia and part of Hungary for the Czechs as well. But just at present we are talking about Bohemia, which is Czechland and a geographical unity—a natural nation. "Bohemia for the Czechs," then—that is their cry.

There is a fly in the consommé, however. Germany lies to the north of Bohemia and Austria to the south. If Austria joins with Germany, as she might, and if between them they had a keen desire to crush Bohemia out of business, the 3,000,000 disgruntled Germans in Bohemia would not be much of a hindrance.

The Czechs have been great promisers during the past year or so, but their neighbors and a good many of their own people claim that they don't live up to their promises. The Germans have been promised equal rights and schools and all sorts of things, but in February, 1920, every German with whom I talked in Czechoslovakia declared openly, loudly and contemptuously that none of the promises had been kept.

I interviewed Mr. Tusar, the Czechoslovak Prime Minister, on this subject among others. Mr. Tusar admitted the great differences between the Czechs and the Germans, but spoke in words which were well coated with diplomatic salve and prime-ministerial optimism. He declared that the Czechs and the Germans are still overshadowed by the past, and that the leaders, grown up in the traditions of petty national strife, find it difficult to renounce their old attitude—meaning their attitude of excessive hate and loathing. He said that the Germans weren't to be punished for their past sins, however, and that they were to be granted more liberty of policy, nationality and culture than the peace treaty ever thought of granting them. He didn't say when they were to be granted all this. He disposed of the school question by saying that privileges of an educational nature for the Germans had to be restricted for budget reasons, and sorrowfully observed that the Germans unjustly misunderstood this.

"Finally," said Mr. Tusar, "through mutual economic interests, in time, life for the two nationalities living side by side will grow more pleasant and a lasting agreement result some day."

It is more to the advantage of the Germans in Czechoslovakia to be citizens of Czechoslovakia than to be citizens of Germany or Austria. There are many Czechoslovaks who fought loyally in the Austrian Army to the very end of the war, but who are as free from dislike or restrictions so far as the outside world is concerned as though they had fought against Germany all their lives. There is no moral boycott against any part of Czechoslovakia. This is a valuable asset in Central Europe, and the Germans in Czechoslovakia appreciate it. They are willing to be placated, even though most of them say that they aren't. The desire of the Czechs to have Bohemia entirely Czechized can readily be understood, especially by thorough Americans. But even the most thorough Americans in Czechoslovakia predict trouble for the Czechs if they don't soon start handling the Germans with softer gloves than they have hitherto used.

Stronger on Art Than Letters

The situation in the Slovakian toe of the Czechoslovak sneaker is one that causes a newcomer to hold his head in his hands and call weakly for a headache powder. In the cant phrase of the political student, it is a sweet mess. It is as complicated as a perpetual-motion machine, and the League of Nations could unravel it about as easily as a hippopotamus could crawl through a stick of macaroni.

The Slovaks aren't a very well-known people. The American idea of them is that they are content to live fifteen or twenty in a room and in the most squalid surroundings. I have been into a good many Slovak villages, and I have found the Slovak peasants among the most attractive and lovable peasant people of the many I have seen. Their cottages are simple and neat and comfortable. Every Slovak peasant woman has embroideries which she designs and works herself—waists and skirts and aprons and shawls and headdresses and sheets; and for beauty of design and fineness of execution they are unrivaled. Every Slovak peasant woman has these things. Almost all the Slovak women paint the plaster walls of their kitchens and living rooms with free-hand designs so symmetrical and daring and colorful that they nearly knock out the eye of the unprepared beholder. In other words, they are almost without exception people of excellent taste and with a love for the beautiful.

The great drawback about the Slovaks is their illiteracy. For nearly 1000 years Slovakia has been a part of Hungary, and during this time the Magyars—as the true Hungarians are always known in Central Europe—oppressed all things Slovakian. That is to say, the Magyars prevented the Slovaks from developing as Slovaks. The only schools which taught the Slovak languages were the primary schools. If a Slovak wanted higher education he had to go to a Magyar high school and college. Slovaks who learned the Magyar language were favored by the Magyars and given public offices.

Thus practically all of the educated Slovaks are Magyarized. Some people say very harsh things about the Magyars for refusing to allow the Slovaks to have their own high schools and colleges. Yet in America we don't allow different nationalities to have their own schools. We Americanize everyone so far as we are able, so that we may have unity and accord.

At any rate, the Slovaks who didn't go to Magyar schools are illiterate. The Slovaks who went to Magyar schools are Magyarized and frequently speak Magyar fluently, but don't speak Slovak. These Magyarized Slovaks have always made opposition politics to the Magyars, but the only thing which they have sought in the

(Concluded on Page 124)

Here is a real opportunity, right now, for live men with good average common sense and industry, to make a lot of money on a small investment

FOUR kinds of people can go into this business to advantage: 1—people who want to be in business for themselves; 2—people who want to put a son or some other wide-awake man in a safe business to their mutual profit; 3—people already in business who want to add an easy profit maker; 4—people now in the candy business who want increased volume and profits.

The business is: Manufacturing Candy Kisses by machine, putting the machine in a store window—manufacturing, advertising and selling all in one—making money out of crowds.

Everybody likes to see a machine in motion. In the United States, Canada, China, Japan, Australia, New Zealand, Brazil, England, Norway, Sweden—the world over—human nature is the same. They all like to "see the wheels go round."

Five years ago a man out West had a small candy kiss business—a girl wrapping kisses by hand in his window. He put our kiss machine in that window, attracted the crowds, sold a lot of kisses, made money, took another store in the same town, got another machine, sold kisses to other stores, and kept on growing until he made $21,000 profit last year. Another man, in a New England town, started with a few hundred dollars and in a short time was selling kisses to the country round and making $10,000 a year. Another man started three years ago and made $14,000 last year—and so on.

We said this business requires industry—work. So it does—so does any business. But it is easy just the same because it combines in high degree the eight essentials of successful business. Check them for yourself.

1—*Small capital:* Only a few hundred dollars capital is needed if you have a store and not so very much more if you have to rent one. You can buy the kiss machine on instalments; the other equipment is simple and not costly.

2—*Frequent turnover and good profits:* You turn your capital over frequently at a good profit each time. It is raw material in the morning and cash in the drawer at night.

3—*Low expenses:* The business is cash; no credit risks; no customers' accounts to keep; no delivery costs; no dead stock; you sell direct to consumer; the profits are all yours.

4—*Simplicity of manufacture and management:* You make the same thing over and over again. We furnish a book of simple formulas and full directions for making. A pulling machine operated by electricity does the pulling. The kiss machine cuts, shapes and wraps the kisses; a girl can tend it. Materials are easily obtained as you need them. You get your power from your electric light.

5—*A great volume of sales:* There is a great and growing demand for kisses. They're good candy at a moderate price.

6—*Self advertising and selling:* The machine in motion stops the crowds and they come in and buy. You have all the steps which Sheldon, the great teacher of salesmanship, says are necessary: 1—favorable attention; 2—interest; 3—desire; 4—action. Your kiss business helps sell other goods—it has turned more than one unprofitable business into a success.

7—*Ease of expansion:* If you want to open another store you can move in overnight and be doing business the next day.

8—*Safety:* All of the foregoing make it an unusually safe business. Profits start with the starting of the machine.

Yes, it combines to a great degree the successful elements of big business and yet it *requires only a small capital.*

We have been making these machines for eight years. We began advertising them last July in *The Saturday Evening Post.* Since then people have started in this business in New York, Chicago, Indianapolis, Seattle, Mansfield, Paterson, Newark, Philadelphia, Los Angeles, Lynn and many other cities—and they report "large profits." The Atlantic City Boardwalk, of course, is fairly lined with these kiss machines and users report "increasing profits."

Men in China, New Zealand, Brazil, Cuba, England, Sweden, etc., hearing of this business, have bought machines and paper. One man—in Norway—no sooner received his machine than he cabled us for two additional machines and more paper.

So you see it's a great business and a great opportunity.

Now! Which kind of man are you?

1—Do you want to be in business for yourself and make big profits on small capital? *Then get our book.*

2—Do you want to start your son or some other wide-awake young man in a safe business that will pay you both well? *Then get our book.*

3—Are you the owner of a store or group of stores—drug-stores, 5-and-10-cent stores, groceries, restaurants, bakeries, candy stores? Do you want to add a big profit maker? *Then get our book.*

4—Are you a candy manufacturer looking for bigger volume and bigger profits? Model K does the work of 8 to 10 hand wrappers, takes up very little room, and gives you a large output at good profit. *Get our book.*

This book, "Your Opportunity in the Candy Kiss Business," answers all the questions you will probably want to ask. After you've read it tell us the location you have in mind and the other facts and we'll try to give you real help; for we want everybody who goes into this business to make the most possible money.

The coupon is for your convenience.

Here is one of our kiss machines in a store on Broadway, New York City. Nedick, the Orange Juice Man. Three years ago he bought his first machine; a year later a second machine, later a third. His fourth machine has just been shipped to his new store, corner of 34th Street & Seventh Avenue, near the Pennsylvania Station.

We build wrapping machines of various kinds for the greatest concerns in the United States, such as

National Candy Co	N K Fairbank Co
Beechnut Packing Co	Procter & Gamble Co
Gillette Safety Razor Co	Swift & Co
American Sugar Refining Co	Andrew Jergens Co
Walter Baker & Co	Palmolive Co
Borden's Milk Co	National Biscuit Co
Ghirardelli Co	Loose-Wiles Biscuit Co
Hershey Chocolate Co	Mueller Macaroni
Touraine Co (Chocolate)	National Starch Co
American Chicle Co	American Tobacco Co
William Wrigley Jr Co	Liggett & Myers Co
Armour & Co	R J Reynolds Tobacco Co
Colgate & Co	Postum Cereal Co

These well-known national companies each have from five to seventy of our machines which wrap their various articles clean, tight, and saleable, and save millions of dollars every year. To meet their demands, we have repeatedly enlarged our plant and now have the largest and best equipped factory in the world devoted wholly to the building of wrapping machines.

One of the wrapped kisses that come tumbling out of the Model K Kiss Wrapping Machine 120 or more to the minute—almost too fast for the eye to count.

PACKAGE MACHINERY COMPANY
SPRINGFIELD MASS

NEW YORK OFFICE 30 Church Street | CHICAGO OFFICE 111 W Washington Street | LONDON W H Beers & Son

COUPON. Fill out, cut out, and mail

Package Machinery Company A-1-20-30
Model K Dept. Springfield Massachusetts

Send your book on the Candy Kiss Business.

My present business is _____

Name _____

Address _____

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past has been autonomy under Hungary—never independence or autonomy under Bohemia.

Once a person makes opposition politics over a long period of time it gets in his blood. He is agin all government. He specializes in destruction and never in construction. Many of the parties now in power in Central Europe are made up of men who have always made opposition politics and who therefore cannot originate constructive policies. Being themselves the government, with only themselves to oppose, they promptly proceed to oppose themselves. In this they are like those constitutional fighters, the Montenegrins, who, lacking a common enemy to fight, choose up sides and fight each other. The Slovaks are makers of opposition politics. They were against the Magyars. Now they are against the Czechs—not violently, but just against them. They haven't yet reached the point where they want to break away from the Czechs. As a matter of fact, the Slovaks don't know what they want, because of their newness and rawness. There are four political parties in Slovakia, and not one of them has a definite program.

As for the Czechs, their policy is to make the Czechs and the Slovaks into one people, and this is particularly galling to the Slovaks. The Czechs, as I said earlier in this article, are hard. Religion cuts no great figure in their lives. Czech soldiers have knocked down many of the Slovak shrines which dot the countryside, and while I was in Presburg Czech soldiers entered the cathedral there and hacked off parts of a Magyar shrine on the cathedral wall. Then, too, the Czechs are socialists. Bohemia is largely social-democratic, and the social democracy which obtains in Germany, Austria, Czechoslovakia and parts of Italy is perilously close to Bolshevism. Some people refer to social democracy as creeping Bolshevism. Its foundation, despite the denials of the social democrats themselves, is class warfare and the socialization of everything. Put that in your pipe and smoke it and you'll find that the smoke comes out a bright, Bolshevistic red.

From Muddle to Muddle

All of these things offend the Slovaks. The Slovaks are mild, conservative and very religious. They own their land, and they want nothing of socialism. There are not enough educated Slovaks to fill ten per cent of the government and school positions in Slovakia. The vacancies are filled with Czechs who have been sent down from Prague. In many cases these imported officials are incompetent. Lots of them resemble the carpetbaggers who went from the North into the South after our Civil War. Many of these new officeholders are aggressive and arrogant. They don't think much of the Slovaks, and they don't hesitate to show it. This helps to give the Slovaks a long, lingering pain.

The Czechs refuse to listen to any talk of autonomy for Slovakia, because Slovakia has such a scrambled population that an elected Slovak parliament might suddenly vote to join Hungary. One of the leading Slovaks explained it this way: "Fifty-four per cent of Slovakia's population is Slovak, thirty-one per cent is Magyar, eight per cent is German and seven per cent is Rusin. In the Slovak parliament there would be about 160 Slovak members and about 140 others; and not all the Slovaks would be loyal. Some are Magyars at heart. So we couldn't be sure of a majority in parliament, and consequently Slovakia cannot be autonomous."

Competent observers seem to think that the situation between the Slovaks and the Czechs can be calmed if the Czechs adopt a less aggressive, more tolerant, less suspicious attitude. Claims are made in Slovakia that the country is infested with Czech spies. The competent observers also hold the opinion that if the Czechs aren't able to place any confidence in the Slovaks they'd better get rid of the country.

The Slovak-Czech situation, muddled and dangerous as it is, fades into insignificance beside the Czech-Magyar situation in Slovakia.

The Czech-Magyar hatred is an excellent sample of the magnificent, unparalleled, one hundred per cent hatreds which the peace treaty has loosed in Central Europe and which have turned Central Europe into a greater collection of Balkan states.

The states which have been formed out of the old Austro-Hungarian monarchy are maintaining nearly twice as many soldiers as the old monarchy needed to keep the peace before the war. Every border is guarded and triple guarded. Every piece of luggage is investigated minutely at every border.

No longer can a traveler in Central Europe say, "On such and such a day I shall travel to such and such a place." The United Hates of Central Europe will not permit any such freedom of movement.

Nowadays a traveler goes when he can get his visés and his police permits, and not before. On arriving in a city he must inform the police. On leaving the city he must inform the police. When leaving a country he must have the permission of the country which he is leaving, the country to which he is going and the countries through which he must travel. It sometimes takes an entire day to get a single visé. Americans, who are the most highly favored of all travelers, are sometimes forced to present letters stating that they are not involved in politics before they are permitted to travel into a country on an American passport. Special visés are frequently required in order to go to different parts of a single country. Most good trains are under military control, and military permits are required in order to ride on them. All reservations on trains possessing reservable seats or compartments are made from one to three weeks in advance.

Journeys which used to take three or four hours before the war frequently take from fifteen to twenty hours to-day because of passport restrictions and border difficulties. To go from Prague in the west of Czechoslovakia to Uzhorod in the east used to take ten or twelve hours. Now it takes two days. From Vienna to Budapest used to be a five-hour train ride. To-day it takes fourteen hours. Train travel in Central Europe is exactly the same as train travel between Boston and New York would be if one needed a visé to go from Massachusetts into Rhode Island, from Rhode Island into Connecticut and from Connecticut into New York, and if one had to endure a searching customs examination on leaving Massachusetts, entering Rhode Island, entering Connecticut and entering New York.

Exaggerated? The case is understated! Coming from Poland into Austria I saw five people thrown off the Entente Express—people of some consequence too—because they had failed to get police permission to leave Poland. In spite of having paid their fares, they had to go all the way back to Warsaw and go through many hardships and inconveniences because of their oversight. Coming from Hungary into Austria I saw 200 travelers jammed into one small room for five hours until each one of the 200 had satisfied the customs requirements.

I saw an American citizen in the American Legation in Prague almost weeping with rage because the Czechs at the border, in examining him for money and suspicious papers, had ripped his coat open with such violence that every button on it had been half torn off. I have seen the Italian consul in Vienna refuse to visé an American passport to Italy until the owner of the passport produced a letter from the American Mission in Vienna stating that he was not concerned in politics; and at the same time as a matter of principle, the American Mission in Vienna refused to accede to this demand on the part of the Italian consul and would not supply any American citizen whatever with any such letter. In other words, American citizens could not proceed from Vienna to Italy, in spite of having good American passports.

No; the difficulties of travel in Central Europe are hard to exaggerate. My references to them have barely scratched the surface. Some day I will really tell you about it, and as you read the white hairs will come crowding in among your raven locks. Every state in Central Europe hates every other state with enough bitterness to sour eau de Cologne; and a few of them, not content with hating everyone else, hate themselves.

The hot box of the Czech-Hungarian hate is the city of Presburg, or Pozshony, or Bratislava. I call it Presburg because under any other name it can't be found on an American, English, French or German map.

Presburg is the capital of Slovakia. It used to be the old capital of the Magyars. For hundreds of years the Magyar kings were crowned there. It was inhabited chiefly by Germans and Magyars, with a smattering of educated or Magyarized Slovaks. The tombstones in the cemeteries of Presburg bear nothing but Magyar and German names.

To-day it is a Czech city. Fifteen thousand Magyars have been prodded out of their homes and jobs to make room for imported Czech officials, Czech school-teachers and Czech merchants, and have been shipped down into Hungary. The Magyar professors have been thrown out of the ancient Magyar university at Presburg. The name of the city has been changed to a Czech name. The street signs and the shop signs have been done over into Czech.

In front of the city, on the side facing the Austrians and the Hungarians, are the barbed-wire entanglements and the trenches and the machine guns and the soldiers that I spoke about earlier in this article.

A street-car line used to run from Vienna to Presburg. To-day travelers going by that line have to get out of the cars 100 yards before they reach the border, walk up to the barbed-wire entanglements that the Czechs have erected, go through the customs, and then walk another 100 yards on the other side of the border and get into another street car. No more cars can run through. Common sense and rapid transit have received a severe kick from national hatred.

The Magyars are so ferociously angry at the Czechs that the mere mention of the name Czech is enough to make most of the Magyars within hearing have near-apoplexy. They claim that the Czechs have seized Magyar territory to which they have no right at all. The Hungarian Army vanished into thin air just after the armistice, and it was then, or soon afterward, that the Czechs occupied Presburg without resistance. The Magyars claim that they could never have done it if there had been any Magyar army left.

The Czechs took Presburg because it is a part of Slovakia. True, it is a Hungarian city, but none the less it is part of Slovakia. It is also a port on the Danube, and the Czechs have got to have a port on the Danube. In addition to taking the city of Presburg and the solidly Magyar parts of Slovakia, the Czechs also took a big stretch of land known as the Grosse Schutt, which is a rich territory between two branches of the Danube. It is sixty miles long and thirty miles broad. Its population consists of more than 100,000 Magyars and only a few hundred Slovaks. It is neither part of Slovakia nor occupied by Slovaks, but the Czechs declare that they must have it in order to control their part of the Danube. The Magyars are fairly tearing their hair out by the roots because of it. Exactly the same tension exists between the Czechs and the Magyars over Presburg as exists between the Italians and the Jugo-Slavs over Fiume. The Fiume situation, however, has received more advertising.

The Magyars say that there are 700,000 Magyars whom the Czechs have taken into Czechoslovakia by main force and against their wills. They say that they will never endure it. They froth at the mouth and gasp hoarsely when discussing the matter. They issue posters declaring that Presburg is the Magyar Strasburg. They say that it's Alsace-Lorraine all over again. They get out propaganda maps showing the gluttonous Czech minority which is controlling Czechoslovakia. They declare that they must and will have the city of Presburg and the 700,000 Magyars back again in Hungary. They disseminate passionate propaganda among the Slovaks.

Claims and Counterclaims

The Czechs meanwhile are not idle. They erect barbed-wire entanglements and dig trenches. They get out propaganda of their own, showing stalwart Slovak farmers sweeping the Magyar rats out of Slovakia. They say that they need the territory which they have taken, and that they intend to keep it in spite of all the Magyar protests and all the Magyar threats.

They have instituted a censorship which goes through letters coming in to Magyars living in Presburg. Many Magyars claim that they can get no letters at all from the outside world.

The Magyars are accused by the Czechs of financing Bolshevik agitations in Slovakia. The Czechs are accused by the Magyars of harboring Bolsheviks who helped to wreck Hungary, as well as of spreading stories of Magyar intrigue in order to gain sympathy. The Magyars claim that the Slovaks can't understand the Czech language. The Czechs claim that the Magyars stole all their culture from the Slovaks—a charge which causes the Magyars to burst into horrid peals of wild laughter and almost go mad with fury. The Magyars say that all Slovaks loathe the Czechs and love the Magyars. The Czechs claim that all Slovaks despise the Magyars and worship the Czechs. And so on through day after day and night after night, so long as there is anyone to listen. And when there isn't anyone to listen it is generally believed that they talk to themselves. It is interesting, but somewhat dazing.

I asked Prime Minister Tusar what he thought the outcome of the bad blood between Bohemia and Slovakia would be.

"The relations with Slovakia are simply a problem of patience," said Mr. Tusar. "One must wait until the Magyar agitation there loses ground. Then matters will be finally settled of their own accord."

I asked Magyar leaders in Slovakia why they didn't stop their ructions, let the Czechs take what they want, settle down to work and try to get along somehow.

"Isn't there some way that you can arrive at an understanding with the Czechs?" I asked.

The Magyar leaders, one and all, pounded the table with their fists.

"No! No! Never!" they shouted. "No! No! Never!"

I know that there are many people in America who think that the peace conference did a pretty good job, and that Central European affairs can be regulated by the League of Nations. I had occasion to remark on that fact to an American who has been going up and down in Central Europe for the past year on official business.

"I know that there are people like that," he said wearily and tolerantly, "but you want to remember"—and here he heaved a sigh that blew the ash from his cigar—"you want to remember that those people don't know anything about Central Europe."

Market Day in the Town of Preshow, Slovakia. The Pigs Worth 40 Crowns Before the War, are Now Valued at 2000

Energetic, healthy youngsters need this appetizing food

REAL boys and girls are "on the go" all the time—and ought to be, if they are to grow up with sound, healthy bodies. They require just such nourishing, muscle-making, pep-giving food as Wilson's Square-Pressed Boiled Ham. Have your dealer slice it to your order. Notice its tempting appearance, its coaxing, hunger-rousing aroma. We select these hams, bone and trim them and *cook them in vapor* so that all the good taste and food value are retained. Keep some on hand for a quick lunch as well as to serve at any meal. You'll say it is real *quality* in cooked ham.

"This mark WILSON & CO. your guarantee"

WILSON'S

Certified

SQUARE-PRESSED Boiled Ham

The Wilson label protects your table

Pillsbury's
FAMILY OF FOODS

Pancake Flour

So Easy —— Just add water

It's as easy as turning on the faucet to make delicious pancakes with Pillsbury's Pancake Flour. Add only water—everything required, even the milk, is in the flour. You'll wonder how you can make such pancakes with so little effort—pancakes so light and tender that you'll want to serve them the year 'round—summer as well as winter.

Always buy Pillsbury's Family of Foods—different in kind, but alike in quality.

At your grocer's

Pillsbury's Best Flour
Pillsbury's Health Bran
Pillsbury's Wheat Cereal
Pillsbury's Pancake Flour
Rye, Graham and Macaroni Flours

PILLSBURY FLOUR MILLS COMPANY
Minneapolis, U. S. A.

WHITE LIGHTS AND A LEAN LARDER

(Continued from Page 17)

shortage is most acute in the Eastern industrial states, though it is more or less general throughout the United States.

"Farm tractors are being used to an increasing extent in the Central and Western states, where they are adapted to the large and level farms. Farm implements are costing the same to about fifteen per cent more than last year, the increases being mostly for implements with wood."

The man who scans these two expert opinions, expressed in terms of judicial moderation, is likely to miss several elements of major importance unless he knows how to read between the lines. The roll call of the thousands of farmers who have contributed to this symposium has been punctuated, from start to finish, with expressions of this kind: "The help that we can get, or would get if we could pay for it, is poor, inefficient, unwilling and touchy."

After considering several hundred of these responses to the toast, "Farm Labor for 1920," I am oppressed with the conviction that the hired help that will be retained on the farms this season will deliver a decidedly lower efficiency than did the standard hired hand of the prewar days. Certainly there is not the slightest doubt that the working hours of the 1920 farm hand are going to be greatly reduced. This admission is virtually universal. Again, there is but one opinion on the score of the comparative ability of the 1920 hired hand, granting a normal inclination to deliver a full day's work. Farmers are of one voice in saying: "He doesn't know his job. The live ones have gone to town to grab off the big wages. Only the seconds are left to the farms, as a rule." Of course this doesn't put the brand of inefficiency on all those who have stuck by the farm. A few of the very best workers, who are shrewd enough to weigh the costs of living in the industrial centers and the temptations of the town to extravagant expenditures, against free living on the farm, have stuck by the employing farmers.

Help From the Tractor

Then, too, the typical attitude of the 1920 farm hand must come in for consideration, as it is a big element in his delivery. Almost every big industrial employer of labor to-day is spending thousands of dollars to the end of improving the attitude of his workers to their jobs, of rousing a feeling of interest and coöperation, of putting the right spirit into his men. This is substantial evidence of the importance of attitude on the part of the workers, whether in the factory or on the farm

How about the spirit of the 1920 farm hand? The returns on this special straw ballot cover this question in great detail, and there is not an exception registered to the opinion that as a rule it is indifferent, peevish and truculent. Consolidate all these qualifying considerations and the result is that a heavy discount on the score of production must be made on their account. In short, the findings that the labor on farms this year is about twenty-eight per cent below normal and that the crop acreage will suffer a reduction not quite so severe do not tell the whole story of reduced farm production—not by a jugful! The quality of available help in point of ability, attitude and working hours compels another deep cut in farm production.

And there is still another element to be recognized: The fact that the heavy end of the farm work to be done this year must be delivered by old men and men of middle age—the owners of the farms who have decided to stand by the good ship Production and do the best they can without hired help. These men have been under severe strain of heavy work and great anxiety during all the war years and are much exhausted. No man can go through the country and meet the farm owners who are going to stay with the job this year without being impressed with this fact.

Scores of them express the situation in substantially these terms: "I'm worn out and would quit and take things easy this year if I could only get help. But I can't even hold my own boys on the farm, to say nothing of hiring hands. I'm not much better than half a man this year—but it seems a crime to let good farm land lie entirely idle. Besides, it doesn't seem right to cut production to the point that makes something like near-starvation for the country seem a possibility—even if the city folks, the workers with swollen pay envelopes and the men who employ them, do ride our necks and abuse us for profiteers, when the prices of our products are going down and the cost of all we buy is going up. So I'm going to stay by, work all the crop I can and let the rest slide."

There is one ray of sunshine on the score of offsetting a heavy decline in production: This is the tractor. This is mentioned in every expert analysis of the situation brought in by straw ballot. There can be no doubt that 1920 is the premium year of power farming thus far. Tractors by the hundreds are going on smaller farms than ever before. And in the rolling and hilly country of the East and South the farm tractor is being given a generous tryout. If it can make the grade it will be hailed as a public benefactor—and it should be. Then, too, many small farmers of the East and South are straining their resources to buy what they term row implements. This because they recognize that they must do at least twice the work they have done before because they cannot get help. Men must abandon the hoe for the cultivator; they must ride instead of walk—all to the end of covering more ground.

And it's going to be a hard year on the country kids. The old swimming hole and the croquet ground are going to be lonesome during the growing season. The children are going to have to pitch in and help out with the crops as a matter of steady routine instead of occasional sport and exercise.

As one farmer puts it: "My big boys, and the grown girl, too, have left the farm for the fleshpots of town. I don't hold it against them—but it leaves the farm work to mother, myself and the small kids. They'll have to do all they can stand. There's no other way out—unless we all desert the farm. And I can't do that because I know that if we stay with it we're going to have at least all the food that we need—and I'm not quite sure we will be certain of that, the way things are going throughout the country, even if I get a job in a factory at big wages."

Make no mistake about it, to a very general extent the machinery of farm production in America is being adjusted to a new speed. It is being set to the capacity of the farm owner, his wife and the kids. Suppose that this statement were true of the smaller factories of this country—that the lesser shops and factories were about to set back on the basis of operation by the hands of their owners and their younger children? Such a condition would stampede the nation, and the country would ring with the sound of the calamity.

Yet the nation's food is produced on farms, and the farms of America are, to a very considerable extent, going on the basis of "father and the smaller children" for their man power.

The captains of industry and the leaders of labor can put in a Sunday or two to great advantage looking this situation squarely in the face and studying how they can help to ease up a little on the farmer. And the editors of city newspapers might get a new slant on their treatment of daily H. C. L. front-page story if they would take a few minutes off from the political drive and attempt to learn what the farmer is up against to-day. Perhaps they might, for instance, help their city readers to understand that there are few if any dairy farmers of average capacity who would not be eager to exchange the entire profits on their investment and their own work for the wages of the milk driver who delivers the bottles at their doors together with an explanation that the farmers are getting all the money.

The farmer is sick and tired of playing the goat and having the grocer, the milkman, the meat-market man, the editor of the metropolitan paper and all the rest of the city push pass the buck to him while he is working about fourteen hours a day—at a fraction of their compensation—to keep them in food. Any man who helps to make the city dweller really understand the farmer and the farmer's situation is doing a distinct and timely public service. The rural worm is showing signs of extreme restlessness and anything that will prevent him from turning is very much worth while. It will be a sad day for America when the farmer is prodded to the point of doing a flop—one that will really demonstrate his power. He could make the biggest labor union look sick and futile if he let himself go.

But to get back to the big straw ballot on farm production for 1920:

There is hardly another state in the Union that presents as graphic a picture of the havoc wrought by industry's raid on agriculture as Ohio. This is because there is scarcely a town of any size in the Buckeye State that hasn't several humming manufacturing plants. Within its borders are two great steel cities and several that are near-great. Its range of manufactured products is amazing and runs from rubber in all forms to farm implements; from steel ingots to highly fabricated office devices.

On the other hand, Ohio is a rich agricultural state; how rich is not generally appreciated. It pioneered the export of fat cattle to England by sending the first carload of Christmas beef to Liverpool for the Yuletide tables of the British aristocrats, and has never relinquished its fondness for the stall-fed ox of blue-ribbon rank. And where beef cattle are fed hogs are invariably found following in their wake. The standard of meat animals in Ohio is uncommonly high and therefore its thoroughbred breeding stock is sought by the stockmen of the entire country. Its sheep are famous and Ohio ranks high as a wool-producing state and consequently its importance as a source of raw material for clothing demands consideration.

In a word, Ohio is a state in which agriculture and industry are running the race neck to neck; or at least this is what they have been doing until industry was, in the terms of the race track, doped with the pep tonic of inflation. To-day, however, the country districts of Ohio afford a lurid example of what industry can do to farming—and consequently to food production—when it cuts loose for man power.

Conditions in Ohio

A short auto tour through Sheffield township, in Ashtabula County, for example, will show sixteen vacant farms—abandoned by farmers who have gone into the towns to work. Some of these are getting a dollar an hour in the railroad yards. On a certain road only two miles long, in the same county, are sixteen farmhouses. Only five of them are now occupied by farmers, of whom only two have hired help. Two houses on this road are occupied by ditch diggers, one by a miner, one by a general laborer. Another road in the same school district shows about the same number of unfarmed farms. One of the farmers on this road remarked: "We cannot produce at half capacity without help, and that is not to be had."

One might as well tour Ohio with his eyes shut as to count unoccupied farmhouses on the theory that this kind of census is giving him any sound basis for judgment as to the extent to which industry is sapping the productive punch of the farm. And this goes for nearly all agricultural sections in any part of the country close to manufacturing towns and cities, to mines and to large public works of any kind! Wherever this situation is found farmhouses within fair riding distance of the towns—either by automobile or electric cars—are tenanted by factory and plant workers. Many of these houses are occupied by their old owners or by farm boys who have shifted their labor but not their residence to the town. Many others have lately passed into the ownership of thrifty wage workers of foreign birth.

In Ashtabula County alone there have lately been 400 transfers to foreign-born workers of farm-land real estate involving about 19,000 acres. Though some of this land will be worked—mainly by women and children—the greater part of it is fairly to be considered as an emergency housing overflow from the crowded industrial centers.

But let us take the testimony of men on the ground who know the situation at first hand.

A solid farmer of Trumbull County has this to say: "I live six miles east of Warren. At least twenty auto loads of men pass my house every morning going to Warren to work. They make from five to ten dollars a day for work in the mills and shops, and they cannot make it on the farm. There is farm after farm where owners just have a garden and potato patch and keep a cow and go to town to work, as they

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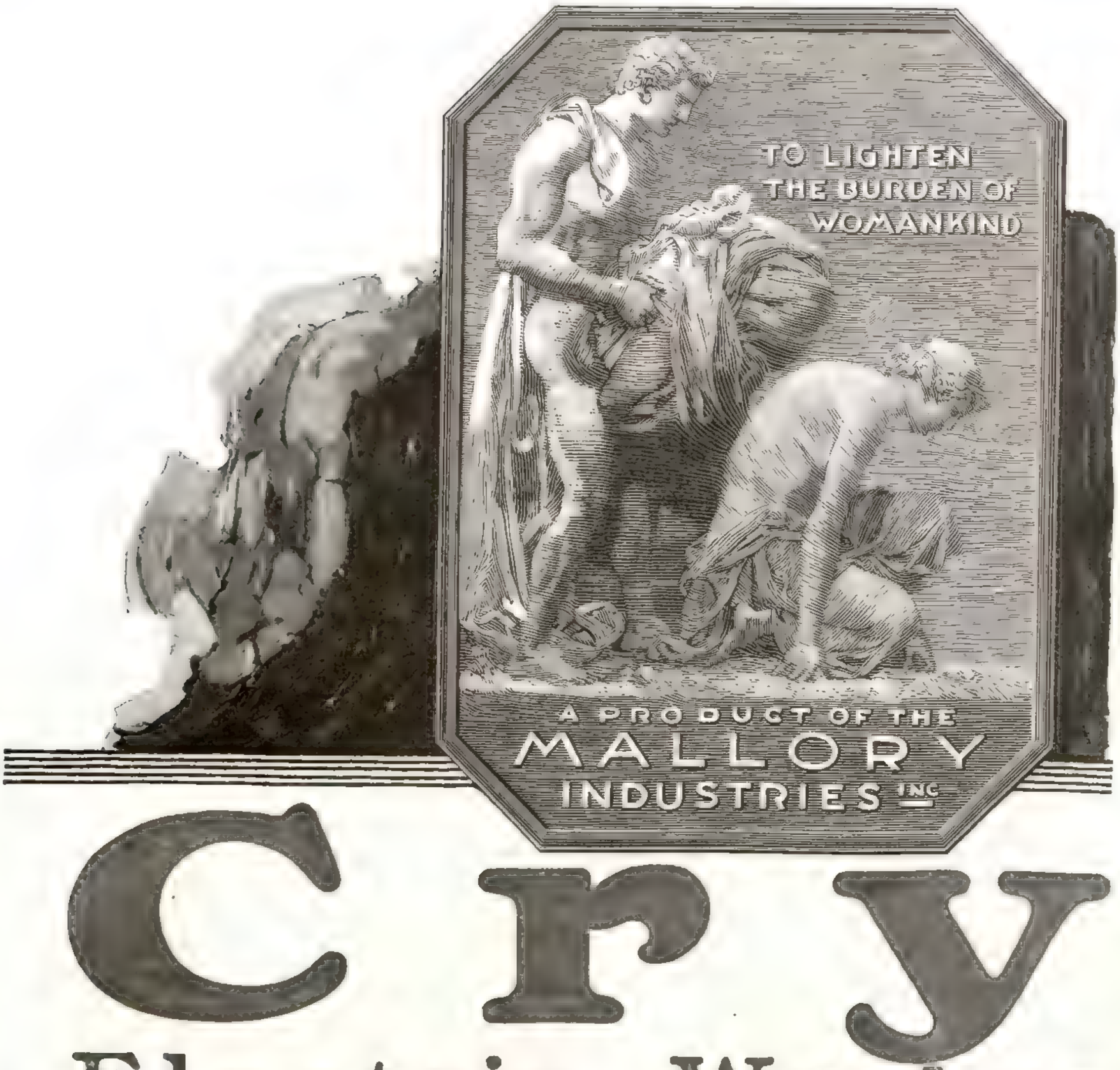
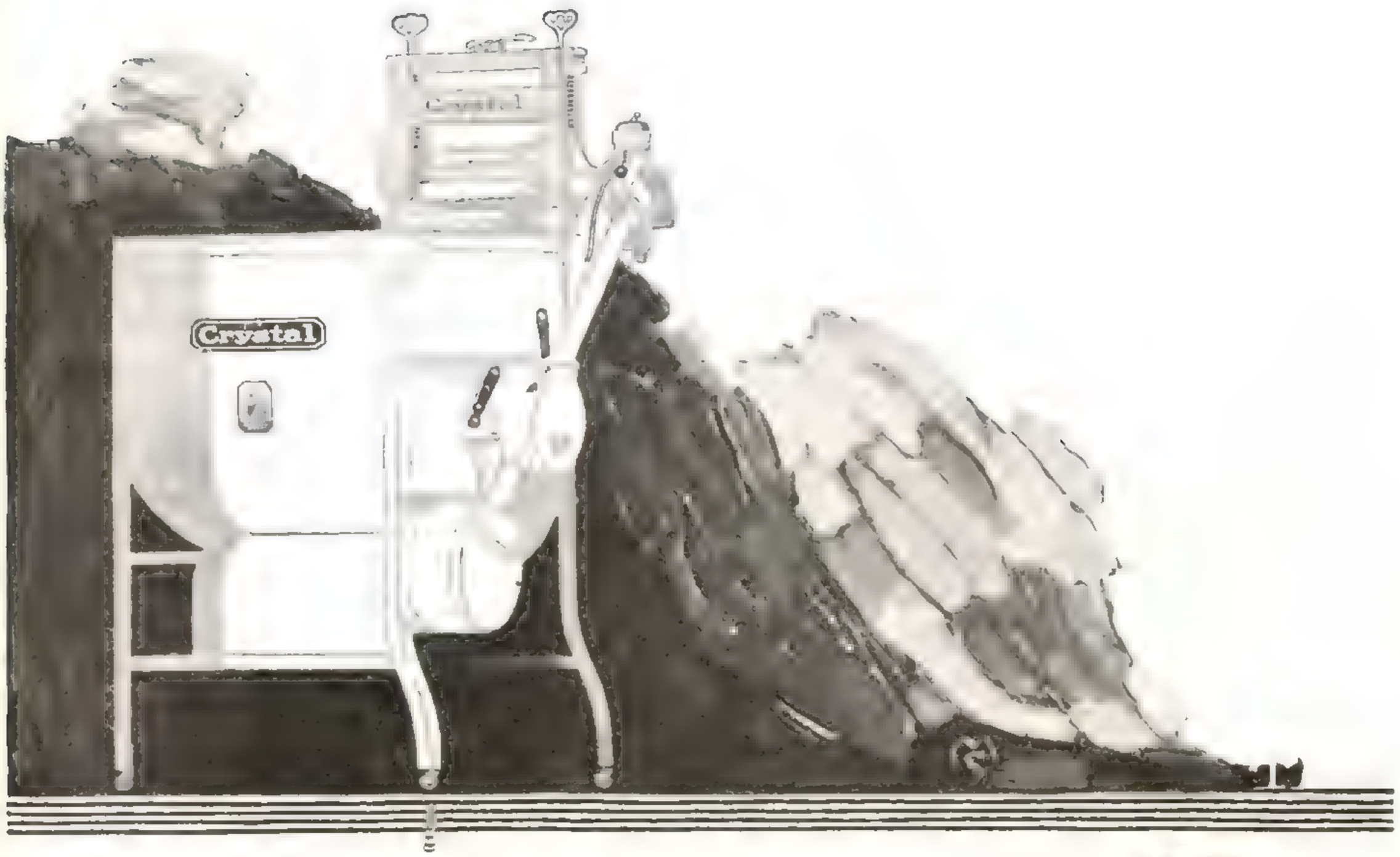


CFV

Electric Washer



stal and Wringer

The solid faith of the American woman in her Crystal is the result of her own satisfying experience. That it should bear the seal of a great organization, whose manufacturing experience dates to 1840, only serves to intensify the perfectly natural preference of the housewife for the established superiority of the Crystal Machine.

CRYSTAL DIVISION MALLORY INDUSTRIES, Inc., *Detroit*
Factories: DETROIT, MICH., PORT CHESTER, N. Y., BALTIMORE, MD.

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can make more money than they can working their farms. Some work eight hours and some nine hours and then they have time to work their gardens and make an average of six or seven dollars a day. Every road leading to Warren is as crowded as this with wage workers going and coming."

Another farmer, in Warren County, makes this remark: "Yes, the houses here are generally occupied—but not with farm help. Country houses are in demand for factory workers. Four-fifths of the farms in this section have changed hands in the last two and a half years."

An Ashland County farmer offers this interesting observation: "Farmers cannot hire any help at all. We cannot pay wages asked. Some men ask seventy-five dollars a month. Farmers are planning to farm only what they can handle themselves. An electrical station near here takes all our help. It pays $125 to $150 a month, the men working eight hours. All the vacant houses within twenty-five miles are now occupied by electrical employees. As long as the electrical company pays such wages farmers have no help and will not have any."

From Hocking County comes this bit of testimony: "Farm products are shrinking in value while everything else is increasing and there is universal lack of help. This township has more than forty empty tenant houses. Farmers are going to raise less until there is an adjustment in prices all round. What they buy will have to come down on a level with farm products."

A Morrow County man sketches the situation in his section in these words: "I believe this community—as well as many others—is in a most deplorable condition as far as farm labor is concerned. There is scarcely an unmarried man or boy left on the farms, and very few middle-aged married laborers. To give an illustration, I was talking to a young man who had been counted on as one of the best and most energetic young farmers in this community. A few months ago he made a sale and moved to town. When asked why he left the farm he said, 'To hell with the farm! When I can make six to eight dollars a day in eight hours or less, the farm doesn't see me any more!'"

A Crawford County farmer cuts loose in this fashion: "Our Government acted the fool in establishing an eight-hour day. We can never reduce the H. C. L. and work only eight hours. Farmers work fifteen hours—and when the crops are ready to go to market, then the eight-hour-day bunch, headed by the Government, howls about the H. C. L. Now the thing for the Government to do, when this coming crop is ready to sell, is just to tend to its own business. The Government has no business to head a gang of eight-hour howlers so they can get the produce cheap from the men who worked fifteen hours. The eight-hour man gets big wages per hour. Now if he wants more money, let him work more hours. If the Government wants to reduce the H. C. L. let it get back to the ten-hour day and stop heading this bunch of eight-hour easy livers. To reduce the H. C. L. we must all work ten hours."

Buying High and Selling Low

"All the boys and girls," declares a Coshocton County farmer, "are going to town. Only broken-down men are left to carry on the farming. All the farmers I have talked to say they intend to let up on this hard dog's life. Everybody is trying to give the farmer advice, and we are tired of it. As an example, this township twenty-three years ago had 340 voters. Now there are 218. This is a farming community. The labor that we can get are dead beats and will put in just as few hours as they can. I own 218 acres of land and am near sixty years old, and with my boy I am trying hard to run this farm, which should give four men steady employment the year round. If my boy should leave I would sell. With all the grandeur, dignity and independence of farm life, under the present labor difficulty it is worse than a dog's life. If you want to buy a township come here and I will help you purchase it."

Any investigator who will make a tour of Ohio for the purpose of taking the temperature of the farmers would have no trouble in collecting an abundance of hot ones like the above.

For example, a very substantial farmer in Portage County goes on record with this statement: "The farmer boys are all going to the city, where they get big pay and short hours. Only old men and cripples are left on the farms. The taxes are very high and going higher. The farms are being sold as never before. The farmers, their wives and small children work like slaves on the farm, and all together do not get a decent wage. The farmer has a rotten deal. Everything the farmer has to buy is very high in price and of the poorest quality. The farmer does not get as much for a cowhide as he did before the war, but look what he pays for a pair of shoes made of pasteboard and ground-up leather! In one town in our county seventy young men have gone to town to work at ten dollars a day, and some of the farms are idle. Is it any wonder that the farmers are discouraged? They cannot get help and could not afford to pay these wages if they could get the help. At the high prices prevailing the farmers cannot afford to buy lumber, paint or steel-wire fencing that rusts out almost as fast as you put it up. There is no reason in the world while the high prices prevail why the man on the farm should not be paid as much as the man in the city. The farmer will raise what he can for himself, and the city man will have to go hungry or come out on the farm and help dig it out. The farmer can not and will not feed the city unless he has the help and profit enough so he can live the same as other people."

Mudsills of the Social Fabric

This farmer is sore—sore plumb through! And he cuts loose and says things. But he isn't lacking for company. From the notes before me as I write I could give at least a hundred statements from farmers quite as radical as this—many of them more so. Those expressions should be taken into consideration by the city man, the man outside of agriculture, because they indicate most unmistakably that the farmers of America have been pushed about as far and as hard as they will stand.

And these kicks, remember, come from the most substantial class of farmers. There is not an expression from a man who is not depended upon by the Bureau of Crop Estimates as a reliable source of agricultural information. This means a picked class of men. When a man of this sort kicks over the traces and betrays his resentment it is well for all concerned to weigh his protest—even if it happens to be a bit hot and immoderate—instead of striking out his testimony on the ground that he is a crank or a wild rube. Besides, it may be better to listen to his outbreak now than to take the boot of his resentment in reduced food production later!

However, the moderation of the great mass of expressions gathered from farmers for this article is impressive—especially to one who is in position to realize the gravity of the situation which the farmers of America are facing. Here is the testimony of a highly respected farmer in Williams County that will bear examination.

He says: "We do not blame the young man for leaving the farms and going to the cities, when a laboring man can get from eight to twenty-five dollars a day. Now when we, the 7,000,000 farmers of the United States, receive the same profit for our product as the corporations receive for their products, then we can cope with them and pay the same wages they pay, and keep the hired man where he belongs, on the farm. If the two great activities of this country, agriculture and industry, are not soon more equally adjusted, starvation will soon stare the American people in the face."

Here is a conservative expression from a Crawford County farmer whose revelation with regard to his farm profits should furnish food for thought on the part of town and city folks who are inclined to believe that the farmer has been getting fat at their expense.

"Shortage of farm help, high price of labor and livestock depreciation will depress production. Cattle are below the cost of production. Until the farmer can realize enough out of his products to pay same as industrial concerns, farming will decline. My own farm of 190 acres all tillable land, well drained, good black soil, no better anywhere, farmed with modern machinery, last year has paid me a salary of $278, after declaring a dividend of five per cent with no depreciation. I am not going to pay from five to eight dollars a day this year for help. I will farm all I can and work twelve to fourteen hours a day, but I can't afford to give the results to someone else after I have furnished brain and brawn. The temper of the farmer has been sorely tried, and yet he is charged with being a profiteer."

The following statement from a farmer in Allen County strikes the key to which several hundred other expressions are pitched: "The boys can get more money and shorter hours in the city than on the farm, and you cannot blame them. I have 180 acres of cleared land to farm. I will do the best I can, and the rest will have to go without being worked. Lots of farmers say they will farm what they can, and the rest will have to go without being farmed. They will pasture the unworked fields. They say they can stand it if the city can do without the farm products."

Here is another in the same tenor, from Hancock County: "The marked decrease of production for 1920 will be caused by the scarcity, the poor quality and the excessive cost of labor. Farmers are expecting to farm just what they can take care of themselves. They expect to get less for their products, with same or greater expense than heretofore, so they will keep expenses down even if they raise less crops. Farmers are willing to take less for their product but realize they must reduce the cost of crops to do it. Many farms here are not rented as yet. This was never heard of before at this season of the year."

One Hancock County farmer takes a more cheerful view, declaring that the decrease of labor will be compensated for by longer hours and harder work on the part of those who still stick to the job, and by the more extensive use of farm machinery. He concludes his statement with the quaint observation that "We farmers are only the mudsills of the social fabric."

Though I find scores of farmers who agree with him that the greater use of farm machinery this year will act as an appreciable offset to the labor shortage, he is in the minority in the opinion that the farmers intend to work harder than before. Certainly this is true as far as the expressions of their intentions indicate. Where there is one who registers a purpose to put on more steam and work longer hours there are ten who frankly assert that they have been going at third speed throughout the period of the war and that they cannot and will not keep up that artificial pace any longer, but instead they will slow down.

Why hundreds of farms will drop into second speed is suggested by this statement from an Ashtabula County farmer: "Lack of sufficient dependable help, excessive wages demanded and increased operating expenses have caused general unrest among farmers. More farmers are selling out this year than ever before. Attractive wages in cities are taking away ninety per cent of the young men on the farms and the old men remaining on the farms cannot possibly operate them up to 100 per cent. They are discouraged and say unless conditions change they will not operate much longer."

A Typical Case

Just how industry is sapping the country of the sons of farmers as well as of hired hands is illustrated by this incident in the experience of a farmer in the northeast corner of Ohio. His son is a sturdy man twenty-nine years old, raised on the farm. He and his father are both first-class farmers. They have a good farm with improvements and stock all paid for. The son was offered good wages to help out in a creamery in town for a few weeks in winter. Later the creamery company offered him $125 a month on a permanent job, which is about twice what he can make on the farm in favorable years. Of course he accepted. This is only one case. The farmer telling this story added: "This is true of about all our farm boys. The automobiles help to depopulate the country. The family get into the habit of running to town for their amusement, and the next step is to move to town. No man can serve two masters. The successful farm demands steady attention. There are no eight-hour jobs on the farm."

I could fill a page with reports like these from prominent and dependable farmers who know their local conditions:

"Factory development work in this vicinity is attracting all available labor by high wages and short hours. In some instances common labor is employed at eighty cents an hour; farm teams are hired at a dollar an hour, and contractors combing the country to get more help at these prices. The farm cannot compete with this sort of inflated industrial condition."

"A factory near here pays $125 to $200 a month. Farms surrounding me aggregating 677 acres have only three men to work them, and one man cannot stand much work. It looks as if the farms in this locality would be worked to about fifty per cent of their capacity."

"Young men all going to the city. All old men left on farms are going to produce only for themselves. Unless conditions change, nobody will want to work on a farm. Hands will not do anything if hired. The houses are occupied by people who work in the cities. The women farm the gardens. Farmers are generally dissatisfied."

"On account of labor shortage I have one vacant tenant house and there are three on neighboring farms. Hired hand moved to town and gets seven dollars a day. Can't compete with factory prices."

"Shortage of help is principal cause of the decreased production for 1920. The labor situation has become almost desperate. No help to be had at any price! The agricultural outlook in U. S. has never looked so dark before from the production standpoint. Hundreds of efficient men and boys skilled in farming and stock raising have gone to the cities. Farming to-day is being done by old and middle-aged men in most communities."

"The main reason for the production drop is the high price of labor. Men ask a dollar an hour. Farmers will work what land they can alone and let the rest lie idle."

"Greatest cause of decreased production is the high cost and scarcity of labor. One man who owns 140 acres near me intends cropping about fifteen acres and pasturing remainder. I expect to leave fifteen to twenty acres untilled out of ninety."

"Dairying is the specialty in this locality and labor will not milk and care for cows for less than sixty to eighty dollars a month, room and board, and several are quitting dairy farming on this account, as no money is made with dairy feeds and labor so high."

"High wages and short hours in cities. Factories pay from six to eight dollars a day. Many renters have sales and are going to city to work in shops."

Only the Oldsters are Farming

"Many men who own small farms work in cities. Farmers will have to let clover and timothy go to seed."

"Oil fields are taking men. Price fixing is unfavorable to farmer. The farmer is a good sport, but he wants a gambler's chance at least. Young men are drifting to cities because of short hours and high wages. Old fathers of farmers are left alone. I could cite several farmers sixty-five to eighty-five years of age left alone on farms of from eighty to 300 acres. The high cost of living is all the farmer hears when he goes to market with his product. And who is the cause? The farmer! they say. What does the farmer produce for which he can establish his own selling price?"

"I do not think there will be any material change in this locality; however, the crops planted this year may be somewhat less than last year."

"No farm help; nearly all the young men going to town, where they work eight hours a day. You can't expect men to work fourteen hours on a farm when they can work in town for more money in the rubber and automobile factories, which are willing to pay any price to manufacture a luxury, and can sell their product at any price."

"Short hours and big wages take every man and boy available for hire off the farm. Women and girls the same. This section is largely diversified farming, with dairying leading. It is absolutely impossible to procure help. Farmers all are doing what they can themselves and will have to let the rest go. Any kind of decent help can get five to eight dollars a day in other kinds of work. It seems as if a crisis is not far off unless conditions change. Personally we are leaving a fine sugar camp idle on account of labor. Equipment, fuel and everything ready, and no chance to hire. Farmers round here are sick of working themselves and families twelve to sixteen hours a day in order to feed six-hour and eight-hour organized labor and allied capitalists, and then take all the kicks for H. C. L."

This should be sufficient evidence to force the city dweller to the conclusion that there is going to be decidedly less food produced than last year, and that those who have been branding the farmer as a profiteer will do well to put a bridle on their tongues before this patient tiller of

(Continued on Page 133)

Beech-Nut Mints

The Handy Candy

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Mints—Wintergreens
Cloves—Cinnamons
Licorice

DELICIOUS little candies of *superior* flavor. We call them all "mints"—but they come in *several* delicious flavors—cool Peppermint—soothing Wintergreen—spicy Clove—smooth Licorice—sweet Cinnamon.

Flavors that satisfy your candy hunger for trifling expense—giving you *more* flavor satisfaction than bulky, filling candies give. Rolled into handy little pocket packages. Ask for them at the next candy counter.

BEECH-NUT PACKING COMPANY
Canajoharie, N. Y.

Wash Dresses
—Freshly Laundered Without Harm

Summer brings a succession of lawn fetes, parties and picnics and a longing for a fresh, new frock for each occasion.

Peet's Crystal White

—the pure, vegetable oil soap is the means of satisfying this wish. A plunge in a tub of its foaming, cleansing suds, restores the crispness of sheerest organdies, voiles, swisses and handkerchief linens, and the clinging silkiness of crepes and delicate lingerie.

Crystal White is equally effective in cleansing coarse, badly soiled garments and is the ideal soap for use in the kitchen, and in all general housecleaning tasks.

PEET BROS. MFG. CO.
KANSAS CITY SAN FRANCISCO

(Continued from Page 130)

the soil is goaded to exert his power to compel proper respect and a decent profit. He can do both—and with a vengeance, too!—if he is pushed far enough. He will not go to retaliatory extremes, because he is too patriotic, too human and too good a citizen to impose hunger and famine on the men, women and children of his country. But all the same it is well not to push any unnecessary prods into him. And perhaps it might be a sensible and prudent plan to give a little serious thought to his problem—which is bound to be your problem in the end—to the purpose of at least understanding him, possibly of helping him.

Also it should be remembered that Ohio does not present a novel situation; to the contrary, its conditions are highly typical of many other states where agriculture and industry stand shoulder to shoulder in double harness and crowd each other over the wagon pole. The Ohio situation has been presented in such detail because it is highly representative of that found elsewhere.

Before dismissing the Buckeye State from the witness chair it is well to have the analysis of an expert on the situation as a whole. W. F. Callander, field agent and chief of the crop-reporting service for Ohio, makes these observations:

"With a prospective reduction of eight per cent in the total acreage in crops in the state this year compared to last, or about 900,000 acres, and a reduction in the number of men and boys working on farms of about ten per cent in one year, the agricultural situation in Ohio, so far as crop production is concerned, is not very bright. It will require an unusually favorable spring for farm work and a fine growing season to bring our total crop production up to anywhere near the average.

"The reduction in crop acreage ranges from five per cent in the northwestern and western counties to thirteen per cent in the eastern and southeastern counties. Practically every report out of 1000 received from our crop correspondents indicates a serious shortage of labor, due to the keen demand for men at high wages and short hours in the cities and towns as well as on public construction work, such as roads and in the mines. Many sections are reported to be practically stripped of young people. Most of the correspondents contend that the farmers cannot safely pay the high wages demanded, even where it is possible to secure men, because of the unsatisfactory livestock prices and the uncertain market for other farm products."

The Field Agent's Report

"The reports show that farm wages, where it has been possible to hire men, have already increased twenty-two per cent over last year. An unusual number of tenant farmers have sold out this spring and moved to town. Many of the correspondents take rather a gloomy view of the situation, while others are more hopeful and are undertaking to meet the labor shortage by the use of more machinery, larger units and tractors. This is evidenced by the fact that the reduction in acreage in sections where tractors can be used to advantage is very much less in proportion than the reduction in men and boys working on the farms.

"The sections most seriously affected are those surrounding manufacturing towns and mines and on the less productive soils of the southeast. The number of vacant houses on farms has increased four per cent over last year, according to our correspondents. The increase would be very much larger were it not for the fact that all vacant houses within driving distance of the cities and towns are reported as being occupied by mechanics and others working in the shops and factories and on public construction work, who drive back and forth to work every day. Many reporters cited instances of farm boys still remaining on the farms, but working in the near-by cities and towns at high wages. The eight-hour day and the daylight-saving plan were severely criticized by many.

"The acreage of wheat which was sown last fall was materially less than the previous year, and recent reports indicate extensive winterkilling and damage from Hessian fly in some sections, which will still further reduce the crop. Some of this land cannot be sown to other crops this spring, simply because the labor to do it is not available. It will be seeded to grass and allowed to stand. Hundreds of the reporters make the statement that the farmer will do what he can himself and let the rest go into pasture or allow the land to stand idle.

"The situation, I believe, is really serious and deserves the careful consideration and thought of all persons interested in the continued development of agriculture in the state."

If this analysis is in fault at all it would, I believe, be so on the score of ultraconservatism. It is based on the careful examination of reports from some 1500 correspondents—one from nearly every township in the state.

Reverse the flight of Eliza and cross the Ohio into Kentucky and take a look at conditions there, where factories are not nearly so numerous and industry does not crowd agriculture so closely. Here is the view of Field Agent Bryant after digesting hundreds of reports from his men in Kentucky and West Virginia:

"Farmers in Kentucky and West Virginia are going to continue working long hours and doing their level best, but, when labor is not to be had and losses on livestock are heavy, production simply cannot be kept up to the wartime level."

An Unedited Letter

"Undoubtedly there is going to be a noticeable cut in production both of crops and of livestock, but in regard to Kentucky and West Virginia please bear in mind the fundamental, outstanding facts that the farmers are doing all they can; that they are not trying willfully to cut down the food supply; that they are not trying to reduce their long hours of labor, and that what they say is expressed almost invariably without the slightest animus toward any other class. They simply state the facts dispassionately, but so clearly that a child could understand.

"And this is what they say, unanimously: A large part of the labor has left the farms to get the high wages and short hours offered in other industries. What remains to be hired is indifferent, demands very high wages and loafs on the job. Thus farmers are being forced to raise only what crops and livestock they and their families can produce. The farmers have lost heavily on livestock and some have lost on some crops.

"The tobacco-growing farmers of central Kentucky's burley-tobacco district have just finished marketing a big burley crop at bonanza prices, and a tremendous acreage will be put out this season, thus further reducing the production of food crops and livestock, but the dark-tobacco growers of Western Kentucky have lost heavily on tobacco as well as on livestock. In both Kentucky and West Virginia there is severe criticism of the continued boosting of prices on clothing, machinery, fertilizers, farm equipment, retail prices of meats and all manufactured goods, when farmers' products, especially livestock, are getting cheaper.

"The farmers cannot see any good reason why they should be asked to work longer hours to produce more and cheaper food for people in towns who insist on taking shorter hours, bigger profits and producing less or higher-priced manufactured goods for the farmers as well as others. They say they see no real reason why prices on farmers' products should be going down and the prices they have to pay for manufactured goods of every kind steadily boosted, nor why livestock should be cheaper and retail meat prices higher. Why not all come down together? Why not everybody work longer hours and produce more and cheaper manufactured goods as well as crops?

"Criticism of Congress' failure to ratify the treaty is sharp. Livestock and dark-tobacco growers seem to think the demoralization of exchange and livestock markets, loss of foreign meat products and tobacco markets, and consequent slumps in prices to farmers, are due largely to Congress' refusal to ratify the treaty."

Most of the farmers, according to Mr. Bryant, express all these things without animus or heat, but occasionally some express their views very picturesquely. For example: From Caldwell County, western Kentucky, a group of farmers sent a thirteen-page letter expressing their "bitter feeling against present conditions, and without some change in the prices of what the farmer sells and what he buys we will have to quit the farms and go to public works or other occupations. Hogs have declined in price until farmers cannot afford to feed them—yet when we go to the butcher or grocer to buy a piece of bacon or pork it is going up every day. The same with cattle! Tobacco has dropped below cost of production, and all buyers called in. . . . Will these same men"—the Senate—"who refused to sign the Peace Treaty betray the trust and confidence their people have put in them, while the farmers, their wives and children suffer? We are told by big politics that we must remember we have had a war and it takes time to adjust things. We remember that, and we also remember it has been nearly eighteen months since the armistice, and nothing done yet. And we remember again that there was drafted at Versailles a Peace Treaty, and it has been before the Senate lo! these many months; and nothing done there, either. And all this failure to adjust things is falling on the farmer. This treaty would at least open better trade and help much. I believe we have a farmers' friend for Secretary of Agriculture and that he will help the farmer if Congress will help him to do it."

Here is a letter that would lose much of its significance as an indication of the writer's feelings if it were softened with the touch of the blue pencil. Let it stand, as is.

From Union County, a very rich western Kentucky district, a farmer writes: "Farmers generally are disgusted and don't give a darn whether they save a pig or a calf or plant oats or any spring seeding. The fact of the matter is they have all but assumed the attitude of certain labor organizations, 'The public be damned!' The general sentiment is to raise what one wants for oneself and let the other fellow do the same or 'go to hell' as they express it. I hate to see it, but we must face the music. Union County, that usually produces about 500,000 bushels of wheat, won't have enough next summer to feed the city sparrows. Some prospect for the fellows who don't like corn bread!"

From Daviess County, western Kentucky, a farmer writes: "Too much labor cultivating the hookworm."

Another man who owns several farms and a big implement, seed and hardware business, says in parts of a long letter: "Poor wheat crop on fifty per cent acreage. Not over twenty-five per cent usual acreage of clover sown, seed too high; not more than fifty to sixty per cent livestock production. Tobacco and livestock losing propositions. General tendency among old farmers who made money during the war to move to town. Men who have been in the war are not looking for farm work but are going to manufacturing towns. I feel that Uncle Sam should do something to mend these matters. I am planning to sell all my farms as I am not making enough on them to run them."

A farmer in Barren County, Kentucky, says: "Labor, fertilizer and machinery and equipment about same price as 1919 but farmers are not buying. They will use what they have or do without."

From Oldham County, north-central Kentucky, a farmer writes: "The less a farmer has to sell the better off he is, as crops and stock are sold at a loss. This farmer says 'What's the use?'"

Eastern Kentucky farmers all complain of heavy losses of labor, which has gone to towns, public works, coal and oil fields.

The Goat for the H. C. L.

A farmer in Marshall County, northern West Virginia, says: "The farmer cannot pay more than three or four dollars a day, but the mills and other industries pay five and ten dollars. Besides, the farmer is laboring under too many handicaps besides wages, and somebody will sure have to get off his neck if he is to feed the people."

From Cabell County, southwestern West Virginia, a miller writes: "Farmers say what is the use to raise food? Everybody is knocking the farmer and making him the goat for the H. C. L., and nothing done to bring down prices of the stuff the farmer has to buy. Nails ten cents a pound, and so forth. Everything advanced." And a farmer from the same county says: "Tendency to cut down, owing to demands of labor, and to go slow to see what will develop."

A Mason County, west-central West Virginia, farmer writes: "Farmers can't understand why everything they have to sell should be coming down while all implements and hardware are going up. Wire fence out of sight."

From Fayette County, south-central West Virginia, a farmer writes: "Good farmers selling out in Greenbrier, Monroe and Fayette Counties. All able-bodied labor gone, only old men, women and children left. Decisive decrease in production of both grain and livestock. If same condition is general shortage of food will be great and may not be enough to go round."

Now take a survey of conditions to the north of Ohio, in Michigan, with its modern industrial miracle of Detroit and its thousands of acres of undeveloped lands, where the pioneer is still pioneering as did the men of the Western Reserve.

One of the most illuminating summaries of a state situation comes from V. H Church, the field agent of Michigan. He certainly hands the city dwellers an earful:

"It is said that eighty per cent of the farmers of this state are past fifty years of age. Many of these men possess farms ranging from 100 to 400 acres, and many also have sons, but the sons are mostly in the cities making automobiles and enjoying the bright lights, leaving the old man to handle the farm as best he can. He cannot afford to hire at prevailing wages the poor quality of help obtainable, so he says he will till what he can alone and let the rest lay idle. A farmer correspondent this week writes: 'Most farmers are doing what little they can and letting the rest go hang. In other words, they would just as soon see some of the boys who have gone to town get a little hungry.' This is fast becoming the prevailing sentiment.

"Not only are many of the occupied farms only partially tilled but the rate at which farms are becoming absolutely abandoned is becoming alarming. One farmer told me recently that there were fifty abandoned farms in his neighborhood, many of which the owners had left within the past few months. Though the abandonment is naturally greatest in the poorer districts no county is exempt, and many good farms will remain idle this year as the owners cannot or will not work them, and share tenants cannot be found. This abandonment became very noticeable to me two years ago while traveling over the state with an automobile. Since then the abandonment has increased rapidly."

The Situation in Michigan

"It is said that the number of farm auctions is far greater this spring than ever before, but I have not verified this statement. It is a fact that secondhand farm machinery is much cheaper than in recent years, indicating that the supply exceeds the demand and that the farm auctions are of people going from the farms rather than the usual spring move from farm to farm.

"Though farm lands in the United States show an average increase in value of twenty-one per cent during the past year, Michigan lands have advanced but five per cent. This may be attributed to our rapid industrial growth at the expense of our agriculture, and the consequent forcing of a large amount of farm lands onto the market within a relatively short time."

Because the most completely insulated city dweller knows that Kansas is a great crop state, it is well to take that generously cartooned commonwealth under rather thorough consideration as a means of commanding the attention of those urbanites who have a notion that most of the corn and wheat of America—to say nothing of the whiskers—are raised in Kansas.

After much travel and the examination of hundreds of letters and telegrams from all sections of the commonwealth Edward C. Paxton, field agent of the state, sketches his conclusions on the Kansas situation in these words:

"Kansas farmers are not intentionally reducing the acreage of their crops in order to decrease the supply and force higher prices; but some reduction will take place this summer, forced by economic conditions and the physical impossibility of performing the necessary labor. Farm labor, where obtainable, is prohibitive in price, and the tendency is to reduce acreage to the point where the necessary labor can be performed by the farmer and his own family, or by a neighborhood exchange of work.

"The present indication is that larger acreages are being planted this spring than the present or prospective labor supply

(Continued on Page 137)

WARNER-LENZ

Note the blinding glare from ordinary glass or uncontrolled headlights

Note the soft, mellow, diffused light from the Warner-Lenz

Diffuse or deflect your lights—

You Must Obey the Law

Clear cut laws, properly enforced, regarding automobile headlights, are now in effect all over the United States. Every motorist must obey them. They are designed to protect you while you are driving and to protect the motorist you meet on the road. These laws demand that the lenses on your headlights must do one of two things—they must either DIFFUSE the light, or they must DEFLECT the light to the legal limit; take your choice, but you must do one or the other. If you prefer the *diffused* light type, you will select the WARNER-LENZ. If *deflected* light, there is the PATTERSON-LENZ.

WARNER-LENZ PRICES

Diameter in Inches	*Per Pair*
7½ to 9, inclusive	$3.50
9⅛ to 10⅛, inclusive	4.00
10⅛ to 12, inclusive	5.00

West of the Rockies, 25c per pair extra

In ordering send name and model of car

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The fact that over 1,500,000 sets of WARNER-LENZ have been placed on American cars, and have been tested and adopted as standard equipment by over 30 automotive engineers, is first proof of its unparalleled popularity. As a projector of DIFFUSED light it cannot be surpassed.

THIS IS WHAT IT DOES:

The WARNER-LENZ makes fast driving on the darkest night both possible and safe, because it shows you the road ahead and the ditches or curb on both sides; gives you a full view of passing vehicles on both sides; lights up all the turns and corners before you reach them and while you are turning.

It mellows your light, softens it, diffuses it—makes it easy on the eyes and therefore safe for you and for the other fellow. Not only that, it distributes it over the whole road or street, at both sides and around the corners. Up hill and down, or at cross roads—everywhere it provides the same full, mellow, diffused light.

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For DIFFUSED light the WARNER-LENZ stands alone.

THE WARNER-PATTERSON COMPANY

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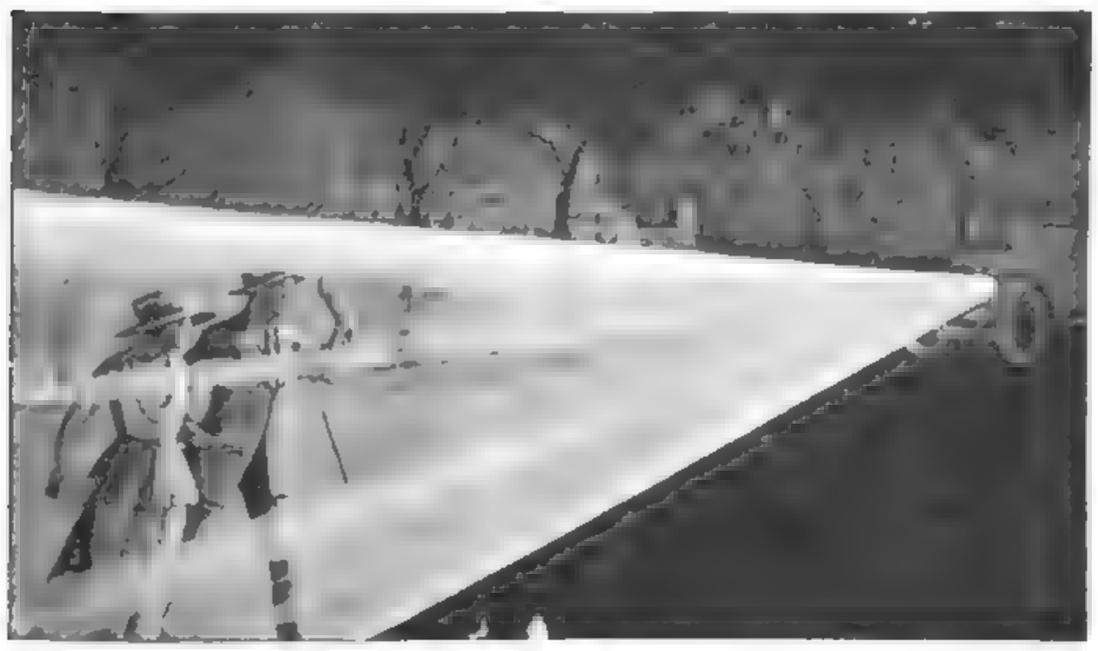
PATTERSON-LENZ



Note how the ordinary uncontrolled glare dangerously disregards the law

Note how the Patterson-Lenz deflects, controls and distributes the light

you *must* do one or the other!

ANOTHER SENSATIONAL NEW LENZ

THE PATTERSON-LENZ is a revolutionary invention. It is the result of three years of optical experimentation in the field of deflected light, achieving what had for years been thought impossible.

The PATTERSON-LENZ kills the awful glare—that dangerous and useless "spot" light—not by reducing your light but by *deflecting* it and *distributing* it where you want it: straight ahead and at both sides.

The direct rays do not rise more than 42 inches from the ground—the legal requirement—yet you never have to dim it or turn it off.

It takes all the nervousness and uncertainty out of night driving, both on bad roads when you are alone, or on the even more dangerous boulevard that is crowded with other cars, vehicles and pedestrians.

Cities and states have drastic laws against blinding, glaring headlights. The PATTERSON-LENZ is legal everywhere.

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Mr. A. P. Warner, the inventor of the Warner Speedometer, is behind the PATTERSON-LENZ and the WARNER-LENZ with his reputation, his enthusiasm and his unqualified personal guarantee—a sufficient endorsement for experienced motorists.

One night's comfort and freedom from tension and danger will more than repay you for the small cost of the PATTERSON-LENZ. You have Mr. Warner's guarantee that if you do not find the lenz to be entirely as represented your money will be refunded.

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Note the car manufacturers who have tested, approved and adopted WARNER-LENZ and PATTERSON-LENZ as standard equipment:

Marmon	Stutz
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Westcott	Stephens
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Fiat	Dorris
Noma	Crawford
Rock Falls	Kline
Tarkington	Hollier
Gardner	DuPont
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Trucks:

Bethlehem	Wilcox
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Wichita	Vim

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Have the new sink set at the correct, comfortable working height—32 to 36 inches from floor.

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NEW YORK (EXPORT DEPARTMENT)	50 BROAD ST.
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PHILADELPHIA	1215 WALNUT
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*CHICAGO	14 N. PEORIA
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*CLEVELAND	4409 EUCLID
CINCINNATI	833 WALNUT
*TOLEDO	241 ERIE
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*ALTOONA	918 ELEVENTH
MILWAUKEE	436 BROADWAY
*MILWAUKEE	311 FIFTH ST.
*LOUISVILLE	721 W. MAIN
*NASHVILLE	315 TENTH AVE. S.
*NEW ORLEANS	546 BARONNE
*HOUSTON	COR. PRESTON AVE. AND SMITH
*DALLAS	1200 JACKSON
*SAN ANTONIO	213 LOBOYA
*FORT WORTH	819 MONROE
KANSAS CITY	201 RIDGE ARCADE
SAN FRANCISCO	149-55 BLUXOME
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"Standard" Fixtures for Factories are described in a special book, "Factory Sanitation," which we shall be glad to mail upon request.

(Continued from Page 133)

will be able to harvest. Farm wages are considerably higher than a year ago both by day and month. Machinery seems to be no higher than last year, in some cases actually lower. Empty houses are no more numerous on farms than usual. Few if any farms in the eastern two-thirds of state will actually lie idle, the nature of crops produced being changed to accommodate production to present economic conditions."

This is the carefully phrased expression of an expert dealing with a state-wide situation. When I read it I found myself asking this question: "But what do the farmers of Kansas say—the men whose attitude this field agent is trying to reflect?" Then I took means to answer that question. And it would be well worth the while of every chamber-of-commerce president in the country, every big employer of labor, to take a swing round the circle in fertile Kansas, which is almost exclusively an agricultural state, and listen to what these food producers have to say.

E. W. Albright, out in Thomas County, apparently is not a natural alarmist, yet he declares: "An alarming condition is upon us. Labor is leaving the farm for other employment at high wages. Farmers are curtailing operations which have been a loss. I have completely abandoned 1000 acres because I cannot hire help and operate the tract at a profit."

Up in Atchison County, in the northeast corner of the state, C. R. Miller is reckoned as one of the best-posted farmers of his section.

"Farmers are doing things," says Mr. Miller, "to get rid of the hired man. He wants to work eight hours and get five dollars a day, and is keen on looking for pay day and quitting time. I think the majority of farmers will do what they can and let the rest go. The young fellows all want to get to town; they don't want to stay on the farm; they get their pay Saturday night, and Monday morning they have no money left. The condition of the farmer does not look good."

George E. Pingree, of Franklin County, takes few words in which to sketch the farmers' plight in his locality; but he draws the picture!

"There is only one hired man working on the farms in my township. There is no demand for farm labor as it would do no good to 'demand' it—for there is no farm help to be had."

In Anderson County, the county just south of Franklin, is an ex-farmer who declares himself an example of what is bound to happen to scores of his old farm neighbors and acquaintances if the present situation is not speedily relieved.

He is B. F. Ecord, and his testimonial is as follows: "I was driven from the farm over a year ago for the want of help. It was, and still is, so high and scarce that farmers cannot afford to pay the prices if they could get the help. I don't believe there is one brood sow to where there were ten last year. Laborers want an eight-hour day, and farmers have to work sixteen hours in order to make a go of it at all, and they are discouraged and say they are not going to try to tend more than what they can work themselves; they will let the rest lie idle. They will farm just enough to make a living for themselves until there is some change. One can't blame farmers for not raising hogs. They can't get but $1.12 a bushel for their corn when fed to hogs, and have to pay $1.60 for it. I fed eighty head of cattle last year that lost me forty dollars a head, which is not very encouraging. I also fed 500 head of hogs and don't want any more of it in mine until there is a change, and a big one, in the condition of things!"

The Farm Help All Ride

Down in Barber County, H. E. Stout can't see any bright lights ahead for the food supply of this county. He insists that "the way everything is pointing now, this great United States will be a nonsupporting country. The wages paid in the towns and cities naturally drain the country of labor. It seems to me this great Government is giving the workingman everything he asks. Wage workers seem to think they will readjust prices in such a way as indirectly to put the farmer out of business by putting the price of his products down and allowing the factories such profitable business that they can pay a price that no farmer or stockman can possibly meet."

In Marshall County, up against the north line of the state, the same idea as to the hired-help problem prevails. Mr. M. Z. Chambers tersely expresses the sentiment of his locality in a sentence or two: "We have quit using any such animal as a farm laborer. It can't be made to pay, so if we can't do the work ourselves we let it go."

If you take a sample out of Nemaha County you will not get much by way of variety. Here is the summary offered by R. N. Monroe: "It is next to impossible to get a man to work by the month at farm work. Not one farmer in five who hired steady help before the war has a man at present, and if he could get one he could not afford to pay the wage asked."

On the score of what Kansas farmers are actually paying for hired help, here are a few terse expressions: J. H. Wilson, of Smith County, declares: "Common farm labor gets seventy-five dollars and board by the month or five dollars a day and board by the day. They use all riding tools. All the help we can get at these wages is very poor help and do practically no walking whatever."

Homer Kennett, of Cloud County, sums up the situation with the statement: "Farm labor is nearly a cipher. The farmer himself is about all there is to it unless his family contains members who are able to work and have not yet cleared out for the city or the town."

The Story of the Maps

S. O. Harrell, of Pottawatomie County, says farm hands there are demanding seventy-five to $100 a month and board.

Perhaps you might search the state and not find a more moderate and adequate sketch of the situation than that given by Charlie Kendall, of Stafford County, who says: "Farmers are adjusting themselves to labor conditions. We can tend about so much land and not expect to hire help, so we are trying to do that. Thus acreage comes down, but expenses also come down. We can count on some help but only in excessive demand periods. The demand for labor is still here, but prices and the grade of labor make it most prohibitive as a regular commodity. Labor being so scarce, laborers ask unreasonable prices for the services rendered."

Field Agent Paxton has placed before me two maps of Kansas which tell a decidedly interesting story. One has each county marked with the average harvest wage paid in 1918, the other with the wage for harvest hands in 1919. Glancing at the center of the map I see that in 1918 Barton, Rice, Stafford, Pawnee and Edwards counties paid five dollars a day, and Rush $5.25. Turning to the other map I find that the harvest score for these counties ran seven dollars excepting Rice, which paid $6.50, and Pawnee, six dollars. Rawlins and Thomas paid four dollars in 1918 and seven dollars in 1919. In Trego, Russell and Ellsworth counties the wage of the harvest hand jumped from $4.50 to $7.50. Ellis raised from $4.75 to seven dollars, Hodgeman from $4.75 to $6.50, and Sheridan from $4.50 to seven dollars.

Unless the farm-labor situation shows unexpected relief before the next harvest it would seem probable that the hand who pulls down less than ten dollars a day and keep will call himself out of luck. Looking this prospect squarely in the face, is it any wonder that Kansas farmers are curtailing their wheat acreage because of fears that they may not be able to harvest what they would like to sow—or that Field Agent Paxton believes that more wheat will be sown than can be harvested?

When the consumer kicks on the price of a sack of flour it might be well to recall these harvest prices in Kansas. And remember, too, that wages do not constitute all of the harvest expense. Far from it! For example, here is the experience of A. E. Alexander, of Gray County.

He says: "Prospects for a yield of twenty bushels an acre were good June twentieth. Immediately after that the grasshoppers took charge and owing to impossibility of getting help to harvest until late, they took ninety per cent before it was in stack. I estimated my crop at 5000 bushels before the grasshoppers took charge, but I only harvested 225 acres as the balance was stripped of grain by that time. Owing to the prohibition of low rates for harvest help, farmers were delayed in harvest one to two weeks and had to pay seven to eight dollars a day and railroad fare averaging ten dollars each for hands. In the meantime the hoppers worked merrily away. I threshed 520 bushels of wheat, not enough to pay harvest and threshing expense. I was out about $2000 for plowing and seeding, to say nothing of the use of the land. Also, remember, we are only getting $1.92 to $1.96 for fifty-three-test wheat. I decided to cut down my acreage, and most of my neighbors are doing the same. We are getting tired of working sixteen hours a day for nothing a day and paying six to eight dollars for harvest help to shirk eight or nine hours a day."

Testimonials in tune with this could be multiplied almost indefinitely in almost any county of "Bleeding Kansas"—but this is enough to indicate that grasshoppers, railroad regulations—the roads were then under administration of the Government—and the opportunist harvest hand all put a crimp in the farmer and wrote the history of his wheat operation in red ink. The average city consumer has a notion that all gambling with relation to wheat is done on the board of trade. He is entitled to another guess. Ask the farmer!

This will close the chapter for Kansas—the farmers of which are popularly supposed by a large class of city dwellers to drive only twelve-cylinder cars and to spend their winters at Palm Beach, California or Cuba.

How about the South—the real South, where the labor situation is modified by two elements peculiar to that region—cotton and the negro? With cotton at a sensational price and the boll-weevil raiding new districts, a different tenor to the returns might naturally be expected.

Frank Parker, director of the North Carolina crop-reporting service, says that he bases his findings on a careful examination of about 500 individual reports and field trips into fourteen counties and that the net of these researches may be summarized in this brief paragraph:

"Expected crop acreage, basis 487 reports: Wheat 89, hay 98, tobacco 114, oats 94, cotton 101, soybeans 102; average 99; labor supply 89. Attitude of farmers uncertainty, discouragement, high costs, low returns, labor competition dispiriting, machinery fourth higher. Empty houses are numerous."

"Many young men," he added, "are working in urban trades but continue to live with their parents. Some houses are empty, but generally the farmhouses are filled, owing to the lack of housing facilities in the towns and the fact that for four years no building has been done. There is an undoubted shortage of labor and a great increase in wages. Though a pessimistic feeling is general, the situation is far better than might appear. However, it would not be wise to drive the farming class any closer to the wall or there may be some serious trouble."

Ham and Eggs Soar

Here are some of the remarks of North Carolina farmers that are too terse, snappy and significant to be omitted:

"Labor will not listen to us farmers—the industrial whistles have the louder calls."

"Somebody is going to get hungry some of these days. Possibly labor is riding about in its automobiles and working only part of the time."

"We are farming with our women and children; the young men have left."

"Farmers can't make crops with short hours of labor—that job takes full days."

"When the towns get overloaded and food is short perhaps labor will drift back to the farms again."

"Labor is not so scarce as it is indifferent and high."

"Too many nonproducers at the 'pie counter' telling folks how!"

"I took some eggs and some hams into town and received thirty cents a dozen for the eggs and thirty cents a pound for the hams. I bought my dinner in a café and was served two eggs and a taste of sorry ham. The bill was sixty cents, and I left hungrier than I was when I entered."

"A late spring, a wet soil and no labor make a poor outlook for farming."

"Farming near the resorts is out of the question. Loafers on the golf links get three dollars to six dollars a day."

The survey in South Carolina brings out a note of cheer. Field Agent B. B. Hare makes this significant observation:

"It is true that a number of farm laborers have left during the last year or so and gone to towns and cities for increased wages, but many of them did not find conditions as satisfactory as they expected, and therefore returned. Farm labor, as a rule, cannot command maximum prices in industrial work without some experience. Some were therefore disappointed at the wages received. Others found the cost of living much higher than they expected and after the novelty of the change had worn off it was not a hard matter for a number of them to drift back to the farm, especially when cotton is selling at forty cents a pound.

"Therefore, there has been a limited movement from town and factory to the farm. In my opinion the movement from the farm is practically offset by the return to farm, especially if we take into consideration the number of children on the farm becoming old enough each year to take part in farm work. It is not unusual to see new tenant houses being erected throughout the country; it is a rare thing to find a habitable one vacant."

A Bit of Optimism

"Wages for farm labor have increased about twenty-five per cent over last year. The price of farm implements and machinery indicates an increase of about ten per cent, while the price of farm work stock shows an increase of about fifteen per cent.

"It should be remembered that in addition to wages paid farm labor, the landlord furnishes living quarters, wood, pasture for a pig and cow and usually land, fertilizers, seed, and so on for vegetable garden in addition to potato, sweet potato and melon patches, all of which are usually considered in determining the wages for farm labor.

"With approximately the same amount of farm labor, a great quantity of improved farm machinery and as great or greater use of commercial fertilizers, I see no reason, other things being favorable, why the total production of crops in South Carolina should not be as large this year as in former years."

It is to be hoped that the farmers and farm laborers of this state who are going back to the farms, after having discovered that the pay in the industrial envelope is not all net gain and that the perquisite of virtually free living on the farm has a big cash value, are going to take rank as the bellwethers of a national movement—for surely South Carolina has no monopoly on common sense so far as country population is concerned.

From W. L. Pryor, cotton-crop specialist of Georgia, comes an observation which lends variety to the general tenor of the straw vote:

"Georgia farmers are generally satisfied with prices being received for most crops they have to sell. The high prices prevailing for things they have to buy has induced many of them to attempt to grow everything possible for use at home, for example, small patches of upland rice in sections where it has not been grown before. But for the unfavorable start occasioned by winter and spring rains and the acute shortness and high price of farm labor in most sections, there would have been increases in nearly all staple crops. An increase under such conditions, though high prices are a great incentive, is hardly possible. The farmer and his family will devote their time and best land to the staple crops, the remainder will be planted to crops requiring but little work to cultivate and harvest or will be pastured. More and a better grade of fertilizer will be used on the crop planted, in the hope of making as large or a larger crop on a reduced acreage. In most parts of Georgia no studied attempt will be made to reduce the acreage of any staple crops this year.

"In those areas where the weevils have done the most damage, many of the tenant farmers—mostly colored cotton farmers—have gone north or to the cities, where higher wages are offered by industrial plants. In other sections labor seems to be more or less plentiful, but hands demand higher pay and are less efficient, many of them working only five and a half days a week or less. Some farmers state that only the old, the very young and the women are available for hired labor, the able-bodied young men having gone to the cities, where the hours are shorter, pay better and there is a chance of entertainment, or else they have gone to the sawmills or turpentine orchards. As against this, some report

(Continued on Page 141)

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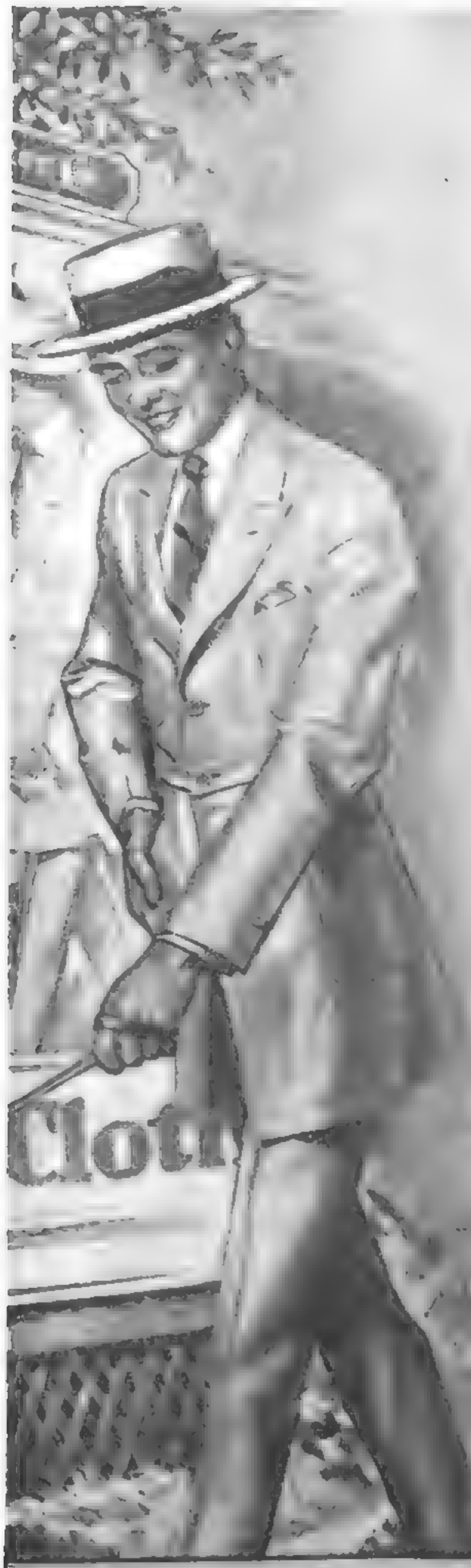

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(Continued from Page 137)

that the returned soldiers who were not ready to work last year have many of them married and settled down on the farm. Comment is general that farmers cannot compete with sawmills, the railroads, industrial plants and turpentine people, who are paying more than the farmer can risk."

There is an occasional chance for a smile in the returns from this straw vote. One Georgia farmer declares that prohibition has driven the help from the farms; but he fails to chart the oasis to which the farm hands have fled for relief. A woman attributes the local high price of labor to the fact that the men in her neighborhood will not work but spend all of their time either fishing or making moonshine whisky.

Virginia, in the opinion of Field Agent Henry M. Taylor, shows a probable reduction in cultivated acreage of nine per cent under last year; an advance in the cost of labor of twenty per cent, of eighteen per cent for farm machinery, with about five per cent more empty farmhouses. One of his farmer reporters in Orange County makes this significant observation: "I cannot make a report on farm-labor supply, because there isn't any. Out of sixteen farms round me only five have been able to secure year help. The rest of us have the promise of one or two day hands when not in their own little patch or on rented land. The situation here is serious, as all the young help is going north. They claim they are getting seven dollars a day in the steel works. So you see while our stuff is reducing in price we cannot pay these wages."

A Wythe County man says: "The present price of livestock and grain and the high cost of labor have about ruined the farmers in this county. Livestock and grain must go higher or we will have to stop farming."

An echo of the ten-per-cent-plus policy of the Government in war industries comes from a Princess Anne County farmer, who says: "Decrease in production due to shortage of labor, high wages and short hours. The U. S. Government has poisoned labor by setting the eight-hour day and paying such fabulous prices."

Reports from the tobacco counties in this state are fairly bathed in sunshine. The high prices of the filthy weed and the insatiable demand for it have focused intensive effort on this crop regardless of labor costs wherever it can be grown.

Now take a glance at the Central Southern States.

Field Agent J. A. Ramey, of Mississippi, tells me: "The farm-labor supply is more nearly adequate in the delta than in other sections, attracted there by the good yields and high prices of cotton in that section last year. Corn, cotton and alfalfa are the only crops grown there to any appreciable extent. About seventy-five per cent of the total acreage of that section is usually devoted to cotton. The cotton percentage will be higher this year.

"Eighty-five per cent of the farmers of the state desired to increase their acreage of all crops. This desire was thwarted by the scarcity and high price of farm labor. Other industries are paying from three to five dollars a day for common labor. Farmers cannot pay so much at prevailing prices for their products."

Indifference and Inefficiency

His comment on the quality of available farm labor is in tune with the chorus from all other sections of the country, North and South.

On this point he says: "The wage paid to farm labor as compared with a few years ago does not represent its true cost, nor does the number of laborers on the farm indicate the productive capacity of the farms as it did a few years ago. The more able-bodied laborers have gone to the more profitable jobs, leaving mostly the old, young and weakly on the farms. These demand fewer hours a day, are generally indifferent and inefficient, and produce less."

Louisiana reports an increase of farm wages to the extent of twenty-five to thirty per cent. As power machinery is largely used in the rice and sugar-cane fields of the southern section of the state, the supply of labor is almost adequate, especially as high rice and sugar prices enable the planters to pay competitive wages. In the northwest section of the state workers in the oil fields receive larger wages than farmers can afford to pay, resulting in marked shortage of labor on farms in that locality and a general decreased production of farm crops.

According to Field Agent F. W. Gist, of Alabama, his state shows the following prospects for 1920:

"Probable food and feed crop production compared with last year, 95 per cent. Probable cotton production compared with last year, 102 per cent. Probable livestock production compared with last year, 95 per cent. Present cost of farm supplies compared with one year ago, 122 per cent. Present rate of farm wages compared with a year ago, 124 per cent. The chief cause of intended reduction of production is universally stated to be shortage of labor due to higher wages in other lines and the presence of a greater number of idlers than usual."

His comments on the score of loafers are illuminating. He declares: "The mention of a larger number of idlers is not without cause. We must in this connection lay aside the disposition to moralize on theoretic phases of labor economics and recognize the actual conditions confronting the Southern farmer. The great majority of farm laborers and tenants—the words mean the same thing with us—are negroes. The negro has not progressed away from his natural tendency to be satisfied with a mere living and to idleness beyond that point. The result is that high wages, beyond a certain point, are to him a disadvantage, in that they result in increased idleness. As an example: With a wage of five dollars a day he will work three days and loaf four; with a wage of three dollars he will work four days and loaf three; with a wage of two dollars he will work five and one-half days. When a full week's wage is necessary for his living he will work a full week, and not under any other scale! The higher wages in industrial establishments, therefore, constitute a magnet which the farm cannot resist."

Arkansas Comments

"Another serious tendency with the negro is toward extravagant expenditures of any surplus earnings which he may possibly secure. Merchants know this tendency and are tempted to fix prices accordingly. This not only dissipates his earnings but increases the burden of the frugal wage earner."

This keen observer also offers the pertinent comment: "Recognition of the tempting wages offered by other industries is universal and is based on positive fact. Farmers cannot pay wages equivalent to those offered by industrial establishments. Workers are not inclined to recognize the fact that living expenses on the farm are commensurately lower than in industrial communities, and the higher wage scale draws them irresistibly, regardless of the higher cost of living which goes with the conditions surrounding higher wages."

Arkansas returns on the straw vote cannot be passed without comment.

Field Agent Charles Bouton says: "In several sections of the state fear is being expressed that considerable land will have to lay out this year because of shortage of renters. The acreage of cotton, strawberries, tree fruits, and possibly rice, is being increased, but at the expense of other crops. In a few places new land is being cleared and put in cultivation, but this is rare. Our last legislature appropriated $108,000,000 for road building in Arkansas. The labor shortage, due in most cases to higher wages in public work, such as road building, accounts more than anything else for the decreased production."

Here is a little symposium of expressions from Arkansas farmers who see a slow-down in production and suggest its causes:

"Labor shortage due to higher wages in public work."

"No one to rent land."

"Uncertainty in price of farm products for next year, with high price of feed."

"Workers leaving farms for cities, especially young unmarried men."

"Labor in hill sections has moved to more fertile bottoms."

"Much labor idle round here; loafers want more than we can afford to pay."

"Feeling among farmers that they have received unfair treatment in marketing: having to pay such exorbitant prices for all commodities, and getting such a small price for what they sell."

"High price of mules, implements, feed, seed and labor."

"Shorter hours and higher wages for other work."

There are others, however, who take a more cheerful view of the situation. Some of their comments are as follows:

"More crops of the kinds requiring a minimum of labor will be raised."

"More favorable weather; high price of products."

"New land to be put in cultivation."

"High prices expected for cotton."

"Forty-cent cotton!"

"Land cleared and more drainage."

"High price of cotton; everyone wants part of profits, having lost in past from stock and feed crops."

"Not much shortage of labor except seasonal."

"Everybody wants to see more feedstuff."

"Low prices last year cause farmers to make extra effort in order to pay debts."

Missouri reports: "A decrease of forty per cent on wheat, due partly to labor shortage, more to the weather; corn increase in most of state but will be short of the usual year 500,000 acres. Situation due to labor shortage and partly to high wages, causing increase of hay and pasture acreage with prospect of idle land southwest, reducing grain and livestock production to family size of operations rather than worry with hired labor.

"Labor is from ten to thirty-three per cent higher than last year and is asking for more pay and shorter hours. More tenant houses vacant; reduction in number of farms continues. Farmers are seeding more grass and their slogan is, 'Buy less and spend less.'"

Oklahoma, through Field Agent H. H. Schutz, makes this analysis of returns: "There is no sentiment among the farmers in Oklahoma toward cutting production, but rather a desire to plant all they can with what labor is available. Tenant farmers, mostly, have been drawn to the oil fields where a man and team are paid twelve dollars a day or six dollars for day labor. There is also great activity in building in towns and cities, and much public work is going on. One seldom sees a new farm building or even new fencing.

"It is probable that there is no unusual number of empty farm buildings. Price of labor has increased a fourth over last year. Farmers are paying $2.50 to five dollars a day and from fifty to sixty-five dollars a month and board—but complain about the poor quality of work. Farm machinery has risen ten per cent over last year's prices, with another raise promised. The demand for row implements is double that of former years as the farmer is trying to offset the labor shortage by this means."

Texas Will Carry On

Texas is too big an agricultural state to be passed without a hearing.

E. M. Johnston, its field agent, says: "The attitude of the great bulk of farmers is to do all that is physically possible. Officers of certain associations speak loudly of proposed reduction, but the noise they make is out of all proportion to the sentiment they represent. Their assertions cover what they would like to have happen, rather than what will happen; the whole matter resolves itself into an individual problem. In the last analysis a larger total acreage of all crops than was planted last year cannot be expected. A minimum increase of seven per cent will be had in increase of cotton acreage with possibilities of much more; corn will be as full as last year, perhaps greater; spring oats normal or above; rice greater than last year; grain sorghums a slight decrease, perhaps.

"Labor situation vastly improved; thousand laborers now at San Antonio and border points coming in to such an extent that Mexico threatens a stoppage. East Texas is now most poorly supplied with labor; wages are not greatly in excess of last year. There is a noticeable slackening in labor tension in all fields, also a slight movement of settlers from East to West Texas. On the whole, abandoned farms will be less, considering West Texas. The advance in farm machinery is eight to ten per cent averaging all kinds, and covers rise in price of steel and labor only and it is not a deterring factor. In spite of any agitation to the contrary, the farmer will not and cannot let his farm lie idle purposely; prices generally are high and are an incentive to plant, and it is beyond dispute that his individual necessities are his governing consideration. Total plantings for all crops for whole state should approximate ninety per cent of last year."

This is ample testimony as to the situation in the South. There are many states in the North presenting phases of peculiar interest. A. E. Anderson, the field agent for Nebraska, gives me an opinion that contributes a note of variety to the situation.

He says: "I am of the opinion that the expected decrease in acreage of all crops will be slight and confined largely to the less important farming districts of the state. Though there is a shortage of farm labor this has been largely overcome through the use of improved machinery that makes it possible for a farmer to do twice the work that was done in past years. Though farm wages are very high, ranging from fifty to $100 a month, this is not as large an item in production as it may seem, for it is not necessary for the average farmer to retain a farm hand for a long period of time. I believe farmers complain more about the unreliability of farm hands than the wages. There is dissatisfaction regarding prices which the farmer receives. He feels that he is not getting a just share of what the consumer pays for his produce. There is complaint regarding the drop in prices of livestock last winter, which resulted in loss to the feeders."

Food for Thought

"Though it is true that there is considerable dissatisfaction on the part of the farmer I feel sure that he will go the maximum limit of his capacity to produce all that is possible. Probably the only exception will be the limiting of the feeding of livestock."

Though by no means devoid of manufacturing, Minnesota is essentially an agricultural state. It might naturally be supposed that in this commonwealth industry would not be crowding its shoulder into the ribs of agriculture with quite so ugly a punch as in states where manufacture and mining cut a larger figure on the income page. Therefore these statements from farmers who are the backbone of Minnesota's food production and men of high standing are calculated to give the consumer of farm products solid and disquieting food for thought.

From Yellow Medicine County I get this crisp summary of the situation: "Laborers ask $100 a month and board. None to be had who will work."

A Fillmore County farmer makes this rather startling statement: "Offers of $100 to $125 a month with board and washing fail to tempt the many idle men who are depending on their state bonus and Federal payments for army service to carry them through the season without work."

"Hired help," declares a Rock County farmer, "is asking from seventy-five to $125 a month with board and room. This has resulted in the farmers here cutting down on acreage. Where they farmed 240 acres last year they are farming only 160 acres this year."

Dakota County reports: "Considerable shortage of farm labor. Wages range from eighty-five to $100 a month, including board and washing."

Field Agent Paul H. Kirk sketches the situation in his state in these terms: "My investigation of the labor supply brings forth an almost unanimous cry that there is a great shortage of farm labor, and also increasing disgust and indignation from the farmers regarding the attitude of laborers toward work. The attractive wages in nearly every city and town of any size with only eight hours' work have blinded the erstwhile farm laborer to the necessity of keeping up production on the farms. Farmers have been on a nervous strain the last few years and are in no mind to longer work overtime themselves. Consequently, at the present time, their attitude is to plant only the acreage they can handle themselves and to feed and take care of what livestock they now have on hand.

"Our acreage of spring wheat for 1919 was 3,950,000; this will likely be reduced ten to fifteen per cent. Any material reduction in corn, oats or potatoes seems unlikely. Probably barley, of which we had raised 910,000 acres, will be slightly decreased, and our 320,000 acres of flax will possibly be cut five to ten per cent."

A. J. Surrat, field agent for North Dakota, says: "I estimate a ten per cent reduction of North Dakota's production from acreage standpoint compared with last year owing to grasshopper scare and high cost of labor. Help is insufficient on numerous farms in the western counties, with a general unfavorable financial condition; a

(Continued on Page 144)

Stewart trucks have won—

Stewart MOTOR TRUCKS

This truth bears repeating— America's greatest truck value

In the manufacture of Stewart Trucks, the Stewart Motor Corporation seven years ago set a high ideal—and has lived up to it. To make a high-grade, moderately-priced truck—with the quality assuring long life—costing less to run—bringing repeat orders by performance—that was the goal set when the first Stewart appeared in 1912.

And in a little more than seven years, Stewart has won its place as one of the world leaders.

Stewarts cost $200 to $300 less to buy than the average prices of other trucks.

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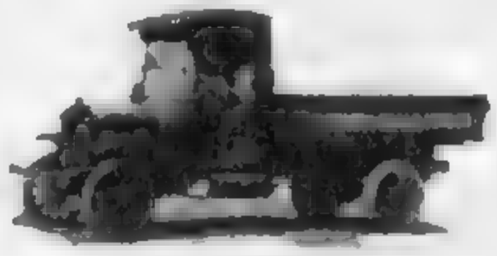
Built entirely of truck parts; designed for truck work exclusively, by experienced truck engineers; with design scientifically simplified to eliminate hundreds of really needless parts and hundreds of pounds of needless weight, Stewarts earn their title to "America's greatest truck value."

Buy a Stewart and you get a stronger, simpler truck, simpler to operate, easier to maintain—a truck that drags no needless dead weight; economical on oil, gasoline and tires.

Stewart Trucks shown above left 2000 lbs. right ¾ ton

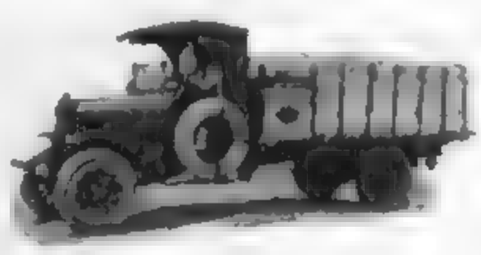


1½ TON

Chassis Prices:

¾ TON	$1350
2000 LB.	1655
1½ TON	2250
2 TON	2875
2½ TON	3095
3½ TON	3895

f. o. b. Buffalo



2 TON

STEWART MOTOR CORPORATION, BUFFALO, N.Y.

by costing less to run

Stewart
MOTOR TRUCKS

Fleets that grew from one indicate owner satisfaction

Stewart quality wins its way with owners. Hundreds of business men and firms first bought one on trial. And quickly their fleets grew—one, two, three, four and more—all Stewarts—all working and earning; piling up daily profits for their owners; piling up quality reputation for Stewarts.

The yearly record of sales has grown steadily from $58,000 the first year to millions annually, and constantly growing.

Stewart is one of the world's fastest-selling trucks—making good abroad just as it is at home—just as popular in 38 foreign lands as it is in 800 American cities and on hundreds of American farms.

Here is another pleased owner building up his Stewart fleet:

Wm. Ramsdell Son & Co., 10551 Euclid Avenue, Cleveland

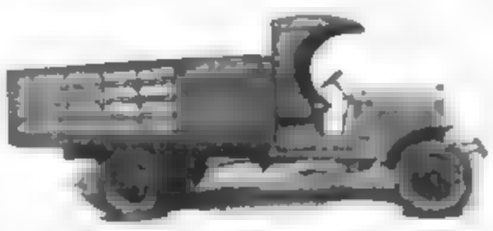
We have three three-quarter and one one-ton Stewart trucks which have been in operation for approximately fifteen months.

These trucks have given us very good service and their gasoline consumption has been so small that it is surprising.

The service rendered us by our local Stewart distributor is the best in this city, bar none. Our trucks are always kept on the road by their prompt and efficient service.

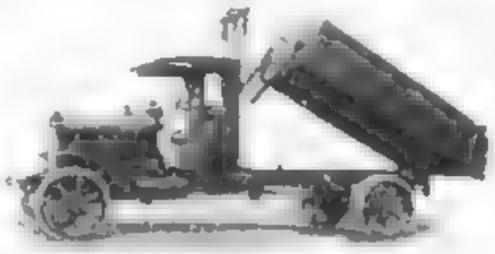
We are about to place our order for three more trucks and we can assure you that they are going to be Stewarts, as we certainly do like them.

(Signed) H. A. RAMSDELL



2½ TON

The very first ones made still serve the needs of trade.



3½ TON

STEWART MOTOR CORPORATION, BUFFALO, N.Y.

Everwear
TRADE MARK
Hosiery
The distinctive quality of Silk produced by skilled Japanese craftsmen is most noticeable in Everwear. Smooth, lustrous, and beautiful, they join with the Lisle Thread in establishing definite and desirable Everwear standards. Made for men, women and children.
Made in Milwaukee by the Everwear Hosiery Co.

(Continued from Page 141)

depressive factor. Farm wages are ten to fifteen per cent above last year, with the labor supply about the same. Farm machinery will average about the same as last year in cost. Empty farmhouses not more numerous than usual."

The returns from Illinois indicate a probable forced crop reduction, especially in corn; also an apparent reduction in meat animals is intended. The causes given are the high cost and scarcity of labor and fertilizer, relative low prices for products, general losses on feeding, high cost of feeds and machinery, labor shortage. The increase in wages is twenty per cent, in machinery cost thirty per cent, and there is a twenty-five per cent increase of empty houses.

Wisconsin's straw vote on the score of production takes on special significance from the fact that it is a premier dairy state. There is no mistaking the fact that in the fraternity of farm hands milking is regarded as zero-minus in farm jobs. Also it should be remembered that nothing is produced on the farm which is more essential to human health and comfort than are dairy products. The one perfect food cannot be dispensed with, and when the doorsteps of the urban dwellers cease to be decorated with their customary milk bottles and butter brick a wail will be heard that will be a real calamity howl and not a fake one.

On the Dairy Farms

Field Agent Joseph A. Becker emphasizes the importance of the attitude of the dairy farmers and declares: "Of the 308 farmers reporting in this survey twenty-nine per cent estimated an increase, twenty-three per cent estimated no change, forty-eight per cent estimated a decrease in the number of dairy cows that will be milked. The recent termination of exportation of condensed milk from this country is the large factor in the farmer's psychology with regard to the number of cows in his dairy herd. Immediately upon the closing of the foreign market for condensed milk, condenseries substantially decreased the price paid to producers. This had a natural effect upon the price of milk, butter, cheese and the city milk supply. Farmers are not accustomed to having the price of milk lowered during February and March. These are two of their best months; consequently they are uncertain as to what the future market for milk will be and necessarily feel that they cannot afford to risk high-priced feeds and labor in caring for milk cows with an uncertain market in prospect. The apparent increase in the price of dairy feeds over last year is about twenty-two per cent and the wage increase about twenty-seven per cent.

"As to meat animals, forty-five per cent estimated a decrease and thirty-one per cent said no change. This is a natural reaction on the part of farmers, on account of the sudden and decided drop in the price of hogs at the leading markets last July. A large hog crop was started in the state last spring in anticipation of a continued favorable price for hogs. These hogs were marketed on the November-to-February market, which farmers claim was lower than the price of production.

"The increase in the cost of farm machinery appears to be about twenty per cent, and nearly all farmers reporting declare there will be a large increase in the use of farm machinery to offset the labor shortage."

One farmer gives this sketch of the dairy situation, which seems a very sensible one: "The labor question has hit the larger dairies, depending on hired help. The small dairy farmers have been increasing milking herds. I cannot see any increase in the total dairy production this year."

From up in Juneau County, Farmer A. E. Wilcox reports: "There are twenty empty farmhouses within two miles of me. Farmers are going to road work or the cities to catch the big wages."

Roy Chatterton, of Belleville, in Dane County, voices a popular sentiment when he says: "Many farmers are completely discouraged by losing $500 and even more on their hog crop last year after working hard for a full year. It will not take many repeats of this experience to cause a first-class famine in the United States."

W. J. Mehleis, of Saint Croix County, makes this pertinent observation: "The majority of the calves dropped since January 1, 1920, have been vealed or slaughtered at birth, where heretofore they were raised and sold as yearlings. One reason for this is that the condensery refuses whole milk; another is that a veal calf brings as much at from four to six weeks old as a skim-milk yearling. This will cut down our dairy cows and beef in the near future."

"No houses vacant. People in towns have to move into farmhouses vacant on account of scarcity of city houses," says Charles Settergren, Baldwin, Saint Croix County.

H. C. Taylor, of Rock County, says: "A number of city people are renting available houses in country and autoing to city to work."

Here is a comment by B. M. Smith, of Marinette County, which merits serious consideration, especially by those who think that the exodus from the farms to industry doesn't amount to much: "A farmer with whom I dealt the other day had his fourteen-year-old son with him. He said: 'I have six sons; five are in cities working. I cannot ask them to come to the farm, for they are earning from two to four times what they can on the farm or what the farm can afford to pay.' It is the older and younger people who are producing farm products.

"There are many small farms where the farmer himself and older children, if he has any, are away working. All the farming that is being done is what the farm wife and small children can do."

Pennsylvania gives a rather pessimistic report of this tenor: "Farmers are generally discouraged all over the state and will cut their acreage from five to ten per cent. Wages are from ten to twenty per cent higher than last year and no help available, the labor supply is twenty-five per cent less than a year ago. Machinery containing wood is about ten per cent higher. Second-hand farm machines at sales are bringing twenty-five to fifty per cent above their cost when new. No more empty houses than usual except in isolated districts, as there is a shortage of houses round all industrial centers and the tenants work in mines, mills and on state roads, as the hours are shorter and wages more than the farmers can possibly pay."

New England cannot be shut out of any town meeting or straw vote.

Here is what Field Agent V. A. Sanders has to say: "Acreage of crops that require much labor will probably show some decrease in favor of other crops that the farmer can care for and harvest with such labor as he can get, doing just as much of his total farm work himself as possible. This is true of the feed crops raised for home use. Cash crops that can be sold at a remunerative price even to offset the farm wages and poor labor will tend to equal their acreages of last year. If enough fertilizer arrives in time Aroostook potatoes will probably show about fifteen per cent gain over last year, making a county acreage of round 88,000."

New England Reports

"The farmers feel, with what appears to be sufficient cause, not especially kindly toward the Federal Government in its treatment of agriculture as an industry. They are not disposed to increase production for the benefit of urban populations, which have thus far shown the utmost disregard for the rights of the rural population and have ignored even their own best interests by reducing the already short hours of labor, by shirking on the job, and by their attitude of indifference to the welfare of the general public.

"Farm labor is yet scarce and, with some exceptions, higher in price. It is not very anxious to work on the farm at all. There is perhaps a little more labor available than last year; but its attitude of indifference and its unreliability make it a factor discouraging to farmers.

"The high wages in manufacturing during the past three years have caused practically an exodus from many back towns and there are undoubtedly more vacant farms now than a year ago, because the city industries can still pay roughly twenty-five per cent to forty per cent more for the labor than can the farmer, and population moves more and more toward the centers."

At a conference in New Bedford, Massachusetts, on March sixteenth, six men told John D. Willard, director of extension work, personally that they were either cutting their work to what they could do alone or were not starting any planting this year The only man in the meeting who had any

(Concluded on Page 147)

Three Rooms More Without Raising the Roof

Two bedrooms and a bath can be built in your attic—all without raising the roof and without muss and litter.

The cost is low compared with the increased property value, the increased rental, or the advantage of extra rooms if it's in your own home.

You can do it yourself or call in a carpenter—the result will be satisfactory in either case, provided you get genuine Beaver Board with the trademark plainly printed on the back of every panel. Genuine Beaver Board is made of fibres of the white spruce tree. It is built up into large, flawless panels that never crack.

Beaver Boarding is easy. Three simple steps, (1) Nailing up Beaver Board, (2) Painting Beaver Board, (3) Putting on wood strips, are all that is necessary to quickly transform *useless* spaces into usable and attractive rooms.

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Send for our new book, "Beaver Board and Its Uses." It contains many practical suggestions for every kind of building.

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BEAVER BOARD
PURE WOOD FIBRE

FOR BETTER WALLS & CEILINGS

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Add to the experience of the workman the high power of the microscope, and the hidden character of steel becomes an open book. The thread of weakness shown by this hundred-times enlarged photograph might have escaped any but the utmost vigilance. Such is the everlasting care which marks the Forging, Tool or Machine of Billings & Spencer.

(Concluded from Page 144)

courage was one with three sons in partnership with him and is well equipped with machines, so that he is fairly independent of hired help.

A farmer of Acushnet, Massachusetts, reports that a man who has worked with him for twenty-seven years has just left to go into a New Bedford silk mill at thirty-four dollars a week.

Leon S. Merrill, director of agricultural extension in Maine, makes this impressive summary of conditions in his state: "Pulp mills, cotton, woolen and saw mills are paying from twenty to thirty dollars a week and from four to six dollars a day for labor which formerly was available for farm use. In the Corinna mills rough labor is being paid twenty dollars a week. In Sangerville I know of farmers now earning thirty dollars a week in the mill there. At Berwick practically the entire supply of farm labor and some farmers themselves are working at the mill and plan to do so this summer at four dollars a day. In York County the portable sawmills are paying from four to six dollars a day. Since the state outside of Aroostook is dotted with these industries they seriously affect its labor situation. The usual working day is eight hours, and the farmer does not feel that he can compete in price and working hours. The result is that the majority of farmers will do their work alone this season.

"I have just consulted six farmers and asked them how many men they know who formerly hired labor but will not hire this year. Their answers revealed that the number of men in their townships who had previously hired help but would not this year were—in Sangerville, ten; in Hollis, five; in Corinna, twenty-five; in Carmel, two; in Readfield, four, and in Newport, fifteen.

"Tractors, milking machines and other labor-saving devices are helping to relieve the situation, but these aids cannot entirely replace the scarcity of human labor."

Connecticut is feeling the wage pinch acutely.

A. W. Manchester, of the state extension service, says: "It is estimated that the farms of Connecticut would use at prevailing wages 3500 more farm laborers than we have at present. Of these approximately 2500 would be needed for the summer only, in the tobacco and market-garden sections; and 1000 would be used on the general farms for year-round work. With a lower wage, but maintained commodity prices, a much larger number of men would be used. There is special difficulty in getting day help for short periods."

Wages Constantly Advancing

"Farm wages show an advance of fifteen to twenty-five per cent over last year. Prevailing wages for month men are sixty dollars to eighty dollars a month and board; and seventy to ninety dollars a month with house rent, milk, fuel and vegetables. Day wages are three to $3.50 a day."

From Fairfield County, Connecticut, comes this word: "There is a general shortage of labor for the general farms. The largest number of auction sales of which I have ever known are being held this spring. In many cases the farmer is not selling off all his stock but is reducing it to the point where he can handle his business alone. The labor situation is the main cause. Uncertainty as to milk prices is a contributing factor. The county could use 200 to 300 more farm hands at prevailing prices. Wages are constantly advancing. They are from sixty to seventy-five or eighty dollars a month and board. Married men are asking as high as $100 a month, with tenant house and perquisites."

One large fruit grower in Hartford County said: "I raised the wages of my regular men about twenty-five per cent and kept them all. They are working good hours and working hard. I expect great difficulty in getting extra hands for fruit picking."

New Hampshire is in as unhappy a situation as to farm production as are her neighbors.

A. B. Genung, farm-management demonstrator for New Hampshire, declares: "Lately I have said repeatedly, in print and otherwise, that not since Civil War days have the farmers of New Hampshire faced such a shortage of help. In many communities there is not at the present time a single man available for a day's work on a farm. Any job that requires help must simply wait until a neighbor can find time to furnish such help, and the latter in turn must depend on an exchange of labor to get his work done. This means decreased production and a shattered morale on the part of New Hampshire farmers which is bound to be felt for years to come. There is a great sense of discouragement."

What the Farmer Wants

New York authorities, from a survey of 3775 farms, report a decrease of seventeen per cent of hired men and estimate that there are about 24,000 habitable houses vacant on farms in New York. Last year about 35,000 men and boys left farms in the Empire State for other occupations and some 11,000 came to the farms from other callings—leaving a farm deficit of 24,000.

There are a few points apparent from all this on which the urban dweller and the urban thinker can spend considerable time in profitable reflection. One is that the farmer wants to know why he should work fourteen hours a day to feed the man who sticks at an eight-hour day, and do it at a wage that he would despise. Also he would like to know why he should keep on at this pace to fill the larders of social idlers who make no pretense of working.

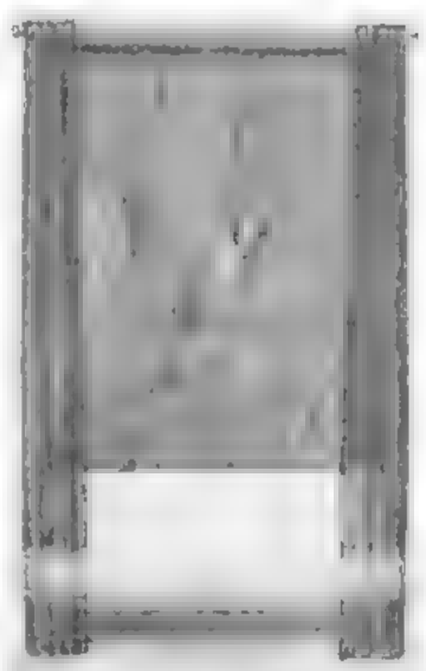
The typical farmer doesn't talk strike and doesn't intend to strike. He realizes that if he did he could bring on a famine that would force a hungry world to his feet—and earn the contempt of all humanity. He is too decent, too sound a citizen and too self-respecting to give serious consideration to such a course.

But he does demand intelligent consideration instead of supercilious indifference on the part of city dwellers generally. And the chances are that he is going to get it—and in the near future too. The squeeze of the economic balance will take care of that quite shortly—and without any deliberate slackening of his pace at the plow.

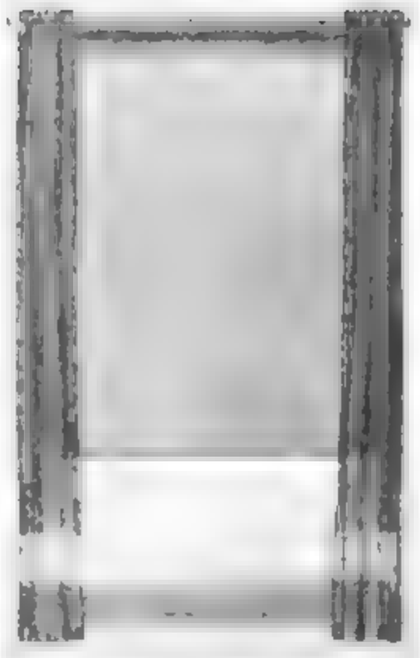
He not only wants the city folks, whether in evening clothes or mill shirts, to know that he is on earth, that he means something to them in a direct personal sense and that he is doing the most useful and essential job on earth, working longer hours than any union on earth would tolerate—but he also wants a new deal and a square deal. He isn't fighting industry—he's just feeding it; and he wants industry to put its feet under the table with his for a free and fair consideration of mutual problems.

It appears to be up to those who would like to eat with reasonable regularity and decision to look away from the bright lights long enough to focus on the man who grows the food and fills the larders. And this obligation applies to all the men on industry's pay roll from least to greatest, to coupon cutters, to chamber-of-commerce officials and to labor leaders of all ranks.

There was never a better time for those outside of agriculture to squander a little thought on the farmer and his problems than right now.



An ordinary window shade—a coarse muslin cloth coated with chalk and clay [illegible] the shade wrinkles and sags

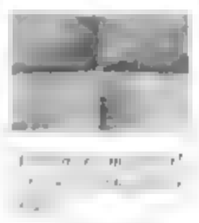


A Brenlin window shade—so heavy, so tightly woven no chalk or clay is needed to give it weight and smoothness. That is why Brenlin outwears two or three ordinary window shades. It wears and [illegible]

One shade was builded upon "sand"—and the wind came!

With a basic weakness every *ordinary* window shade is made. Not sand, it's true, but chalk and clay are used to give to coarse and loosely woven cloth an *appearance* of strength, a weight and smoothness.

This "filling" soon becomes hard and brittle. When a shade so made is put to the strains and stress of everyday usage—when the wind comes, jerking and snapping—the filling loosens and falls out—cracks and pinholes appear—the shade wrinkles and sags.



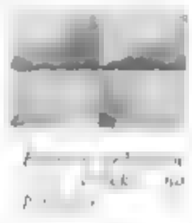
But Brenlin is made of a cloth so fine, so heavy, so tightly woven that it needs no chalk, no clay, no filling of any kind!

It is soft and supple—yet always hangs straight and smooth. Strains and jerks that quickly disfigure the ordinary shade do not affect Brenlin.

Go to the Brenlin dealer in your town. See the many rich, mellow colorings he has in this long-wearing material—and Brenlin Duplex, one color on one side, another color on the other.

To make sure you're getting genuine Brenlin, try the famous Brenlin folding test, and look for the name "Brenlin" perforated on the edge—when you buy and when your shades are hung. If you don't know where to find Brenlin, write us; we will see that you are supplied.

For windows of little importance, Camargo or Empire shades give you best value in shades made the ordinary way.



Write today for a valuable booklet on how to shade your windows beautifully; it's free. With it we will send you actual samples of Brenlin in several different colors.

The Chas. W. Breneman Co., Inc., Cincinnati, Ohio—"The oldest window shade house in America." Factories: Cincinnati, Ohio, and Brooklyn, N. Y. Branches: New York City and Oakland, Calif. Owner of the good will and trade-marks of the Jay C. Wemple Co.

Brenlin

the long-wearing window shade material

The residence of H. E. Snow at Tampa, Florida, shaded with Brenlin

U S G

SHEETROCK

From Mines of Purest Gypsum

THE OUTSTANDING FACT about Sheetrock is that it is rock.

Rock does not warp, and therefore Sheetrock will not warp on the walls and ceilings of your home. Rock cannot burn, and therefore Sheetrock is fireproof. Rock is durable, and therefore Sheetrock makes standard walls of permanent strength.

Pure gypsum rock is mined and refined, and the gypsum then is factory-cast into broad, firm-bodied, flat-surfaced sheets—Sheetrock.

Nature makes Sheetrock non-warping and fireproof, impervious to cold and damp, resistive to sound and vermin. To these natural properties, the special U. S. G. processes by which Sheetrock is molded add many other qualities of value.

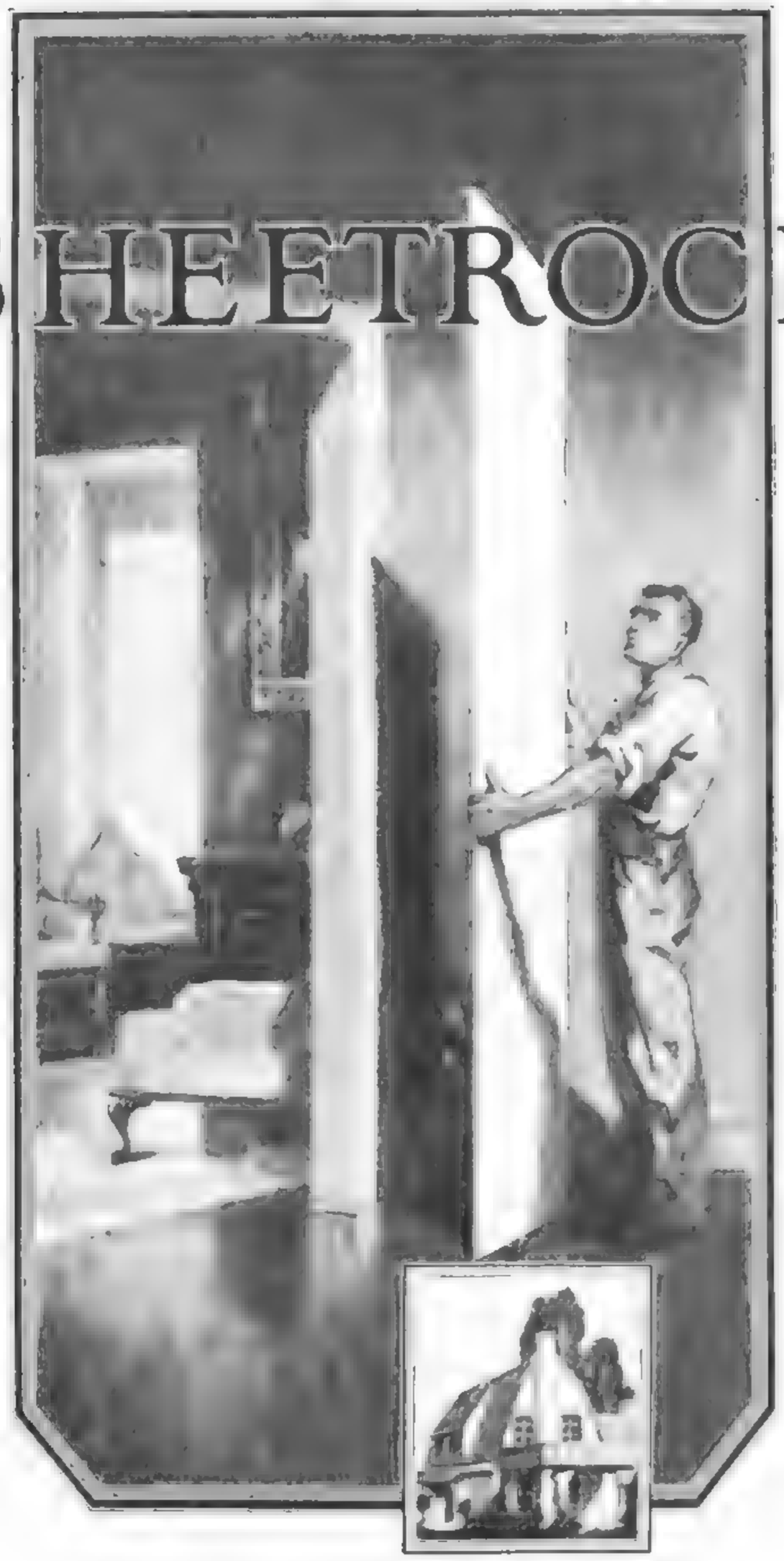
Every unit of Sheetrock is smooth and flat and ceiling high. It is evenly gauged to a standard thickness. Its joining edges are made with the U. S. G. Patented Reinforcement which insures a perfect union, creating practically a monolithic wall. Its protective coating invites any decorative treatment you may desire.

UNITED STATES GYPSUM COMPANY *Mines and Mills in Twelve States*

BRANCH OFFICES: NEW YORK PHILADELPHIA BOSTON WASHINGTON PITTSBURGH BUFFALO CLEVELAND

U S G

SHEETROCK



To the Walls and Ceilings of your Home

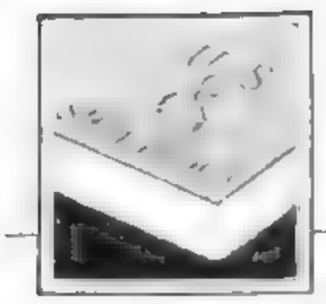
Sheetrock takes wallpaper perfectly. If the room is suited to panels, you can panel Sheetrock—but you do not have to use panels with Sheetrock unless good taste commands. Many use Sheetrock just as it comes—in its pleasing finish of soft, mist gray.

Anyone can apply Sheetrock. It cuts, saws and nails easily. Nail it securely to the studs or joists, and it will not pull away from the supports. It is light and easily handled.

Finally, Sheetrock is unvarying in quality. It is factory-finished in the mills of the world's largest producer of gypsum products. Twenty years of specialization on fine building materials gives its makers authority for recommending Sheetrock.

In a wide range of building uses—in new construction and for repairs and remodeling—Sheetrock is distinguished for durability, permanence and attractiveness.

Your lumber dealer or your dealer in builders' materials can supply you with Sheetrock. He will tell you how well Sheetrock is adapted to the particular need you have for it.



UNITED STATES GYPSUM COMPANY · · *General Offices, CHICAGO*

CINCINNATI DETROIT MILWAUKEE MINNEAPOLIS OMAHA KANSAS CITY DENVER LOS ANGELES

CUTTING FORD UPKEEP !

The reasons for the surprising economy of Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"

LOW as they are, the upkeep costs of many Ford cars are today far higher than they need be. Operators' enthusiasm over low first cost frequently leads to carelessness over subsequent maintenance costs.

But Ford owners the world over are discovering—

(1) That rapid wear of bearings can be prevented.

(2) That frequent carbon cleanings are not necessary.

(3) That frequent overheating should not be tolerated.

Some Drivers' Experiences

A Ford owner in Minnesota reports that during three years' use of Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" his engine has not required a single repair.

A Massachusetts owner—also after three years of similar experience—had his engine taken down only to find pistons and bearings "in fine condition."

We could fill page after page with Ford experiences showing astonishing gains in economy and service after changing to Gargoyle Mobiloil "E." We might tell of the Ford owner who climbed Ben Nevis, in Scotland—of severe Ford lubricating problems met by Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" in torrid countries and toward the poles. But after all, these would sum up into one subject—the benefits of scientific Ford lubrication.

The surprising efficiency and economy shown by Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" are due to its ability to meet five mechanical conditions in the Ford engine. These are:

(1) Ford lubricating system.
(2) Ford piston clearance.
(3) Ford ignition system.
(4) Ford bearing design.
(5) Ford clutch and transmission design.

What "body" oil for Fords?

A mistake sometimes made by Ford owners is the use of an oil heavier than Gargoyle "Mobiloil E."

Every one of the five factors mentioned above demands an oil of the body and character of Gargoyle Mobiloil "E." It is readily atomized and distributed by the lubricating system—it gives proper piston ring seal—it reaches all the close fitting bearings—it eliminates the dragging of clutch and transmission bands caused by heavier oils.

In arriving at the recommendation of Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" the Vacuum Oil Company has considered the important factors of Ford design in the light of its many years' experience in scientific lubrication. *The body of Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" is scientifically correct for Ford Cars.*

▼

Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" will give you superior *engine results.* If you want superior *engine results* a 5-gallon can of Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" will introduce them to you.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY *Specialists in the manufacture of high-grade lubricants for every class of machinery. Obtainable everywhere in the world.* **NEW YORK, U.S.A.**

Domestic Branches: New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Detroit, Chicago, Minneapolis, Indianapolis, Kansas City, Kan., Des Moines.

IT'S A LONG WORM THAT HAS NO TURNING

(Continued from Page 25)

Mrs. Obadiah's chubby religious periodical, and these, too, went on the scrap heap.

And then Obadiah came to three letters which were missiles.

The first epistle was from Felix Grodin, of Philadelphia. In it Mr. Grodin insisted upon knowing what in the name of the undying rational he was expected to do with a carload of specially manufactured six-inch, wire-reenforced hose in thirty-foot lengths, coupled with brass screw locks? Aside from the fact that he hadn't received a contract for laying the street mains, and consequently had never ordered the fool stuff, what was up to him to do with it now that he had it? Frankly now, was he to stand in Broad Street and sprinkle the nasturtiums on Billy Penn's hat—that is, if there were any up there? He demanded consequently to know what, in the name of the double-starred Sacred Rosetta, Obadiah meant by:

(1) Sending him a carload of abovementioned Grand Geyser hose?

(2) Refusing to fill the perfectly proper order he had given him for 300 ft of 1½" hose @ 36½c a ft, and seventy 40 ft pieces of 2¼" carbolized hose @ 97½c a ft?

(3) His actions in general?

He wound up with a few miscellaneous comments, solicitously inquired whether Obadiah had gone nutty, and stated that though he—Obadiah—didn't seem to be aware of freight prices in these days he—Grodin—did, and was taking the liberty to hold the carload of six-inch hose until further shipping orders from Heliotrope City.

In the next letter which Obadiah read, Ephraim Neefe, of New York, made chorus with Grodin in demanding to know what in the shades of blue apricots Obadiah was running in Heliotrope City anyhow, a barbecue or a church fair? Did he fill out orders now by the grab-bag method or did he just never read the incoming letters? In other words, why in Jericho was he picked out for 300 ft of 1½" hose and a lot of 40 ft pieces of 2¼" hose, when what he wanted all along was only 1100 feet of that grade A1bb at 22c a foot?

Thereupon entered Carg & Davenport, Canal Street, further to mystify Obadiah, informing him that in looking over their books they discovered that he had sent them a check for $726 in payment of a bill rendered for $90.36, and if they had overlooked any items or if he had sent them an order which the check was designed to cover but which they had not received wouldn't he please send them a duplicate order or something to clear up the situation? Trusting that his valued patronage, and so on.

It was all very mysterious. For long minutes Obadiah sat and studied the documents. A mistiness was in his eyes and infinite wistfulness in his heart. For a moment this had all revitalized him. This was his true field, this was his work, his life—himself, no less. The next moment the icy certainty that he had cut himself or been cut from the making of good hose forever sat on him with frigid clarity. But that didn't decrease the mystery of these communications from these fine chaps. And what fine chaps they all were—Grodin and Neefe and Carg & Davenport. True, the latter didn't have much humor; but the notes from the two others were always personal and alive with old-time guy drollery, like the chatting of dear old cronies. But what—what by all that was inexplicable did all this mean? For more than an hour he sat there puzzling it out, oblivious of everything—the awakening roar of Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street, the rousing harmonious and deep-throated hum of Manhattan stirring to face the day—while he lived again for a few minutes in his life's occupation of hose making. And at last, after painful effort and countless recollections, he worked it out. It was like this:

The Wallace, Hines & Sons order for the carload of six-inch specially wired hose he had sent by mistake to Felix Grodin.

Grodin's original order, for 300 feet of 1½-inch hose at 36½ cents a foot, and seventy forty-foot pieces of 2¼-inch carbolized hose at 97½ cents a foot, had been sent to Neefe, who was holding it. This order totaled $2839.50.

Neefe's order, for 1100 feet at twenty-two cents a foot, he had trebled in filling; and then finally he had sent a check, made out for the amount of Neefe's trebled order, or $726, to Carg & Davenport, in payment of a bill for $90.36.

Fate had interceded in Obadiah's behalf. Penniless an hour before fate was now holding out comparative riches to him. There was coming to him from Carg & Davenport $635.64. That would set him to rights immediately; and then, as quickly as he could get the Grodin shipment, which Neefe had in his possession, down to the Philadelphia man he would be able to collect an additional $2839.50. Finally there was the more or less immediate prospect of Neefe's receiving the 1100 feet of twenty-two-cent hose which he had ordered, plus the 2200 Obadiah had added to the order by mistake. This meant at least another $242, plus whatever he could induce Neefe to give him for the added supply. This was the reasonably ready cash he would be able to lay hands on; and then there always remained the carload of extra-size hose ordered by Wallace, Hines & Sons and which Grodin held for instructions. There was possible money there too.

Whatever Novelty the Stark Insanity of the Project Might Have Had for His Helpers Had Long Worn Off

Obadiah was now demonstrating the wisdom of so ordering one's business through the years that when one got thrown out of it it would still yield a few sweet drops; drippings in this case. Luck was no name for it. The Grodin and Hines orders were the largest two he had received for more than a year, and with present prices totaled up to unusual figures for him and his ledgers. His ledgers! The thought brought oblique thoughts of J. Merton Blade, and his blood began to mount again. Blade suggested Texas. They were almost synonymous. And here at hand, come in the last batch of Heliotrope mail, was the means of getting down there to the man who had uprooted his existence.

IX

OBADIAH collected $135.64 in cash and a $560 check from Carg & Davenport without the slightest difficulty. He collected the money at ten-twenty o'clock in the morning, and from ten-thirty until eleven-fifteen he was in a restaurant. From there he went to a hotel which Hollingford, the head bookkeeper of Carg & Davenport, had recommended. He went there with purposeful directness, paid a day in advance, washed up, changed collars, put on two different socks tending to the same sort of nondescript gray, and the blue tie with the yellow diagonals. Then he marched forth to search out Mr. Neefe.

He went alone. The great god Freedom, possibly more tired out by the varied events of the preceding forty hours than Obadiah now buoyed up by his search for ready money, had been left sleeping on the bench on the terrace of the public library, where even the full noonday roar of Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street did not rouse him. Released from Caroline's baneful influence, Obadiah was now beginning to think for himself as he had never done in all his life. The exhilaration of it gave him as much strength as sleep would have done.

Neefe was out for lunch. He waited for him. When Obadiah left his office an hour after he came back he had the full $726 for the shipment of Neefe's trebled order, which had arrived the day before—a check for $500; $226 in cash. Also Neefe's promise to start the Grodin shipment which he had received by mistake down to Philadelphia at once. But he told the fussy and scrupulous, dryly humorous and drolly facetious old Neefe nothing of the real reasons for which he had come to New York. Of the Independent Producing and Refining Company not a word went over Obadiah's lips. Neefe had been a prince about the extra hose Obadiah sent him. He told him, which was shrewdly true, that in all probability he would never be able to buy the stuff at the same price again, so he was willing to take a chance on the surplus.

Obadiah bought a strip of safety pins. He went straight back to his hotel, ate a steak, drank a pot of tea and went up to his room. Here he separated his money, cash and checks, into drawing fund and reserve. The two checks for $500 each, along with $300 in cash, went into the reserve safety vault. This was the inside pocket of his waistcoat. He pinned it in cunningly with three pins, so you couldn't see one of them from the outside. He had had his fling with New York's knights of the nimble digits. His drawing fund of about forty-five he split in four ways: Twenty dollars in the lower right-hand waistcoat pocket; ten in the watch pocket of his trousers; five in his left trousers pocket, and the rest in the change pocket inside the right-hand pocket of his coat. Now he was fixed.

He sallied forth again—to the railroad station. When the railroad's certified bandit behind the brass bars was through with him all of Obadiah's four-split drawing fund had coalesced in the bandit's hands, and he had made a highly flustered and shamefaced raid on his reserve cash. But in Obadiah's hands there was that which gave him the regal permission to ride from New York, New York, to Wichita Falls, Texas, and there was wild excitement not unmixed with still wilder exultation in Obadiah's heart.

He hurried back to his hotel with his right hand gripped convulsively to his side. In his inside coat pocket was Wichita Falls, Texas, and in his inside waistcoat pocket was what the bandit had left of his reserve cash plus the intact checks for $500 each.

In his hotel room he pinned a new reserve supply of $200 cash and the checks in the waistcoat vault—with four safety pins this time; put waistcoat and all under his pillow and added thereto his remaining ready-cash supply, undressed and went to bed. It was eight-ten when Obadiah closed his eyes. It was after eleven the next day when he reopened them. The great god Freedom was sitting there on the chair watching him when he came to; because in all his life Obadiah could hardly remember the time when he had slept until eleven o'clock the next day. But he should worry. A train left every hour for Philadelphia, so they had told him. Different this, from Heliotrope City. Not bad at that, little old New York. Quite getting to like the place. Some fine day he'd come back maybe. He dressed and went forth into the world again, ready cash, reserve supply, little alligator bag and all.

He reached Philadelphia a little after four in the afternoon. An hour later he was already issuing forth from Felix Grodin's office, highly satisfactory arrangements having been concluded with that gentleman. In payment for the shipment of hose Obadiah was making to Grodin from Heliotrope City via Manhattan and Mr. Ephraim Neefe, $2839.50 was to be sent to Obadiah in Texas to an address which he would designate when he got there. Also, Grodin promised to hold the special six-inch hose—he himself had utterly no use for it—until such time as Obadiah should designate what was to be done about it. And still not a syllable of the Independent Producing and Refining Company passed Obadiah's lips.

X

OBADIAH landed in Wichita Falls like a deacon dropped into an opium dive in a dream. In the center of the town, along Ohio Street, or Oil Row, the curbs were jammed with automobiles of every make, from the prehistoric to the model of the day after to-morrow, with a preponderance of the latter. The sidewalks were lined with easels supporting large flamboyant maps, each an easily decipherable chart of a neighboring El Dorado to be parceled out in slices at ten dollars a cut, and the ballyhoo artists splashing their verbal vermilion, old rose and purple on those easels made a Coney Island of Wichita Falls, though to Obadiah it was as though the circus had come to some incredibly fantastic Heliotrope City.

In the Central Oil Exchange, a long narrow room with wooden benches, gallery, raised platform and a ragtime Paderewski shimmying his shoulders over a piano, a ring-the-cane game raised to the one-thousandth power was in progress, to the accompaniment of a vocal uproar which sounded as though all the quarterbacks in the world had congregated there to toot their signals tout ensemble. The entire town was like 60,000 maniacs waiting to pounce on one lone Obadiah, and overnight he learned many things which he didn't grasp at all, among them that $100,000 in this community was like a yeast cake in a batter of dough—put in to get the rise.

(Continued on Page 154)

DURATEX

Public Demand Has Added 100,000 Square Feet to Duratex Factories

WITH these new additions to our already immense plant, the Duratex organization supplies a service required by the tremendous industrial development of our country.

Duratex, as you know, is a product created by a scientific process to serve a new set of conditions in the upholstery material situation.

Duratex has the quality and appearance of a fine piece of handbuffed leather, and is made by men who for a generation were manufacturers of the finest leathers.

Duratex is made in all leather colors—those deep, rich, blending colors peculiar to leather.

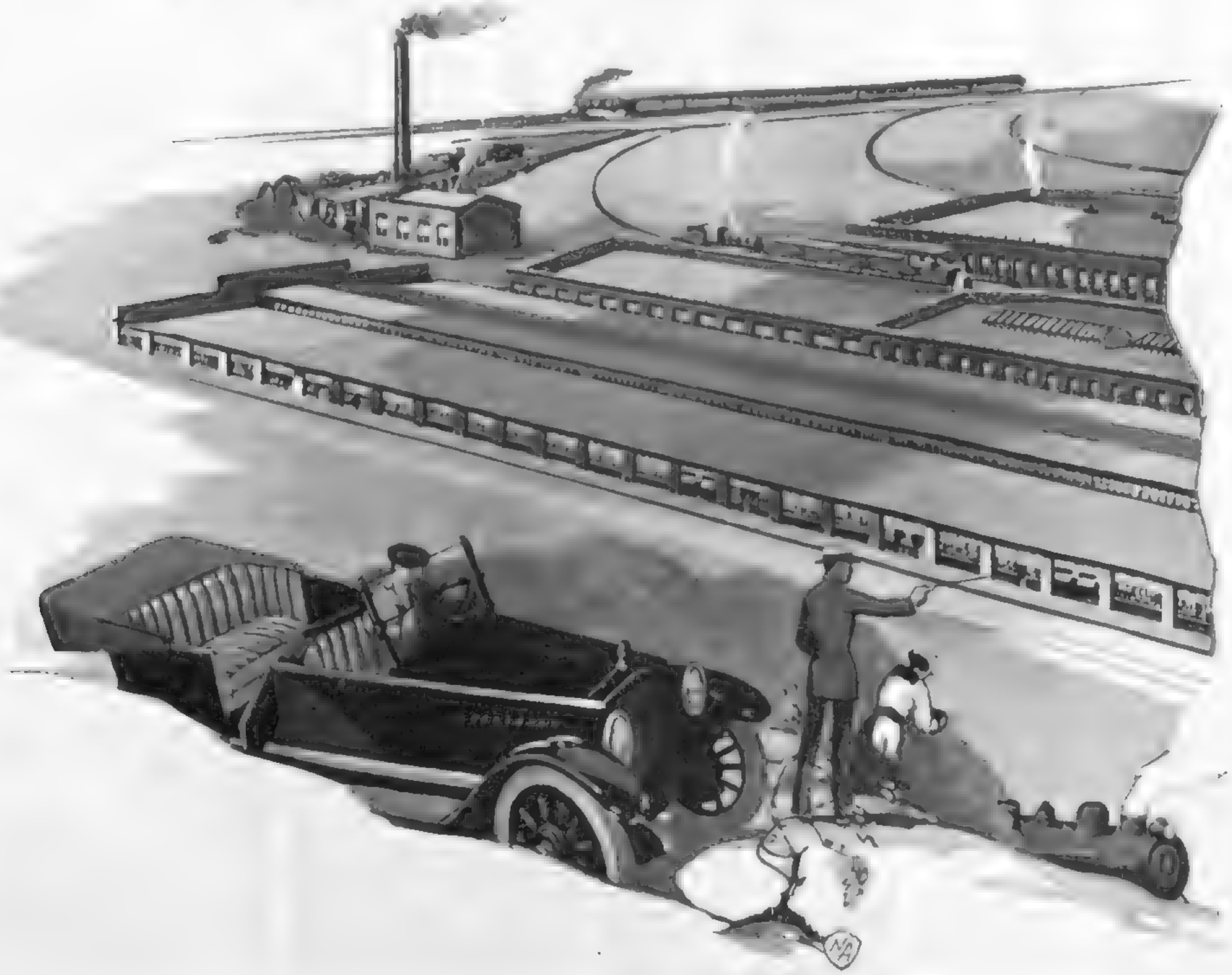
Duratex comes in all the old Spanish and Moorish leather grains as well as in the standard pebble and straight English grains.

There is no fading due to climatic or chemical changes, heat or cold.

Duratex, the highest quality coated fabric now used in upholstering automobiles and furniture, is famous for its better wearing qualities.

Duratex stays new and is as easily cleaned as a piece of china.

There are millions of yards of Duratex now in use on furniture and automobiles in every state in the Union, and in every country in the world, and the Duratex Company stands back of every yard.



HIGHEST QUALITY COATED FABRICS

Duratex Success Came of Duratex Quality

THE success of Duratex is the sort of reward that comes to the manufacturer who serves the public best in any line of effort.

The influence of public satisfaction is indicated by the increasing demand of Duratex among manufacturers using upholstery materials.

Automobile manufacturers are the largest consumers of upholstery coverings, and they have increased their orders, until our production is now more than six miles of fifty inch wide Duratex per day.

This production is the direct result of the judgment of the thousands of consumers who have used Duratex and are satisfied.

The achievement of Duratex as a Better Upholstery Material is founded on the quality of the standard products used in its manufacture and Duratex therefore stands the test of time.

When buying a motor car, overstuffed divan or chair, be sure and look for the Duratex label.

It is your assurance of better service.

Duratex is an exclusive product; not an adaptation. There is nothing just as good, and nothing that will take its place. The label is your guarantee of genuine Duratex.

The DURATEX COMPANY

President

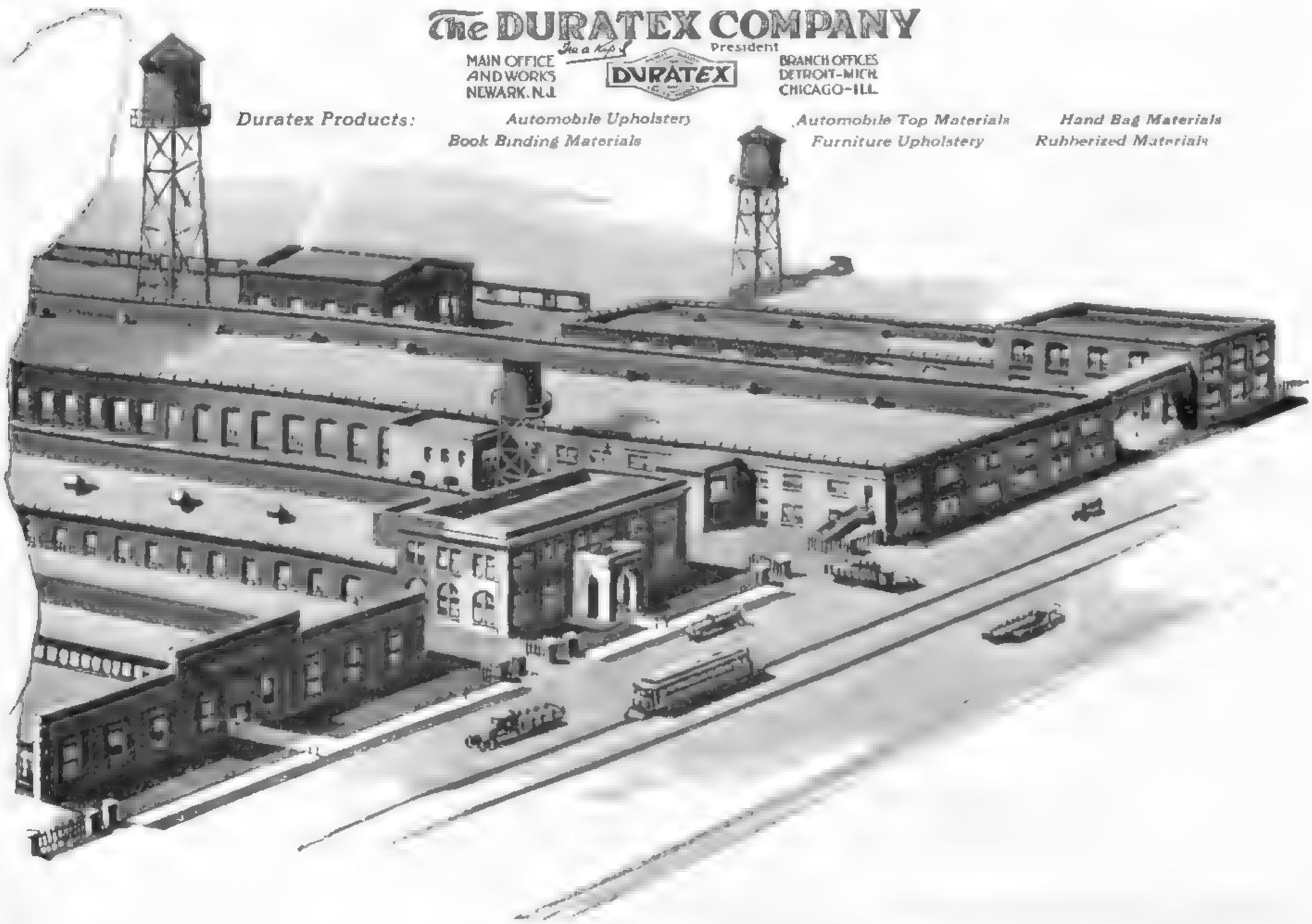
MAIN OFFICE AND WORKS
NEWARK, N.J.

DURATEX

BRANCH OFFICES
DETROIT-MICH.
CHICAGO-ILL.

Duratex Products:

Automobile Upholstery
Book Binding Materials
Automobile Top Materials
Furniture Upholstery
Hand Bag Materials
Rubberized Materials



The Better Upholstery Material

Waterproof - Sunproof and Remarkably Durable

The Story of KRYPTOK Glasses Chapter 6

"I fully realize now that KRYPTOKS end the bother of fussing with near and far glasses, of scowling over reading glasses and of wearing conspicuous bifocals, and I am certainly going to have a pair."

Many people, like these friends of ours, to whom I have explained the value of KRYPTOK Glasses have hailed with delight the day upon which they first wore KRYPTOKS. For KRYPTOKS (pronounced Crip-tocks) ended their eyeglass troubles.

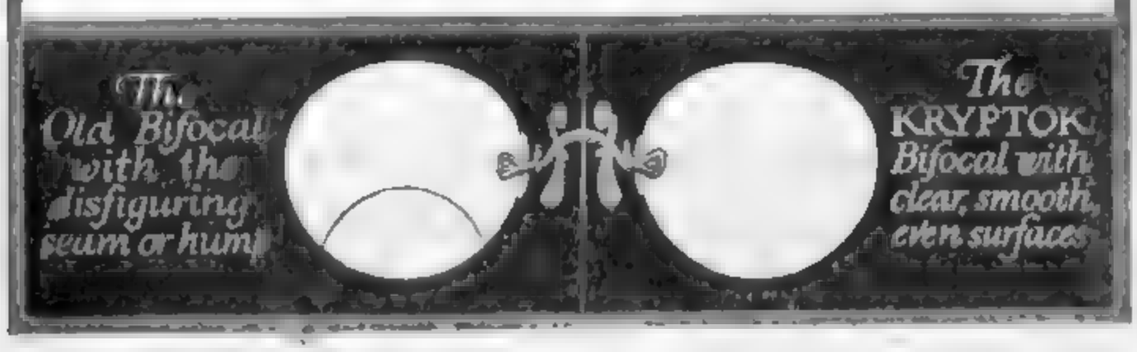
I know because I have been through the whole experience myself. I know just exactly how irritating it is to have to be constantly removing or replacing reading glasses. I know just exactly how irritating it is to have to be constantly changing from near vision glasses to distant vision glasses. I know just exactly how irritating it is to have friends remark how much older you look when wearing ordinary, conspicuous bifocals.

And I also know, that from all these eyeglass troubles, KRYPTOKS bring you blessed relief. They are *invisible* bifocals, with all the advantages of near and far vision in one pair of glasses, yet so perfectly made, without a trace of a line or seam across the lenses, that no one can distinguish them from single vision glasses.

* * *

Ask your optical specialist about KRYPTOK Glasses. They are, of course, sold only upon the advice of your specialist. Write for descriptive booklet. KRYPTOK Company, Inc., 1017 Old South Building, Boston, Mass.

KRYPTOK GLASSES
THE INVISIBLE BIFOCALS



(Continued from Page 151)

Every minute he kept his eye open for one J. Merton Blade, and instead of one he saw a thousand. Blades were as thick as grass in Kentucky. Flashier Blades than the one he had known; but Blades just the same; men who outdid a Malay headman in colors and a French hairdresser in persuasiveness. They talked as other men breathed, easily and as a natural function, and they sported diamonds the dimensions of young cobblestones. Every sentence that passed over their lips ended on a period of six figures, and, if it was a compound sentence, on seven figures. Obadiah began to feel like a small boy who set out to find the bully who had treated him rough and then found him—in the center of his own gang.

For two days Obadiah wandered up and down Wichita Falls, thinking and learning many and divers things. On the third night as he was passing down Ohio Street he thought he saw a familiar form cut across the pavement ahead of him. He started and stopped. Impossible! But if that wasn't Bill Eller then he had never doused his head under the old station pump! But Bill—was dead! The man had vanished in the crowd in front of a soft-drink shop. Obadiah hurried to the entrance, peered in and finally went in. But no Eller was in sight. He wandered out again, bewildered and even more thoughtful than before. He was seeing things! He stopped absently in front of an easel, and the barker immediately launched his spiel at him:

"C'm on! Don't be a piker! Take a chance like Brodie did and jump aboard the Soarin' Eagle Well! On'y ten bucks a soar, and when we soar you'll be sore you didn't soar 'long with us! Ten bucks now'll give you 2000 iron men when we start aeroplanin'!"

Obadiah passed on and the magnetic eye and stentorian voice of another ballyhooist stopped him in his tracks.

"Hit the trail, you!" commanded this gentleman, a dark short bludgeon of a man. "What if ye tried ten others, ye never tried the Baby Grand Well, did ye? Hit the trail—pound the keys! Wait'll you hear the songs the Baby Grand'll play when we strike her pitch!"

"King Bruce! The great King Bruce Well!" sang out a competitor a few steps farther on; and as though hypnotized Obadiah drew closer in his trance of absentmindedness to the prophet of the King Bruce Well. "Hoot, mon!" shouted this lean hook-nosed Scot, in a Hester Street version of the Highland burr. "Six times I have played and six times I have lost!" he wept like Barney in a poker game. "An' what aboot the King Bruce, I say! Heh—what in 'ell 'bout 'im? He made six bum starts and faded the opposition in the seventh, didn't he? Where d'ye get this stuff 'bout bein' discouraged? Aw right, aw right—don' come round 'ere whinin'——" He trailed off peevishly as Obadiah started to move away, and did.

The next morning the bank in which he had opened an account notified him that a draft from Felix Grodin for $2839.50 had been deposited to his credit. In the afternoon he hired a flivver and drove the fourteen miles, under the tutelage of its owner, to Burkburnett. Across the burned-out prairie fields he got his first glimpse of it, a greasy smudge on the horizon, which later turned into a criss-cross and maze of derricks. He wandered round the place until sunset, through the nonpareil Burkburnett mud, over sidewalks lined with mud hens—those nondescript humans awaiting the proper mood in which to return to work at about ten dollars a day and in the meantime sitting wedged at right angles against the shop fronts. He observed all the variegated throng in its dart-dash after abrupt wealth, decked out in overalls and brilliants, silk and denim—millionaires, crooks, whining and singing beggars, mechanics and ditch diggers, volatile against a background of everlasting mud.

He examined every bit of it curiously, the soft-drink-guzzling shops, the high and low powered cars, drays top-heavy with boilers, tanks, derrick parts and pipe lengths, horsemen and mud-splashed pedestrians. And at nightfall he drove home, still under the tutelage of the master of the car, and in front of the garage nearest to his lodging house he paid over $400 for it.

The next day Obadiah set out to find the famous Duppeltag-Eller, or Mansions-Blade tract, the golden acreage of the Independent Producing and Refining Company. It took him three days of constant going to find it, for his knowledge of Texas geography was the haziest sort of guessing. He felt in his bones when he was coming to it, eight dust-thick, brain-scorching miles beyond the little town of San Buena, in the northern part of Young County. They knew about old Duppeltag's tract there and Obadiah began revising his remorsefulness for the half-witted old gentleman who had sold his untold wealth to Mr. Blade and that little group of expert financiers and practical oilmen. He had been bucking across the dust-smothered prairie until even Heliotrope City far behind him began to vision up to a semblance of Paradise lost.

Round Wichita Falls the going was more or less interesting, with wheat, corn and cotton fields, tents, shacks and prairie schooners to be seen. But now the prairie, gray, parching, knee-high with dust, gave itself up to hum, mile upon dreary burning mile, unpocked with tents or anachronistic prairie schooners. Instead of boilers, tanks, derricks, pipe lengths, lurching automobiles plumed with streamers of dust, creaking and bucking flivvers, he came first upon occasional traces of drillings, abandoned and dry as the morning after, and then not even upon these—nothing but the illimitable baked prairie. J. Merton Blade had spoken gospel in one instance, at any rate—Texas was a state in which no matter what direction you went there was always more of it.

Up in the northern part of Young County, midway between the great oil fields of Burkburnett and Ranger, Obadiah came upon the driest, dustiest and most forlorn range he had ever seen, and he knew that he had found the holdings of his company, the Duppeltag-Eller tract. Two wry derricks straddled two holes drier than a W. C. T. U. banquet. Seventy-five cents an acre would have been a ruinous consideration to offer for that land. Only a misanthrope would ever have paid that, and then only to prove his immortal and inalienable right to the pursuit of misery. But as Obadiah looked at it something took place within him which left him exalted. He found faith therein. He looked on it much as Mrs. Fowler had looked upon the ranch her husband yearned to quit or give away or something, outside of Burkburnett town site.

"The people who had so patiently withstood the sandstorms and droughts that had visited Burkburnett and the various other disappointments and failures of the past few years, surely had something good in store for them," the brave lady of much faith is alleged to have said; and so saying decreed the test well to be dug which opened up the oil can of North Texas.

"The little guy what everybody called worm, and picked on and stuck up proper, who was made the goat of this here dead and chokin' bit o' transplanted Sahara, and that beat up Ezra Tidewater and fat Sam Micca, ought to have somethin' due him," Obadiah might have said. Something of the sort must have been the substance of what passed through his mind as he looked on that desolate waste, if we can account in any manner whatever for his subsequent actions, which were to lead to one of the most unique stampedes in the history of Texas oil.

XI

"LOCO!" said lanky Ed Delaney, Indian agent and the biggest ranch owner of San Buena and vicinity, as Obadiah walked out of Bart Cowgill's store, bearing options on something more than 5500 acres of Young County sand next to what he already owned. They cost him just $250. That's what the owners thought of this part of the world and Texas. "Loco!" repeated Ed. "C'mpared to thet gent, the nuttiest burro this town's ever saw was wiser'n Colonel House!"

They watched Obadiah tickle his tin chariot into motion and drive off, then looked at each other in grinning amazement. The Duppeltag tract was, indeed, the only property that had been tested for oil in the region. The result once and for all put the quietus on anybody else's desire to try again within sight or sound of the two dead holes over which the derricks slanted, dry rotting in the fierce sunlight. However, if a nut came along and offered $250 for the privilege of saying whether he wanted to buy a lot o' excellent soil for raising pear, mesquite or cactus, and in

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COFFEE

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It is a recognized custom of the sea for COFFEE to be served to the on-going watch.

From the Captain on the bridge to the Stoker in the hold the sturdy men of the sea welcome the steaming cup that does so much to comfort the mind and allay fatigue of the body.

Healthful, refreshing, nourishing—COFFEE is enjoyed by millions.

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COFFEE — *the universal drink*

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addition three dollars a day to potter round his holdings observing his experiments in the higher lunacy, they might just as well roll their own over there at his expense as on Bart Cowgill's sizzling veranda.

Besides, the little gent was a novel sort of apparition to them. Nobody like that had ever happened by down this way before. Whatever his purposes, there was nothing crooked about 'em anyhow, and that was something. Nobody could ever gaze upon Obadiah's countenance and by the wildest flight of fancy conceive of anything shady going on behind it.

"Th' on'y thing in the fuel line he'll git outta thet land's the land itself. Thet's dry enough t' burn," remarked Bart finally.

Two hours later eight citizens of San Buena and neighborhood followed the trail of the little car out to the acreage of the reviving Independent Producing and Refining Company. They escorted two wagons loaded down and over with provisions of a sort, timber, cooking utensils, blankets, farming implements and all the construction tools in town, and, in short, everything which San Buena could contribute to a search for oil save curiosity and interest. There's a point where even wildcatting induces precisely the same thrill as digging a hole for a telegraph pole.

"Be careful o' your cig'rettes, boys," warned Delaney, grave as a totem post, when they arrived within hearing of Obadiah. "One spark let daown careless like an' this prom'sin' prop'ty'll jes' be apt t' explode!"

By nightfall a shack had been put up in a diminutive hollow beside a pathetic trickle of water which wound through a hundred yards of sun-packed earth and then disappeared as mysteriously as it had appeared, having merely served to emphasize the scorching aridity of the land. This was the brooks, the rivulets and the merry springs overrunning with oil of which Mr. Blade had rhapsodized.

That evening Obadiah worked over a rude chart of his land, helped copiously by the familiarity of the natives with every inch of it. He hardly slept for excitement. Twice during the night he wandered forth round the little stream like a newborn millionaire in the unbelievable pride of proprietorship through a made-to-order Italian garden. Early the next morning he divided the men and the immediate work to be done into two parts. Delaney took charge of one gang; Hugh Beale, a squatty farmer inclined to truculence, took command of the other. The work assigned to Delaney was rational—if anything connected with the project was. What Beale and his three helpers were asked to do puzzled them profanely.

Obadiah produced his chart. About a hundred feet back from the rivulet he staked out a plot, approximately fifteen feet square. Beale and his men were set to digging there. Nothing else—just digging—indefinitely.

"What'n hell is this?" demanded Hugh. "Say, are you huntin' fer oil or sinkin' a mine?"

He swore a blue streak for ten minutes, then spat on his hands, picked up a shovel and peremptorily ordered the others to do likewise. Hugh hated suffering, but not as much as he loved to see others do it.

A hundred and fifty feet east of the trench operations Obadiah designated the plot upon which the drilling rig was to be set up, and with Delaney and his crew he started the wearisome toil of moving the miserable drilling equipment from the other end of the tract to where Obadiah with inspired insistence claimed the rig should be erected. A beautiful mess of junk it was which the lyrical J. Merton Blade had sold to the Independent Producing and Refining Company as oil machinery. He had bought it, photographs and the whole property included, in Wichita City, from the harebrained pessimist who had sunk the two dry holes. Tediously and footwise they dragged it through the clinging Duppeltag-Eller Mansions-Blade sand, after first going over it patiently, bit by bit, dividing it into what was in any way usable and noting exactly what had to be replaced. In some miraculous way the "poor nut" from Heliotrope City induced the squinting and cussing plainsmen to stick on the job.

One good derrick was made of the two decadent specimens, and in four days it reared its eighty feet of height above its twenty-foot base proudly and solitarily over the domains of the Obadiah Mansions Independent Producing and Refining Company. The cable connecting the walking beam and the drilling tools was also in passable shape, and Obadiah had it carefully wound up on the bull wheel, then passed through the crown pulley on top of the derrick, down through the temper screw on the end of the walking beam, and there attached to a huge rock in place of the rope socket, sinker and jars. The latter were in no condition to start the precarious work of drilling.

In the meantime the excavation work which Obadiah had marked out for Hugh and his gang had proceeded to a depth of twenty-five feet before Beale blew up.

"Where'n the hell're y' sendin' us?" he demanded. "To China?"

The first instinct of human nature is to breathe; the second is to form a union. A strike follows, as a flapper follows the fashions. Three perspiring Texans came up from the depths and joined Hugh on the edge of the pit, rolling cigarettes. Bolshevism was rampant. Obadiah was informed that three dollars a day was no living wage twenty-five feet below the deck. Unexpectedly in the face of this tie-up, lockout and serious labor question Obadiah found a friend.

For some reason the big lanky Delaney, squinting against the sun and tracing the edge of his shadow on the ground with well-aimed tobacco juice, had taken a liking to or pity on Obadiah. At any rate, Obadiah was paying cash. With Ed's aid Obadiah fixed a new wage scale of $3.50 a day—cash, no stocks accepted—and four others, meaning three new men and one of Hugh's crew, took up the digging.

The operations had begun to attract casual spectators, solitary pop-eyed plainsmen for the most part, but that afternoon a little hard-faced Irishman came wandering up to Ed Delaney and asked him for a job. He was almost as little as Obadiah, but with no shrinking qualities nor any earmarks of undue humility, and he announced himself as a sort of itinerant oil-machinery specialist and experienced driller. With an impudent grin he explained his presence in the region. He had been kicked off a freight train in the middle of a comfortable snooze between two blinds at Cassales, a town smaller than San Buena, but boasting a railroad station of sorts, twelve miles southwest. Obadiah was to remember him with everlasting gratitude as the first man who brought faith to his own faith in the possibility of extracting money out of the holdings of the Independent Producing and Refining Company.

"Thet's all sat'sfact'ry," said Ed Delaney, after the sawed-off Erin Islander told him: "A long-whiskered hick that would be near as high as yourself give me the way o' the road here, an' here I am."

"But what puzzles me, friend," added Delaney, "is this: Our gas engine ain't op'ratin' yet, but ye're in the possession o' a breath thet's got consid'ble more rev'lutions and power in't then Roosia, an' ye'll be a handy man to start the drillin' with; an' what, as I said before, puzzles me is where'n the name o' Mr. Bryan did ye git it—it bein' somethin' new to me to learn thet freight trains is dispursin' sech treasure, and the way 'tween here'n Cassales bein' drier'n a preacher's throat?"

Donnelly winked a devilish cocky wink.

"Partner, I got it where I got it, and because I didn't get it a foot more'n a hundred miles o' here it's me privit opinion thet these pickin's ain't as dry as the lads over in Cassales were sayin' they was. It's me hunch, as the sayin' goes, an' I'm ready to play't at ten dollars a day, pay'ble in stock. I c'n tell ye nathin' more, but thet if I was standin' on the topmost tip o' the Panhandle I c'd smell the nectar o' the gods doon in Galveston!"

Under Donnelly and Delaney's direction work was begun next day on two storage tanks of approximately 3500 barrels' capacity each. That afternoon, leaving Delaney in charge of operations, and with instructions to keep all strangers off the grounds, Obadiah set forth in the flivver with Hugh Beale to Calvin, thirty-two miles distant, the largest town roundabout, and the nearest place he would be able to procure the machinery and parts he needed to start drilling.

The following day he had secured what materials he required before noon; but Hugh wasn't ready to return. Neither was Obadiah, for that matter. Hugh knew a place he informed the Heliotropian, where immortal surcease of sorrow and the memories of futile oil chasing could be obtained at four bits a tumblerful, and he invited Obadiah to come along. Obadiah had other plans, and, leaving Hugh with the understanding that he was to meet him at noon the next day in front of the Long Horn Inn, he set out for Red Knoll, in Throckmorton County, where a new oil well had recently been brought in.

He made friends with the owner, an operator named Meehan, a brusque sort with a twinkling eye and an honest grip. He studied the little gusher, jerkily throwing its 600 barrels of excellent oil into each twenty-four hours of time.

"Thet won't be anything to what I'm goin' to strike," ruminated Obadiah.

Meehan told everything he himself knew about the well; how he had drilled it, the quality of his product, the offers that had been made him for it; even showed Obadiah the log of the drilling. The great drawback to the well was its location. He was eighteen miles of bad going from Calvin, and six from Orton, the nearest station; so transportation was a blood-curdling thing to ponder on; he hadn't the ready money to lay a pipe line; anyhow, the well wouldn't keep up at 600 barrels a day, that was one thing certain, and she might peter out before he could bring in another one. The logs of the two others he was drilling were not promising yet. He was uniquely frank for an oilman, and told Obadiah that if he got between fifty cents and a dollar a barrel for his oil at the well he was going to be satisfied, and let the buyer worry 'bout transportation.

Obadiah returned to Calvin that night, in time to send a telegram north and east. The next morning he wandered up and down and through Calvin searching for a certain piece of machinery. When he found it he had to search as long again for certain parts that could be adapted to it. He had kept his engagement with Hugh at noon; but Hugh was not there. Obadiah discovered him in the inn, oblivious of the call of oil drilling. He let Hugh sleep it off, and went back to his searching.

"Beats all everything," said the owner of the inn, "how these strangers do come in and find it, and we home folks never do know where it is!"

He wafted a spacious wink at Obadiah. Obadiah, however, was worried about more serious matters than Hugh and his condition—the sinking tide of his capital for one thing. They started back for the Duppeltag range with nightfall.

Between San Buena and Calvin and the Duppeltag-Eller tract a constant trade route was now installed. This is an exaggerated way of saying that about two teams or trucks a week came to Obadiah's development to aid him in what was being regarded as the maddest fit of sunstroke Texas had ever known. Bit by bit he got all his implements assembled—flawless tools, a repaired gas engine to propel the walking beam, and piping sufficient to run the oil to his storage tanks. The thump-thump of the walking beam rocking like a steam hammer into the earth pounded the Duppeltag quiet to smithereens. A thrill possessed Obadiah entirely at the sound.

Things, however, had got beyond him; he was close to the end of the tether of his cash. Whatever novelty the stark insanity of the project might have had for his helpers had long worn off, and the first suggestion that his funds were run out would start them irretrievably San Buenaward; all except Delaney and Donnelly, who were the sticking kind.

On the Friday after his trip to Calvin, Obadiah received a letter by messenger from Cassales. It announced the arrival of a shipment he was awaiting, and also announced the fact that if he wished to acquire said shipment there was a slight matter of $125 to be collected before said acquisition could be effected. And Obadiah had no $125 when he deducted the wages he had to pay to-morrow. He walked round with a look of worry compared to which that of the next Democratic candidate for president will be as Elsie Janis' wreath of smiles.

"What's the matter, little pard?" asked Delaney that night. They were standing apart from the others. "Ye look cheerfuler'n a cross-eyed bootlegger what's fallen on rocky soil. What's eatin' yer innards 'way? Thinkin' the price o' oil'll go daown when ye open up yer wells?"

Donnelly had come up behind them.

"Thet's right! Unlimber yeself o' yer trubbles, chief," he counseled. "You not bein' a drinkin' mon in a dry wur-rld, what kin ye know o' woe?"

Obadiah smiled wanly. He thrilled unaccountably, however, to the little Irishman's "chief." Somehow they might all regard him as crazy down there—they did!—but they didn't regard him as a worm. He was financially up against it though—that was the principal consideration to be kept in mind, and there was no thrill in that. His stock had no purchasing power with anybody but madcap Donnelly. The impulse came to him to tell them everything that was on his mind. He walked farther way from the others with them.

"Delaney," said Obadiah timidly, "you think I'm plumb crazy, don' you?"

"Abs'lute loco, friend!" agreed Delaney with charming frankness.

"Wh-why?" asked Obadiah, a little taken back. In Heliotrope City one never spoke one's mind so candidly as that.

"Why?" exclaimed Ed. "Why? the little feller asks! Because thare ain't no moah chance o' yer takin' money outta these heah diggin's then there is o' me takin' Colonel House's place even ef I am f'om Texas."

"I—I don' know 'bout your taking his place," answered Obadiah conciliatingly; "but I c'n tell you why I think I got a chance to take money out o' this place o' mine."

"Son," said Delaney kindly, "when they wus drillin' heah befoah, the sand got so hot at 2000 feet the tools melted on 'em."

"Till thot same to the sea soldiers!" commented Donnelly. "Pay no attintion at all to him, Mansions. He's a kidder an' we're on'y doon 300 fate to the inch."

Ed regarded Donnelly solemnly.

"Ye're the locoest o' the two, Irish," he remarked.

Obadiah laid his hand on Delaney's arm—it was like a humming bird alighting on a street main.

"I—I'll tell you why I can take money out o' my well, Delaney!" he whispered fiercely. "I'll—tell you!" he repeated with an earnestness which drew Ed's attention despite himself.

So Obadiah made a clean breast of the whole history of the Independent Producing and Refining Company to them, from the day when the fatal notice of his inheritance arrived down to the present moment of his financial impotence. He recited all that he had hoped for back there in Heliotrope City of affluence, Valparaiso and a little glimpse of the big world before he went to sleep with his fathers; all about J. Merton Blade in Heliotrope City; all that he had suffered back there in Heliotrope City, and all he had paid for back there in the town of his nativity.

"They suttainly bled ye right," was Mr. Delaney's sole comment before Obadiah made the transition from the past to the present.

"The darty crook!" spat Donnelly.

And now Obadiah told them his dreams of the present and the morrow, which were in the main his plans for getting money out of the desert strip which Mr. Blade had foisted upon him.

"Hold on there, I don' see ——" began Mr. Delaney once; and in a few minutes he did see.

"Ye're there, chief—ye're the lad fer my money! It's a rale sticker ye are!" cheered Donnelly delightedly.

For Obadiah enkindled in them the fires of his own faith; he filled them with the surge of it, because his faith was fire and the sea at the same time in its strength and intensity; and beside it the faith of Mrs. Fowler was weak doubting, and Delaney began to roll cigarette after cigarette and, smoking a puff of each, threw it away for another. They walked up and down, under the huge prairie stars, until Mr. Delaney was as profoundly stirred, being a simple plainsman soul, with Obadiah's religious certainty of the wealth he would extract from those parched acres as Obadiah and Donnelly were themselves. At midnight they parted. Ed and Donnelly had clinched a bargain with Obadiah which in their newly awakened and newly strengthened faith meant riches if only luck was a little kind. Obadiah, walking about alone after they had turned in, felt like a new being, with his revitalized fervor of certainty. The most influential man in that region, Delaney, was heart and soul for him now.

"The boys'll be all right, little feller, an' don't ye ferget it," had been Ed's last

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The Story of an Antiseptic Shaving Cream

EPIDEMICS of contagious disease costing thousands of lives have taught every one of us the importance of disinfection.

Today in thousands of homes Lysol Disinfectant is being depended upon to prevent an attack of contagious disease.

Germ life exists everywhere — in bathrooms as well as elsewhere. And, as you know, the shaving appliances are usually kept in the bathroom.

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So, just as the regular use of Lysol Disinfectant protects your family from attacks of contagious disease, in the same way will the daily use of Lysol Shaving Cream protect the health of your skin.

Lysol Shaving Cream, Lysol Disinfectant, and Lysol Toilet Soap are sold by druggists everywhere.

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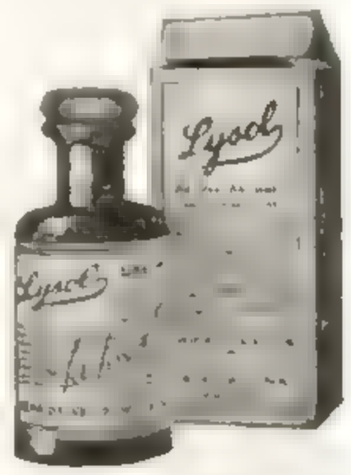
SAMPLES FREE

A free sample of Lysol Shaving Cream will be mailed to anyone asking for it. Try it at home or when traveling — you will like it and want the full-sized tube. Sample of Lysol Toilet Soap will be enclosed. Merely fill out coupon below, clip and mail, or send a post-card.

Lysol Disinfectant, in Bottles
25c, 50c, and $1.00

Kills disease germs that menace your health. Prevents germ life from breeding and spreading contagion. A 50c bottle added to water makes 5 gallons of powerful disinfectant; a 25c bottle makes 2 gallons. Sold by all druggists. Use Lysol Disinfectant regularly.



Lysol Toilet Soap
25c a Cake

Contains the necessary proportion of the antiseptic ingredients of Lysol Disinfectant to protect the skin from germ infection. It is refreshingly soothing, healing, and helpful for improving the skin. Ask your dealer. If he hasn't it, ask him to order it for you.

Lysol Shaving Cream
in Tubes

Contains the necessary proportion of the antiseptic ingredients of Lysol Disinfectant to render the razor, strop, cup, and brush aseptically clean, guard the tiny cuts from infection, and give an antiseptic shave. If your dealer hasn't it, ask him to order a supply for you.

MAKERS OF PEBECO TOOTH PASTE
LYSOL SHAVING CREAM
Contains a small proportion of antiseptic ingredients of Lysol Disinfectant. Softens the beard quickly. Cleanses razor and brush from germs. Leaves skin clean and healthy. Antiseptic shave in one.
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Hartford Fire Insurance Co.

Hartford Conn.

The Hartford Fire Insurance Company and The Hartford Accident and Indemnity Co. write practically every form of insurance except life. Any agent or broker can get a policy in The Hartford Fire Insurance Company for you.

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words. "I'm goin' t' put it up to 'em tomorrer, jes' before ye used to pay 'em and they hied out fer San Buena an' mysteryus parts unknown, jes' like ye put it up to me now, an' they'll come through clean. Watch 'em!"

Obadiah felt that night that if he never got a drop of oil out of that land he had already got out of it something more priceless, at any rate—the respect of two-fisted men; late coming, but indubitable and ineffably sweet comradeship.

Obadiah never learned when it was that Delaney spoke to the others, but the next afternoon, when they usually drew their pay and rode into San Buena and, as Delaney had said, to other mysterious points unknown, Hugh Beale came up to Obadiah holding out a thin clean slab of wood. On it were written all their names.

"Chalk us up a week apiece, boss," he said matter-of-factly; "yer credit's good."

It was probably the most thrilling moment in little Obadiah's life. None other was quite ever able to top that moment.

"Furthermores," went on Beale, "what's this 'bout some stuff layin' over Cassales way what's got to come here?"

It took fourteen hours and all of them to make the trip to Cassales and back with the supplies waiting there for Obadiah. Fourteen hours of wearisome, back-breaking work on top of a week's, and this Saturday night! And not one of the countless curses and blasphemies which troubled the Texan night had the slightest edge of a personal attack on Obadiah. They cussed the hell out of existence, as the saying goes, from an ingrowing hate of the ways of men and the clutch of their native sand; yet there was, paradoxically enough, a new cheerfulness running through even their imprecations; a new spirit of cooperation. They worked with him at last; not just for him.

One week, two weeks, three weeks more of drilling went by. They were down to 1500 feet. The well had been bailed twice and the sand tested without result. Other work went on; the storage tanks were finished; the shack had been enlarged, one section of it built right over the hole which had been sunk seventy feet. Occasionally other operators came up. In accordance with the well-established custom in drilling wildcat wells they were kept at a distance, a dead line having been drawn round the operations in lieu of a fence. They sniffed and grinned perhaps, but went away a bit affected by the air of expectancy, which increased among the workers with each dozen feet deeper into the earth the drill bit. There is always romance and suspense—the chance of the unexpected—when the hand of man reaches a thousand feet and more underground. After all, who knows what may be there?

Still nothing happened. Trips were made to Cassales and freight hauled back from there; teams or trucks pulled in from Calvin and out again. Day followed day. Still no oil in sight.

Expenses piled up; bills were met somehow; Delaney helped there even as far as Calvin; but nevertheless the end was approaching. Even Obadiah realized this could not go on forever. He held to his faith tenaciously, however. And then one morning came the first response to the recurring question of his faith: "How long, O Lord, how long?"

The well had been bailed out at 1650 feet, and new preparations were going on to give the sand the most thorough test possible. Jessop, one of the best-known oil experts in America, was over at Mallin City.

They had learned that from an operator who had sneered: "Say, youse guys, why don't ye get Jessop to tell ye ye ain't got a chance, and be reas'nable and quit?"

At the word "Jessop" Donnelly had shouted: "Where is he?"

And when the other shouted back "Mallin City," the little Irishman had snapped out to Obadiah and Delaney: "I'm goin' for him, boys, and he'll come!"

Donnelly came back first; Jessop had promised to follow in half a day.

"Wasn't I after tellin' the lot o' yese he'd come?" demanded Donnelly.

They were all immensely impressed with the little Irishman then, and he gloried in it. It appeared he had done Jessop a mysterious favor when "the both o' us were on a job together," as he bragged; saved Jessop's life or something momentous when a cable snapped; but then you couldn't always accept Donnelly's statements at their full naive value. However, he was getting Jessop in a manner which proved that he had a claim on him. The great man, of whom Delaney and Obadiah had heard again and again in the gossip round the oil fields and whom they would never have dreamed of bringing down, in the state of their finances, was coming, and would wait for his fee until they struck oil!

"He can on'y sty over till to-morrer noon," said Donnelly excitedly; "and the wur-rd's hustle, hustle now, boys!"

He joined Delaney and Emmond, who had been getting ready for Jessop. Came noon; then early afternoon. Suddenly a cry sounded across the fields which for a second petrified every man there and then struck whatever he was holding out of hand. A resonant Irish voice drew each one of them to the well as though jerked there on strings.

"Whoh! We're off!" the cry came again.

Donnelly, buck-and-winging about on seemingly a dozen pairs of feet, was pointing excitedly to something.

"Thur ye are, you miserable, pot-bellied, hop-toad unbaylavers! She's coom through like a lydy. Oh, my byby, it's Oi'm syin' she's a lydy! Oil sand—oil sand! Ye writhin', blue-lipped, glue-eyed, ganglin' hicks! Oil sand—if it ain't, str-rake me dead fur an Orangemon! Beautifool, expensive oil sand!"

Obadiah's heart almost stopped beating.

"But—but—d'ye think Jessop ——"

"Jessop!" exploded the ecstatic and irreverent Mr. Donnelly. "An' who'n the hell's Jessop? If I don't know oil sand when thur under me own nose it is, what'n the hell'd Jessop know—ain't I wur-rked on as mony wells as himself? Oh, boys, she's a lulu, a zulu, a mulu f'om Missulu!" he danced. "Oh—Danny O'Connell, could ye be seein' me now!"

Jessop came, and poked his thick glasses at the sands of luxury. A lofty-domed, irascible, nervous-gestured runt he was; but the biggest man in his line in the fields. His prophecies and guesses were better than other men's certainties. He would get frenzied over an overheated motor, a poor stretch of road, a bad egg or a tough steak—turn biliously dangerous, indeed; but when it came to oil wells he was as self-possessed as a bride's biscuits.

He checked off the strata they had cut through—top soil, sand, sandstone, hard gray sandstone, gray shale, limestone, shale—and oil sand. He clucked when he saw the sand, and then went to work silently. He took no man's say-so upon anything appertaining to oil. He was born in Connecticut, and compared to a scientific Connecticut Yankee those who hail from the well-known doubting-Thomas commonwealth of Missouri are gullible innocents abroad. He discarded the log and ordered the drilling to recommence.

There is nothing—war, floods, pestilence or women's secrets—which spreads faster than the news of a new well coming in, particularly in unproved territory. And the more fantastic the strike the quicker word of it flies. While the drilling went on Delaney had the grounds cleared, extending the dead line over a mile round the well. But the tidings that Jessop had been called in was out, and oilmen knew that one didn't call Jessop in to pass the time of day.

When Jessop left the next day he gave the verdict.

"You struck it!" said Jessop simply, and proceeded to grow grotesquely infuriated at once over a flat tire on his machine.

Like magic the weariness of the men lifted from their shoulders. Delaney gripped Obadiah's hand, lifeless with the outgoing pulse of dreams come through to reality, in a grasp which ordinarily would have brought the little man to his knees. One after another they gripped his hand, thumped him on the back, punched him in the chest and otherwise exultantly bruised his flesh and crunched his bones for him. It was a momentous hour for those men, because besides what they would receive from Obadiah each of them held land contiguous to Obadiah's holdings, and just the increased value of it meant a one-way ticket for them all out of San Buena to places where life ran sweeter, livelier and not choked in its own dust.

"She's a lulu, a zulu, a mulu f'om Missulu!" danced Donnelly. "Oh, Danny O'Connell! Oh, Danny O'Connell!"

Two hours later the truculent Beale's husky voice, raised by excitement to a frenzied falsetto, froze everything but the huge thumping walking beam, driving, driving its way down to riches, into a new standstill. With a whoop the whole crowd broke and rushed to where the wrought-up Hugh was dancing round on one foot at the lower end of the stream, pointing down to it and making incoherent noises.

There, losing itself in a splotch of mud, which seemed to have extended itself since the day before, was a dark dirty spread of some thicker substance than water, and, where it touched the latter, resting on top of it. Leaning down to it, kneeling beside it and bending over in a bobbing concentration of eagerness, man after man poked his finger into it and smelled and tasted it, and out of each throat popped a single word with the percussion of a revolver shot: "Oil!"

"There! There! Look!" yelled Shorty Flitch hysterically.

Sure enough, a tiny but steady seepage of the dark dirty stuff fed in from one side. The jarring of the great walking-beam hammer had opened up some subterranean petroleum spring and sent it at an erratic angle up to the surface.

XII

ABOUT this time, Jessop having just left Calvin on the Dallas train, something happened which heralded the launching of a sinister combination at Obadiah and the Independent Producing and Refining Company.

In a hotel room in Wichita Falls five men sat round a small table. They were all expert poker players and each of them could do tricks with cards. But they weren't playing poker. In a faded Morris chair sat a decisive, direct-looking man, who made a good appearance. Garbed in a quiet gray suit, black shoes, a blue batswing tie and a plain white shirt and refined-looking gray soft hat, which was, however, tilted back at an unrefined angle, there was nothing flashy about J. Merton Blade. His modest garb was as professionally a part of him as the undertaker's cerements of inky hue. Mr. Blade was speaking—only they didn't call him Mr. Blade here—to Glittering Mack Gordon, whose diamond-riveted habiliments gave him the appearance of Father and Mother Headlight taking all the little Headlights out for a stroll; to R. R. Ruby, the nimblest and wiliest-witted crook that the oil fields had brought to bloom, though he was fat and looked something like Buddha in full regalia; to a blond and high-colored man, remembered in Heliotrope City as Bill Eller, and known in Wichita Falls as James, or Dandy, Hope; and to Morrie Hummel, a taciturn dark being of usefulness on prepared occasions.

Mr. Blade, or Mr. Kinney, as his companions addressed him, was elucidating the technic of a friendly little game in petroleum which he contemplated playing in new territory.

"Me and Dandy'll land in this town," explained Mr. Blade, "and float among the hicks, inquiring, in ways that'll spread it best, if there's any liberal-minded natives willing to lease their land for oil purposes, and we'll get about 20,000 or 30,000 acres at less'n a dollar a acre. Then Morrie here, who's our expert geologist, 'll blow in and give the land the once-over and locate a place to put down a well, making his due and proper examination and also a favorable report. Up'll go, right away, the value o' the leases, a little bit."

He took a beneficent puff on an excellent cigar and continued:

"Then we'll hire a guy to put down a well, and in about ten days the derrick'll be up. When we hit 300 or 400 feet underground we'll let out the glad word that the log's a bear—just like the Jennings, High Island or Big Hill. The hicks'll begin to get warmed up still more, and the leases'll go up a leetle bit higher, but we'll keep on serene down to 1200 or 1500 feet—where we strike a showing of gas! Can you see 'em then? The dirt we bought in at less'n a dollar a acre'll be worth five or ten by that time. But still we wait. We go down another hundred, and there's where we stop and strike a showing of oil. We put a guard round the well and call in Morrie again. And maybe another expert—Blackie Friedman, say. A couple days later a bit'll get hung or a casing pulled apart, see, and there's a delay. Here's where we get busy and sell out at a couple thousand dollars a acre near the well that a whole army of hicks is watchin' with open eyes and palpitatin' hearts. Just as soon as the excitement's calmed down we'll send out a report that the bit got hung, have the derrick pulled down and hauled off, and leave the rubes wonderin' why by the whiskers o' Captain Kidd they didn't get more'n a showin' o' oil on paper for their cash. See? All regular too. Not a thing can touch us. Oh, this is a great little state, boys!"

As Mr. J. Merton Kinney Blade reached the conclusion of his cute little plan there came an interruption to the discussion of it, which was to knock all thoughts of such piker amusements as extracting a profit of $100,000 or $200,000 from an investment of $25,000 out of these gentlemen's heads. The telephone rang. Dandy Hope Bill Eller answered it.

"It's for you, Matt," he said, holding the receiver out to Kinney. "Sounds like Dick Mowbray."

"Hello—Kinney? . . . This is Dick Mowbray," the voice came loudly over the wire, audible to each of them.

"Hello, Dick. Where you at?"

"Calvin! Heard you blew in again, and I got some good news for you."

"Shoot, kid!"

"Am I wrong or am I right? Or just soused? But is it a fact that you and the gang had that old Duppeltag property in Young County, and got rid of it?"

"You're right!" said Mr. Kinney with a laugh. "Why?"

"D'ye know a guy named Mansions—Obadiah Mansions?"

Mr. Blade Kinney started.

"Sure—he's the sucker that bit! What about him?"

"Oh, boy—he bit all right, old-timer!" drawled the other. "He's struck oil there—that's all!"

"What? Oh, Lord!" cried Mr. Kinney Blade, dropping the receiver as though it were a red-hot coal and clasping his forehead. He sat abruptly down, his legs breaking behind his knees, a fireworks of reverse mental somersaults exploding inside him. The receiver dangled against the wall for a half minute while the others stared at him petrified, before he jumped to the telephone again.

"Hello! Hello!" he barked ferociously into the mouthpiece. "Mowbray!"

Volleying laughter came over the wire. A murderous hate flared in Mr. Blade Kinney—this was the prelude to the whole world's laughter when the story of Heliotrope City got its inevitable airing. Throw a confidence man in jail and if he's a good sport he may grin. Make a monkey out of him and he'll wilt.

"Hello! Hello!"

"You—you sold him that land!" came the humor-burdened voice of Mowbray over the wire. "Sing me to sleep—I'm crazy! Oh!"

"You're not; I am! What happened? Talk, Dick!" he pleaded now.

"Only a little old Burkburnett over again, thass all! It's creepin' out of the creek and they've struck two gushers throwing about 15,000 a day. Report's been made by Jessop ——"

"Jessop!" echoed the five men.

"Yeh—and he made a statement just now before he hopped on the Dallas train that she's the finest prospect he's ever touched, and they've got about two dozen 5000-barrel tanks chock-full already, and ——"

"Cut it! Cut it! Cut it!" yelled Mr. Alias Blade.

Mr. Mowbray was enjoying the joke on him hugely, and it wasn't up to him to lessen the shock. But Mr. Kinney detected the edge of waggery and he was not in the mood for it.

"On the level, Mowbray, did they strike?"

"On the level! And on the level, Matt, Jessop made a favorable report. This whole district's overrun with cash already. Macullar, Halloway, Dennett, Schmidt, Bill Meyers're down here. None of you pikers'll be able to touch this; this is big stuff, kid."

Mr. J. Blade Kinney Merton—he didn't know what or who or where he was—hung up with a curse, and again sat down. The others did likewise. They looked at each other and found no pleasure in the view.

"Tell me I'm crazy!" said Bill Eller Dandy Hope finally. "Say it slow," he whispered, incredulous; "to music."

But Mr. Kinney said nothing to music. He jumped up and yanked Glittering Mack up with him.

"He knows Dandy 'n' me, but you beat it down to Calvin faster'n blazin' hell, Mack, and get the facts. Phone me the second you've got an earful! I'm going to horn in on this!"

(Continued on Page 163)

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(Continued from Page 159)

He gave the jeweler's exhibit a mighty shove doorward, then walked rapidly up and down the room, clenching his hands, biting his lips and muttering to himself.

"Maybe—maybe it's a joke—that damned Mowbray!" said Eller.

"Joke, yes—Lord, yes!" snapped Mr. Kinney. "On us!"

He knew in his bones the worst was a thousand times worse than he feared. The whole thing was an insult to his professional acumen.

"You can stick your last sticker on it, Ruby," he said savagely, "this nut's made a phenom of a strike. You can't imagine what kind of a boob he is, so you can't be as sure as I am. He was born to do something like this. He shot down there blind, looking for me maybe, if he ever did tumble to the trimming I gave him—and I don't believe he had sense enough to—blew in there without no mother to guide him, and now he's sitting on the top of the world and I rigged up the armchair to make him comfortable! If it's the last thing I ever pull off I'll yank him down!"

"How? How?" Mr. Ruby demanded impatiently.

"Shut up—I'm thinking!"

He stalked up and down, up and down, mumbling and cursing.

"I'll buy him out!" he said once.

Loud and raucous laughter without mirth greeted this extraordinary statement.

"Wait'll you lamp him, if you think that's crazy!" he argued furiously. "I know that kind. I'll get round him. I'm going to develop back my old half rights to it anyway! Sob stuff'll do it." He was speaking wildly, hardly considering his own words at first. "If ever there was a natural-born stray sucker that bird cops the tin medal. He couldn't be crooked if he got rammed through a water-heater pipe."

On and on, back and forth he stalked, blaspheming and scheming. Then he grew silent; finally he sank into a chair, and then suddenly sprang up again; and the men who knew him knew he had found the way out. He kept walking up and down, thinking, thinking until Glittering Mack called up from Calvin, delivering news that almost made Mr. Kinney weep.

"Their first well's just come clean!" reported the man of jewels. "They didn't blow it; she just ripped loose and spit up the tools and ripped the derrick down! I just seen Halloway, who's come in hell bent from there, and he says there's so much oil over there she's swimmin'! He figgers she's doin' 500 or 600 without bein' blown in even, just like the McClesky, that breezed through with 800 and when they blew her in climbed to 5000 a day."

It was all true. Down on the Duppeltag range men were dancing madly about, shouting and cheering and slapping each other on the back and battering in each other's hats. Little Donnelly was roaring "She's a lulu!" and evoking the shade of "Oh, Danny O'Connell! Danny O'Connell!" Little Obadiah was trembling, speechless with emotion, as he watched the dark stream of oil smash its way through a few remaining derrick bars into the air; and even Ed Delaney was incoherently reciting: "Kiss me good night, sweet mother, good-by, girls, I'm through!"—meaning he was just ready to begin.

"But you can stuff this in your old pint flask," Mr. Gordon was continuing in his conversation with Mr. Kinney—"this little guy's the whole show. He owns the whole damned county, men and all, Halloway says. He an' a bunch of local alfalfa herders've got the ——"

"Listen, Mack," interrupted Mr. Kinney decisively, "you go out there and ——"

"Yeh!" shouted Mr. Gordon derisively, interrupting Mr. Kinney. "Halloway was shot at twice early this morning—try it yourself!"

"How much can you raise?" demanded Mr. Kinney, ignoring Mr. Gordon's spirited challenge.

"Fifty thousand without counting me jewelry."

"Maybe we'll come to that," said Mr. Kinney. "Come back—quick!" He hung up and turned to the others. "Sob stuff that's our one chance," he said. "Tonight I almost die here—see? Well, you will in a minute. Dandy, get Claghorne, in St. Louis, on the wire."

He sat down at the table and began to write. After he had written for thirty minutes he jumbled the words into a rail-fence code such as he had received in Heliotrope City. He was finished three minutes before Eller had Claghorne, in St. Louis, on the wire.

One of the most expensive telephone conversations on record took place, Mr. Kinney slowly and with cool distinctness telling off letter after letter in a meaningless arrangement, while Mr. Claghorne copied and tallied them. One hour after they had hung up, a telegram was flashing to Obadiah Mansions, president of the Independent Producing and Refining Company, Heliotrope City, and Mr. Claghorne now had Mr. Ezra Tidewater, president of the Citizens Union Bank of Heliotrope City, on the phone and was relaying a message from Mr. Kinney to him by code. The telegram to President Obadiah read:

Struck on head in Philadelphia; remember being put in taxi. Next I know met acquaintance on street in St. Louis, did not recognize him at first. He took me home and treated me. Still weak and bruised up, but leaving for Wichita Falls to-day. Was robbed, but will make amount trusted me good out of my personal capital of course. Am proceeding to Texas at once in order to develop our land without delay. Detailed information follows in letter; think I have clew to robbers. Address Archer Hotel, Wichita Falls.

J. MERTON BLADE.

After he had talked to Mr. Tidewater, Mr. Claghorne dispatched the letter containing the detailed information of Mr. Kinney's misfortune. Mr. Kinney had a great deal of confidence in Mr. Claghorne, who was a master of language, both spoken and written. Of the latter, indeed, he was the master of anybody's language if he had a good specimen of it. Mr. Kinney for this occasion instructed him to use the handwriting designated as Blade, Number C.

The message relayed to Mr. Tidewater included a repetition of the telegram and the following in addition:

Mansions came to Texas and struck oil on Duppeltag tract. If you made him redeem all stock we've lost fortune. Will see him in two days and work him somehow. I replace amount taken, so send me your share immediately to old address here. Raise all coin possible in addition. Don't waste minute. Wire Chamber of Commerce or anybody you want to investigate truth of this strike of Mansions if you are doubtful. This is big. Come yourself if possible, but get cash down here at once. You know you can trust me.

"How you going to explain all that fake rigmarole?" questioned Mr. Ruby. "Knocked-on-the-head business, aphasia, or what you got, when it comes to a showdown? They're going to get the Philadelphia police on the job."

"The hell with the Philadelphia police!" snarled Mr. Kinney. "That stuff about my having a clew will hold them, and the letter—here, read it after a bit—'ll hold 'em still more. And Ezra'll hold 'em if nothing else will. Anyhow, I'm worrying about that when I come to it. I've framed the proper lay to get to Mansions. He owes this whole business to me. He'll believe I got hit on the dome all right when I cough up and make good on more'n $100,000 I took out of his burg—or do you think he won't? I'm not growing gray wondering what the Philadelphia police think about it. Just now our next worry is the cash! No matter how many kinds of driveling fool he is or how good I think my chances of horning in on his strike are we got to prepare for all emergencies. Control's control, and if it's control of something big enough it can change a tadpole into a groundhog in a night. Tidewater's going to be good for a wad, and a fat one—he's got to be! We'll get Jimmy Anderson, Bill King, Rex and some others, and dig up and round up all the coin that we can lay our mitts on—every greenback counts, and every minute counts more."

"Listen, Matt, be calm!" exhorted Mr. Ruby. "Suppose he says 'Ta ta, Matt Kinney, I never met you before,' eh? What then? A good oil proposition that's real talks millions, and how in the hell do you expect us to buy out a guy that's holding a county full of oil?" he demanded, a little irritated.

"By piling it up in dollar bills in front of him!" exclaimed Mr. Blade. "The way the first Dutchman bought Manhattan, see? The nut's got no more imagination about money than you've got about religion. Only a guy without imagination could've taken a slant at that tract we palmed off on him and imagined there was oil there. It wasn't normal! He's dazzled yet—he must be!"

"Well, and then?"

(Continued on Page 166)

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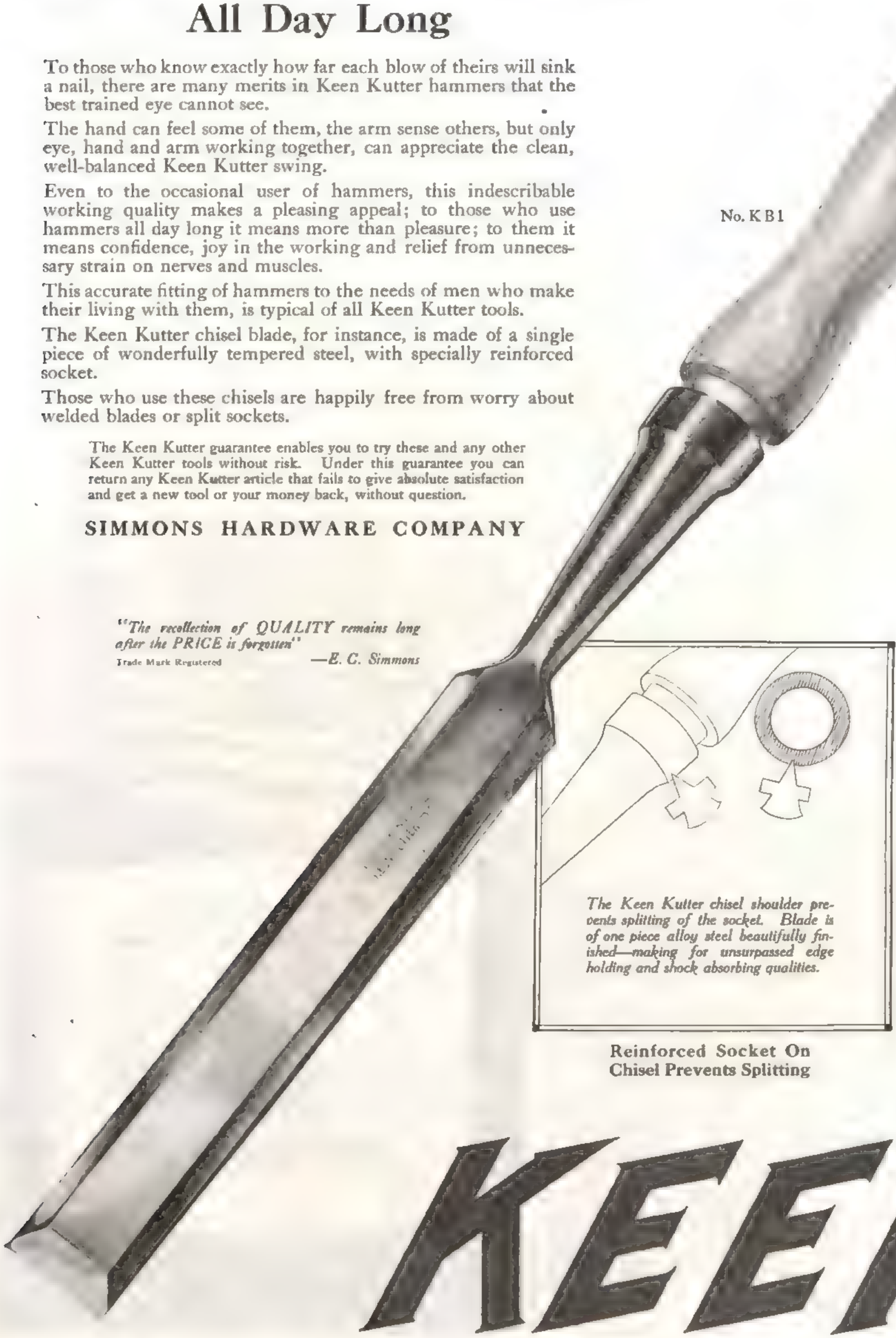

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E. C. SIMMONS KEEN KUTTER CUTLERY TOOLS

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

KUTTER

(Continued from Page 163)

"Then this—I'm ducking under cover while you guys rustle up coin. The day after to-morrow I'm blowing in from St. Louis, see, and you'll take me to the Archer in a taxi. I'll be bandaged up so's nobody'd know me, and I'll go to bed. There ought to be mail there by then from his home town, which will ease us into the next play. There's where you and Morrie enter."

"Shoot," said the fat man.

"You roam forth and bring him in here Take a copy of my telegram, fake the St. Louis head, and take out what'll come from his home town, with what we'll add. Stick to him day and night; be sweet as virtue and as near as glue till you get him here. Get me?"

"I do," answered Buddha.

"And when he asks about me dodge details, but in a general way let it be known what a white upstanding citizen I am—who never went back on a friend. You play the remember-the-friend-who-served you-faithful-and-got-cracked-over-the-noodle-for-it, until he weeps for gratitude! I want something to work on when I step in."

"I'll give you lots," promised Mr. Ruby.

"This!" said Mr. Blade Kinney, stretching himself in a manner which was the modern equivalent for girding up one's loins, "is going to mean Easy Street for all of us for life!"

XIII

AS A CLASS there are few better psychologists than the big confidence men and flash promoters who go forth with fat rolls, fat schemes, infinite assurance and abysmal brass. Mr. Kinney had estimated Obadiah's reactions to what Mr. Ruby had to tell him better than the Heliotropians who had known the little hosemaker all his life could possibly have done.

Boom scenes in San Buena awaited Mr. Ruby. He felt right away that a day later he would have been too late. The old-time fly-by-night crowd with the grand manner and the ready currency were out in force. Out on the Duppeltag tract Donnelly had pointed numbers of them out to Obadiah.

"That would be Pelley now, who operated the big Eastland Land Divilopmint swindle; and thare's Norris, the thin guy; and besides him ye can see Graven and Hotch, who, the sying is, have got more busted comp'nies togither to their credit thin Rockyfeller's got good ones!"

But though they could be spotted they couldn't be resisted, for they offered prices for leases of land contiguous to Obadiah's holdings and for shares which his helpers had received in lieu of wages, which could not be refused. Simple, almost childishly minded, the rough-spoken farmers and rangemen had no chance against the golden onrush of the glib-tongued, roll-flashing legion. Two hours before Mr. Ruby arrived Obadiah sold his options on the 5500 acres he held beside his original tracts, to a five-man combine—Halloway, Mowbray, Smedley, Friedman and Dolan, for $7.50 an acre, retaining a twenty-five per cent interest in what oil might be produced there. He divided the money with the men who had helped him prove his faith.

Mr. Ruby's job was almost too easy. To say Obadiah was surprised at the recital of the Iliad of woe and nobility which that Buddha-resembling spellbinder made of the story of Mr. Blade's unrivaled devotion to duty is to falter in expression. Obadiah had more than his allotted share of sympathy for suffering. He had suffered himself. Mr. Ruby, working upon a report received the day before from Mr. Tidewater, cleverly drew the analogy between Obadiah's own case and the blight of false accusations that had fallen on Mr. Blade. Then again, Obadiah was too happy at the triumphant vindication of his slaving and his faith to be captious about a few doubtful details concerning Mr. Blade. Obadiah was lost the instant he agreed to leave the oil tract with Mr. Ruby, riding away in a great red limousine to Palo Ponto, where they would get the train for Wichita Falls, for Mr. Ruby was taking no chances in having his man waylaid by someone in Calvin who might be inclined to offer him a price for his land in any way commensurate with its estimated value.

Obadiah was never to see either his land or his oil well again. And if he needed to be any more lost than he already was, that, too, happened in the first three minutes of his reunion with Mr. Blade It took exactly that long for the bandaged gentleman on the sick bed to demonstrate his cleverness and knowledge of Obadiah's psychologic soft spots. Mr. Blade returned to Obadiah $110,000 in immaculately pure gilt-edge negotiable bonds.

Obadiah was human, despite the frailty of his knowledge of things sharp. Sympathetic as he was he must have remembered all along until that moment the sun-baked days and laborious nights he had lived through to win out against ridicule and unbelief, and he could not have been human had he not resented just a little bit having anyone who had not shared his trials coming at the winning moment to insist upon sharing in the reward. In shorter phrase, he was human enough, perhaps, to have wished that if Mr. Blade was going to get rapped on the bean, why couldn't he have stayed rapped?

But when Mr. Blade, telling him how other ventures of his had smiled goldenly upon him, handed over that $110,000 which he had been compelled to make good at 66⅔ cents on the dollar Obadiah did just what Mr. Blade figured he would do. He promptly forgot his own suffering and remembered only that honest Merton had suffered too.

He proceeded to do something, however, which rather startled Mr. Blade. He insisted upon going out with Mr. Ruby at once and sending the bonds to Mrs. Mansions!

"She'll be so glad—to know everything's all—well; all fine and honest," said Obadiah with hesitant joyousness. "She—she always said so!" he added, falling into his wife's immortal refrain.

He directed the bonds to Mrs. Caroline Mansions, and returned with Mr. Ruby to Mr. Blade's room. Thereafter there was only the faintest bit of fluttering on Obadiah's part against the net which that gentleman proceeded to tighten about him.

XIV

"SURE, you will! Sure, Mr. Ruby, he'll have another!" said the bandaged figure on the bed, moving a little spryer than when the little man fidgeting with a wine-glass had first come into the room an hour before. "Can't get this lying round loose like in the good old times, Mr. Mansions! No, sir-ree! Ah, the good old times!"

Obadiah took another, his third. But Mr. Blade had nothing so crude in mind as getting Obadiah drunk. He didn't have to. When Mr. Ruby a little later offered to fill his glass the fourth time it was Mr. Blade who checked Mr. Ruby.

"No, sir, we're talking business, and I can see that Mr. Mansions is not a drinking man—he needs a clear head," he said. And Obadiah, who had been whimsically wondering what Caroline would say could she see him now, felt correspondingly grateful to Mr. Blade, and reassured, though he didn't need to be, that everything was open and aboveboard, in accordance with Mr. Blade's usual custom.

"I—I had one bad experience goin' in partners," Obadiah had been brought round to saying, by the spirit of good fellowship and Mr. Blade; "and—well, I don't mean anything personal to you, Mr. Blade," he said awkwardly, interrupting himself, "but while I see your rights, as you say, I want to go on alone—begging your pardon—or get out alone."

He paused. Mr. Blade was a little worried; not so much though.

"I don't mean to go hurting your feelings none," Obadiah went on hesitantly; "but—eh, now—what would you consider a fair price for me to give you for your share, putting it at forty per cent?"

Mr. Blade nearly gasped. This was a stumper, to say nothing of being a queer turn to the business. If he put it at what it was worth Obadiah would get an inflated idea of the whole works, and there was many a slip liable between a man talking about giving up wealth to you—and your collecting it. On the other hand if he gave him a low figure Obadiah could raise the money now in an hour, and Mr. Blade stood to lose—millions maybe.

He smiled engagingly at Obadiah.

"Now let's regard this reasonable, Mr. Mansions," he said. "Are you really heart and soul an oilman?"

"Um no," admitted Obadiah slowly.

"Well, I am!" confessed Mr. Blade. "Oil's my game. I've lived in it; I know it from A to Z. It isn't just the money—that don't mean anything to me—it's the joy of working in the stuff I know how to work in, see? Now, you—do you get joy out o' digging for oil?" demanded Mr. Blade.

"No eh, not 'zactly," said Obadiah truthfully. "It's thrillin', but it's hard and hot and wearing."

"There you have it!" proclaimed Mr. Blade triumphantly. "There's the answer! I'll buy you out!"

"But I ——" Obadiah began, when Mr. Blade interrupted him, feeling that now he was indeed on the right track.

"You don't want to go in partners—I can understand that; and you don't really hanker after the sort o' work. Then you don't know the country or the men here. I do. Oil's a fiendish expensive prop'sition to get out of the ground—you must 'a' learned that already—and all sorts of accidents happen. I can handle all that; always have. Haven't I, Mr. Ruby?"

"One of the most expert and successful men we have in the fields, Mr. Mansions!" agreed Mr. Ruby gladly.

"I can raise money without signing away my life and my profits; but you'd be trimmed so, Mr. Mansions—materials, labor and everything being what they are, unstable and all—that in a year you'd have nothing left at all. That's why I think the wisest thing you could do would be to sell to me."

"It would be impossible for you to do any better, Mr. Mansions," said Mr. Ruby, and gave a lot of wonderful reasons in support of his contention which both impressed Obadiah and gave Mr. Blade a breathing and thinking spell.

"Why, Mr. Mansions," he went on with new vim, despite his bandages—went on irresistibly, with brilliance and logic, no less—"how long do you think you'll last at this game, eh?" he asked solicitously. "A man like you, not used to the climate or nothing, not used to this kind of work? Why, Mr. Mansions—d'ye know this climate's downright injurious for them what's not used to it?"

"There's nothing injurious that's got something like $800,000 in it," said Obadiah carefully. "There ought to be all o' that, eh, at least; don't you think so?" he asked.

Both Mr. Blade and Mr. Ruby's insides performed contortion feats. It was like listening to a man holding out a twenty-carat diamond and saying, "Now, I reckon that oughta fetch all of fifty dollars, don't you reckon so, too?" And then, perhaps, refuse to sell.

The miserable piker! With no idea of what untold wealth he might be tapping—there he sat, the hick in absolute ignorant control of it! Anything in six figures looked like the Eiffel Tower to him, and he was one of those beings who are congenitally unable to cope with the thought of owning a million dollars. When fortune erratically does land feet first on them they're either knocked cold like Jamie Dawes, who sold the Highlander Well for $99,000, or left petrified in their previous condition of servitude like McClesky down there outside of Ranger, seven times a millionaire, who went into Ranger and got a common labor job at three dollars a day from the contractor he hired to build him a hotel.

In the next hour Obadiah was driven into a corner by Mr. Blade and Mr. Ruby, where he was compelled to put a price on his property, and he sold out for $750,000 a holding which Mr. Blade conservatively but privately valued at $5,000,000 or more.

Mr. Blade had sized up Obadiah correctly. All the oil conceivable didn't have the tangible appeal to him which a few hundred thousand dollars in cash had. There are lots of people like that; people to whom a sand lot 100 by 150 in a Jersey bog looms bigger than a mortgage on the celestial regions. They are the people who invented the adage "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush"; and they believe it, even if the bird in the hand is a sparrow and the two in the shrubbery are birds of paradise.

Mr. Blade had sized him up correctly, and it was all over in incredibly short order.

A great many prosperous-looking men, sporting diamonds, arrived, seemingly partners of Mr. Blade. Obadiah saw indeed all but two of Mr. Blade's associates, and those were the two he would have been most interested in meeting there. But Ezra Tidewater, who had come in the night before, was sitting in another room in the hotel, smoking a terrible cigar and reading a paper as though he hadn't a care in the world; while at the table in the same room Bill Eller was fidgeting on his chair, waiting for the tidings, and looking eagerly at the door in between haphazard games of solitaire.

So Obadiah went forth into the world, and though he hadn't exactly parted with his birthright for a mess of pottage he had been content with a miserable $750,000, mostly cash and the most instantaneous brand of convertible securities, for the great Duppeltag-Eller tract and the entire Independent Producing and Refining Company.

XV

AS THE first of three fine touring cars lurched into the fields of the Independent Producing and Refining Company it passed a bucking and complaining flivver which was being flattered to keep at the bare going point. As the touring car containing Messrs. Blade—remarkably hale and hearty now—Ruby, Hummel, Eller and Tidewater shot by it the driver grinned an impudent Irish grin at them and waved a fistful of yellow bills.

"That's one of the old gang," said Mr. Ruby. "Show these greasers a couple century notes and good-by Marie! They've all got what they call fortunes and we'll have to drum up another crew."

"Plenty more where they came from," said Mr. Blade indifferently.

His eyes were fixed ecstatically on a dark stream spurting into the air a quarter of a mile ahead.

"Face looked familiar," said Mr. Hummel carelessly, glancing back at the swaying chariot which had once belonged to Obadiah and now bravely fought its way with Donnelly through the soft ground.

For a few minutes they held on to their seats and insides as the car wallowed across the sand, and then ——

"Hell—what's that?" burst from Mr. Blade suddenly.

"Wha—ugh—what?" cried the others.

"Look!"

They did. Ahead of them the dark stream that a moment before had been gushing magnificently into the air was slowly drooping, drooping, dropping, dropping—and abruptly disappeared!

For a minute they sat frozen, blinking uncomprehendingly at it. The motor of the touring car went dead.

"Aw—they're throttling it down," said Mr. Eller.

"Throttle—hell! I never saw anything like that before!" spat Mr. Blade, jumping out and running toward the well.

A cluster of men, gathered there, were gesticulating, talking excitedly, as puzzled as himself. You might have thought they and not he had bought it! For an hour the only thing discovered was one thing—the well had stopped dead. A perfectly all right, good well—which had nicely filled two 3500-barrel storage tanks to the brim—had stopped dead for no ascertainable cause. Not a drop over the edge of the tanks. Couldn't want a better-behaved well, from some points of view.

Then Mr. Eller made a discovery. He found a trapdoor in the floor of the shanty, underneath some lumber in what was the back wing. He opened it, and there, leading into a deep black hole, was a stairway.

They got lights and went down. They were in a room about fifteen feet square, and fully seventy deep. At the bottom was a powerful engine on the order of those used in fireboats to throw a long stream of water, except that this was fitted with oil burners, which had very recently burned themselves dry. On the front of this strange presence there was a card, which had neatly inscribed upon it merely:

This engine leased from Lew Hunkins by I. P. & R. Co. Calvia, Tex.

Two powerful hoses ran from it smack into two walls—one in the direction of the well, the other in the direction of the storage tanks. Bewildered, silent, they looked round. Then they saw that one of the walls of the pit wasn't a wall at all, but a cavernous extension, which was filled as far back as it went, seemingly, and from top to bottom with odorous barrels. There was a placard on one of the barrels, and by a dim light it was ascertained by Mr. Blade that this and the other barrels were:

Property of W. J. Meehan, Red Knoll Well, Red Knoll, Throckmorton County, Tex. Leased to I. P. & R. Co.

Mr. Blade's hand touched something. It was the handle of a pick. He rushed to the wall on the side toward the well, and frantically commenced chopping at the earth surrounding the hose. It was soft and came out readily; the hose continued on and on.

"It—it leads to the well!" he said hoarsely.

With one thought they rushed up the stairs to the well, seized picks, shovels, anything—and started furiously digging at the mouth of it. Everything seemed proper

(Concluded on Page 169)

The "Great Spirit" of the Land

FROM earliest times men have foreseen the possibilities in the vast acreage of America for supplying the world's food market. But it has remained for our own day to solve the problem of making the land deliver its full productive capacity.

This calls for *dependable* farm power equipment—the best that engineering science and great manufacturing facilities can produce.

This company answers the demand with the products of one of the largest and most complete factories in America. In its engineering experience and mechanical equipment it is provided on an unusual scale for the handling of special high-grade alloy steels, heat treatment, every feature of the manufacture of the finest farm power machinery. The result is the Twin City line of Tractors, All-Steel Threshers, and Motor Trucks.

Twin City Power for Every Size Farm

Twin City "12-20" covers the widest range of tractor use. Its 16-valve (valve-in-head) engine insures great surplus power from the fuel.

There is a Twin City Tractor for every size farm: 12-20, 16-30, 25-45, 40-65, 60-90.

Send for details of the complete Twin City line. Twin City Branches and wide distribution offer prompt service in all sections.

Branches:
Lincoln, Neb.
Des Moines, Iowa — Wichita, Kansas
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Baskerville & Dahl Co. Watertown, S. D.
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TWIN CITY
Power Farming Equipment

The Modern Scales of Justice

"Toledo—No Springs—Honest Weight"

THE modern Scales of Justice have a name and a message that have been heard round the earth—"Toledo—No Springs—Honest Weight."

In nearly every country and in every industry and trade where weighing is done, the Toledo Springless Automatic Scale is known and respected.

An Exactly Measured Square Deal

YOU cannot measure gravity with springs—not with Exact Justice—they do not conform to the same laws.

There is just one exact measure of gravity—*and that is gravity itself.*

The Toledo Pendulum Principle, measuring gravity with gravity, is never-failing in its exactness and is not affected, as spring scales are, by changes in temperature.

Toledo Springless Automatic Scales, displaying the slogan "No Springs—Honest Weight," answer that instinctive demand of Civilization for Exact Justice.

Their powerful influence for good is immediately felt in every store where they are used.

Giving honest weight and automatically calculating and displaying exact value, Toledo Scales bring together on common ground those who seek neither advantage nor disadvantage, but an exactly measured square deal on both sides of the counter.

There are more than one hundred styles and sizes of Toledo Scales, to weigh everything from an ounce of spice to thirty tons of steel—scales for stores, offices, shipping rooms, warehouses, mills and factories.

Toledo Scale Company, Toledo, Ohio

Largest Automatic Scale Manufacturers in the World

CANADIAN FACTORY, Windsor, Ontario

Branch Offices and Service Stations in Sixty-nine Cities in the United States and Canada. Others in thirty-four foreign countries.

TOLEDO SCALES

NO SPRINGS HONEST WEIGHT

(Concluded from Page 166)

enough at the top, but sixty feet down—grotesquely, frantically attained by men no longer interested in diamonds or dignity—they found it. A powerful long brass nozzle attached to the most powerful hose any of them had ever seen. Mr. Blade bending down—in his shirt sleeves right in the oil fields, gentlemen!—as he had loved to picture himself in Heliotrope City, but never dreamed to see himself—struck a match without fear of any explosion. There he distinctly made it out—the little smooth oval, a foot below the nozzle—its neat little raised letters reading:

O. Mansions Rubber Tubing and Hose Co.
Heliotrope City
Special Lightply.
Interwired
Interwoven
Processed and Impregnated, Patented.
Six-inch Hose
Specially made for Wallace, Hines & Sons,
Baltimore, Md.

The fatal, specially manufactured six-inch hose in thirty-foot lengths, joined with brass screw locks, powerful enough to throw a mighty arc of water a hundred feet high over the Willow River—or, as Mr. Grodin, of Philadelphia, had facetiously suggested, to sprinkle the doubtful nasturtiums on William Penn's hat from Broad Street—had reached no bourn in the mind of its maker while it was being duly processed and impregnated. It had merely become an ultimate demonstration of the superlative fitness of things. While it had thrown a gusher with one hand, so to speak, with the other it had drawn the substance of the gusher from one of the storage tanks, fed overground back again from the well by the regulation piping. One of the tanks was 1-35 oil and 34-35 sand; the other, which fed the gusher, was one-third oil and two-thirds sand.

Mr. Blade began to laugh hysterically.

"You—him, him—Ezra 'Tidewater, there!" he suddenly shrieked. "He'll fix it up! Go on, Davy Warfield, act us a piece!" he howled deliriously. "You c'n do it! Keep away from that town o' hisn, boys! The worst o' them are better'n the best o' us! He's the best I ever seen, and I've traveled with 'em all! Terrible town he hails from—Heliotrope City; sounds like a flower that's easy pickings, but take it from me she's a burr, boys; she's a brier burr! Ugh—hell! Stop that—stop that!" he screamed and made a lunge at Mr. Tidewater.

Mr. Ruby and Mr. Eller caught him. Mr. Tidewater waved contemptuously at Mr. Blade with one hand, and with the other continued to stroke his shiny chin, in the manner which so profoundly moved the overwrought practical financier and genius in the oil game, J. Merton Blade, gentlemen! to protest.

"Hm," said Mr. Tidewater. You had to hand it to Ezra at that; more than half of his bank was stuck in that dry hole, and he had been digging hard, too, but he was as cool as Heliotrope City in December. "Hm," pondered Mr. Tidewater, a twinkle in his eyes like the reflection of some dryly humorous fire deep inside the long, rally, farmer-banker-crook that he was. "Hm. I can't go back home—fer a while now—but this here state's a great state. A great state," said Mr. Tidewater. "Because," said Mr. Tidewater, "if—hm—Obadiah Mansions c'd do what he did—what c'dn't I do?"

XVI

JUST about this time a little Irishman rose from a chair in front of the desk of the editor, star reporter, owner and advertising manager of the Calvin Morning Call.

"Ye print the story as I've been after giving it to ye, and tiligraph it to Wichita Falls and Ranger and Fort Worth and ither places, and ye'll be doin' a unique sarvice to the oil perfession in Texas, Mr. McCulley," he said.

"You mean to tell me that Jessop didn't know a doctored well when he saw it?" demanded Mr. McCulley.

Donnelly winked.

"Me friend," he said, "I once saved Mr. Jessop's life; but if ye're solic'tous 'bout Mr. Jessop's reputation ye can add this: Whin he examined the well he would've had to drill 400 feet to get to the kind of stuff what's in the earth normally over there. Before he came the well was drilled to 2000 feet, and thin a exact dooplicite of the log of the famous Jane Grey Well, which, if ye want to know it, I bored meself, was built back in to 1600 feet. So ye c'n see what manner o' grand and tactful swindle he was up aginst," grinned Donnelly broadly. "And thin—but look here—I fergot this."

He pulled a folded and grimy paper out of an inner pocket and flattened it out on the desk.

"'Tis a little list," he said; "was special prepared for me be Mr. Edgar Carew, a fine gintleman, and ye know it, of the Southern Oil Invistors Protective 'Sociation. Ye will see thare the names of aisy-minded gintlemin who have parted the well-known public on occasions from sums from $100,000 up, in caressin' ways untechable be the so-called law.

"Ye will see there check marks made beside sartain names, and the same and none ither are the names of the gintlemin who invisted with characteristic foresight their hard-earned stealings in the Indepindint Producin' and Refinin' Company, which now they own entirely thimsilves. Not anither mon thin some crook listed here as has got a slice o' thot land from us, Mr. McCulley; not one! And if ye do your duty and print this tale in a nice black spicial edition there won't be aythers!"

About the time that Donnelly had descended from the sanctum of the Calvin Morning Call and was again flattering Obadiah's erstwhile means of transportation into recalcitrant mobility, and about the time that Mr. J. Merton Blade Kinney, now subdued to a semblance of himself, with a little group of practical financiers and expert oilmen, was contemplating for the last time a brass nozzle in a dry well with an emotion too vast for words, two companions were swinging jauntily toward a ticket agent of a steamship line in Galveston.

One was a neatly dressed little man; quite chirpy-looking, in fact, as though he ate nothing but the earliest birds for breakfast. The other was the great god Freedom, who had lost his little companion one morning some weeks ago in front of the public library in New York, and had found him again the day before in Wichita Falls.

The little fellow carried a little antique alligator-skin bag himself, but behind him a negro porter with a lavish countenance came bearing two beautiful cowhide bags, more superfine than the famous equipment of Mr. Blade, which had been so admiringly commented upon in Heliotrope City. But the great god Freedom lugged no baggage at all. That's why he was the great god Freedom. However —

The little man hesitated for just a second in front of the clerk.

"Do your boats go to Valparaiso?" he asked.

The clerk nodded. The little man pulled out the fattest and tightest roll of bills which that clerk had ever seen.

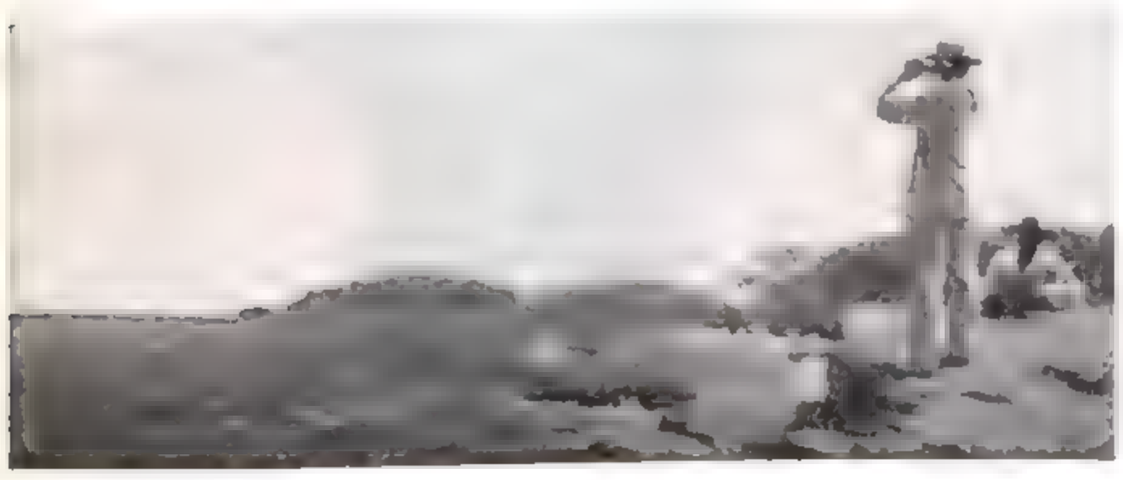
"Gimme a ticket," he said manfully.

"R-round trip?" asked the clerk, bewitched by that roll.

"No," said the little man; "one way!"

And the great god Freedom grinned.

(THE END)



"This is the way to deal with carbon"

"Hundreds of motorists have given up all hope of correcting carbon troubles, but it can be done—when you know how."

"PRACTICALLY every car in this repair shop gets here directly or indirectly because of carbon. Carbon is every motorist's greatest enemy.

"Carbon clogs your cylinders, overheats your motor and causes destructive pre-ignition and 'carbon knocks.' It fouls spark plugs, gums up piston rings and pits exhaust valves, causing them to leak compression. Carbon keeps this repair shop busy.

"If carbon is causing trouble, you are probably running on a too-rich mixture. Nearly everybody does. Here's how to correct it—"

How to adjust carburetor

"With your engine well warmed up and idling, *and the cut-out open*, cut down the gasoline until you hear the engine begin to misfire. Then, slowly turn the adjustment back, notch by notch, until the exhaust is again regular. This lean mixture burns clean and reduces carbon troubles."

How to know if muffler is clogged

"A caked, clogged muffler is an *unsuspected* cause of trouble. It takes experts to know whether motor or muffler is at fault. But with a G-Piel Cut-Out, you can test your motor *with* the muffler and *without* it—no need to tear the muffler down—no need even to leave the driver's seat."

How to blow carbon out

"When your motor starts to carbonize, the *quickest* way to relieve it is to use kerosene, wood alcohol or some ready-made carbon remover, and with spark retarded, speed up motor and blow the carbon out. *Be sure the G-Piel Cut-Out is open* or the deposit will lodge in the muffler—and the trouble will be worse than before."

The satisfaction of hearing your motor

Every enthusiastic motorist enjoys the sharp, clear bark of a powerful, sweet-running motor. A hot spark in every cylinder! Valves opening wide and seating tight! Just the right mixture from carburetor! Exhaust gases scavenging freely through the G-Piel Cut-Out!

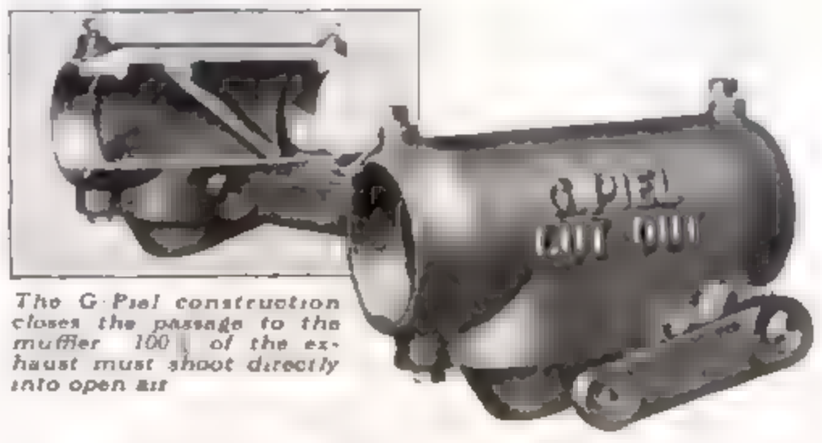
The open G-Piel Cut-Out gives that extra "ounce" of power on a hard pull or short "sprint," and it helps cool a hot engine.

Select the right size cut-out for your car from the G-Piel chart at your dealer's. *It will save its cost many times in a single season.*

Sales Department

EDWARD A. CASSIDY CO., INC.
25 W. 43rd St. New York
THE G-PIEL COMPANY

The G-Piel Pedal is absolutely positive in action. It never sticks. Makes operating any cut-out easy.



The G-Piel construction closes the passage to the muffler 100% of the exhaust must shoot directly into open air

G-Piel Muffler Cut-Out

Tells the motor's secrets

GOODELL-PRATT
1500 GOOD TOOLS

Your Friend Mr. Punch says

"You who love *dependable* tools—

"Get acquainted with the devices and instruments on the opposite page. *Accuracy* is their middle name. *Quality* is their first.

"Each one has its own special features and advantages that will instantly appeal to every real mechanic."

Nothing is left undone to make Goodell-Pratt 1500 Good Tools live up to their good name.

From the time raw materials are ordered until the shipping-room is reached there is continuous scrutiny—scientific inspection to insure every tool's becoming a genuine credit to the whole line of "1500 Good Tools."

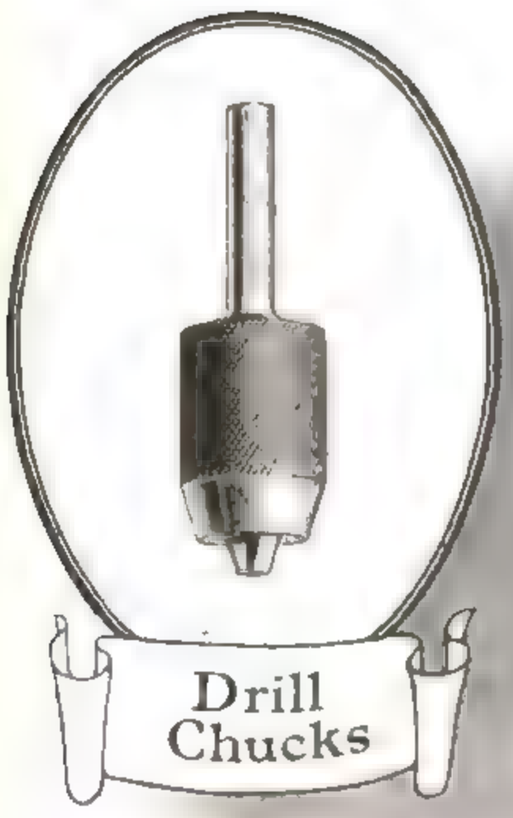
Tool Insurance

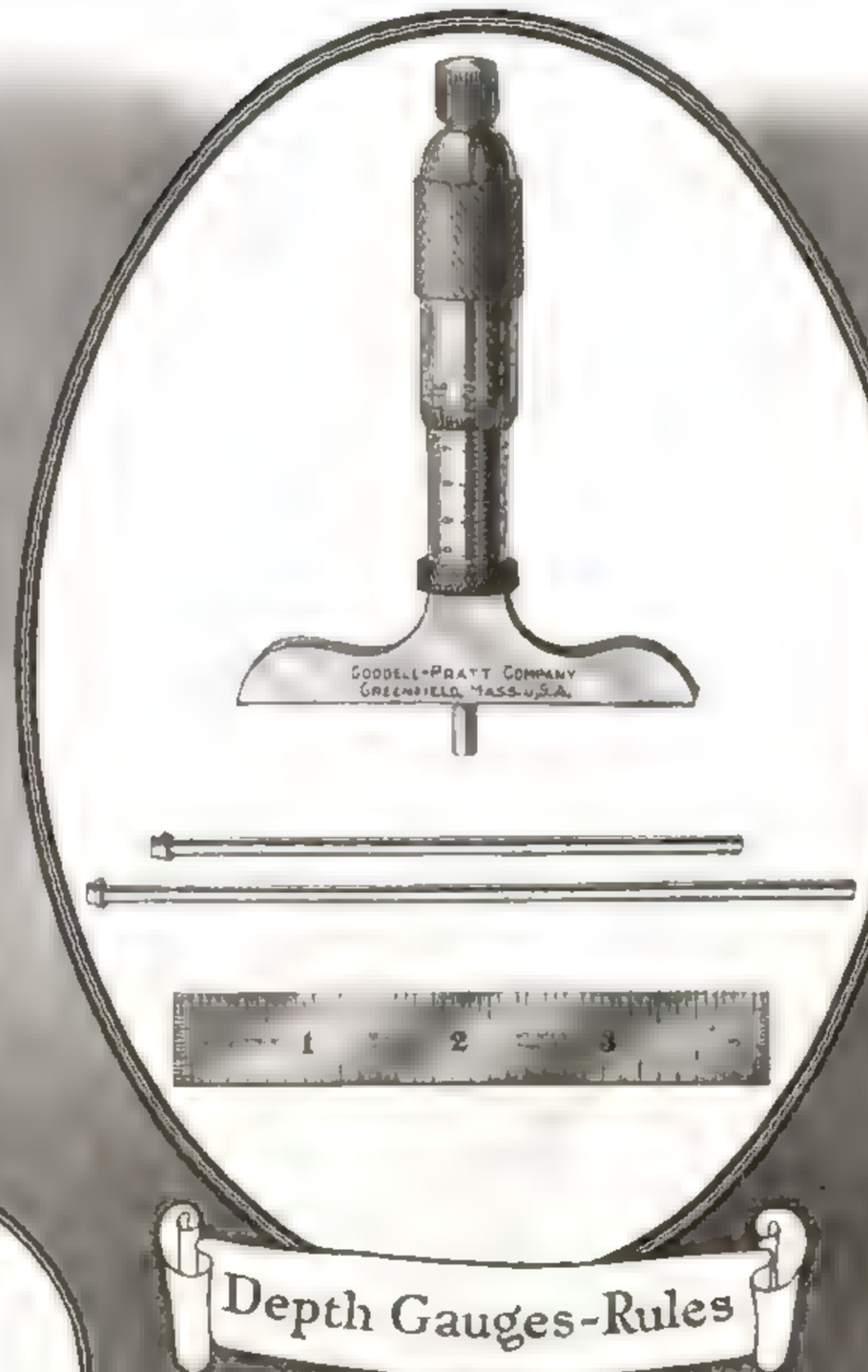
We have installed every device and safeguard known to us for protecting their accuracy and quality. This insurance is more than worth while. The confidence of both hardware dealers and workmen who once become acquainted with us increases with every tool they buy.

Get Our Catalog

If good tools mean anything to *you*, you should have our complete catalog. It completely illustrates and describes this comprehensive line of 1500 Good Tools for mechanics and artisans in every trade.

Most hardware dealers already carry Goodell-Pratt Tools in stock. Those who do not will be glad to obtain them for you on request.


Drill Chucks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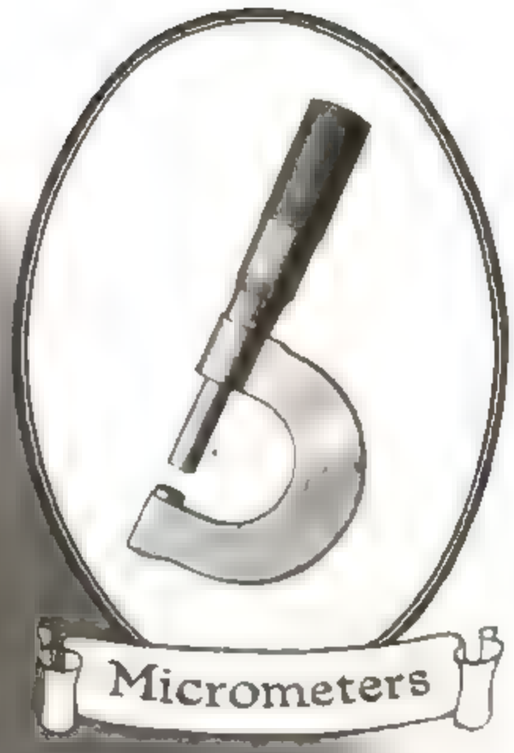
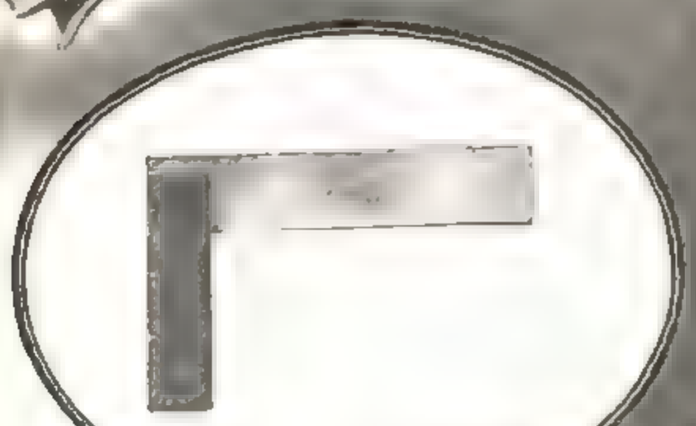

Micrometers

Depth Gauges-Rules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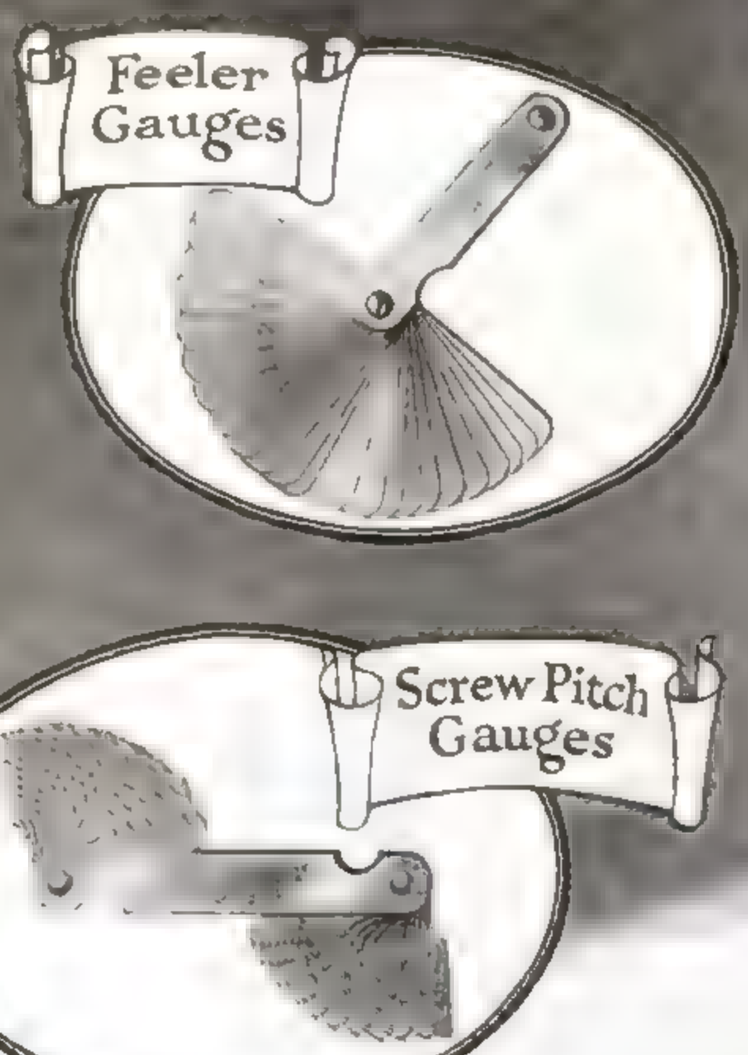
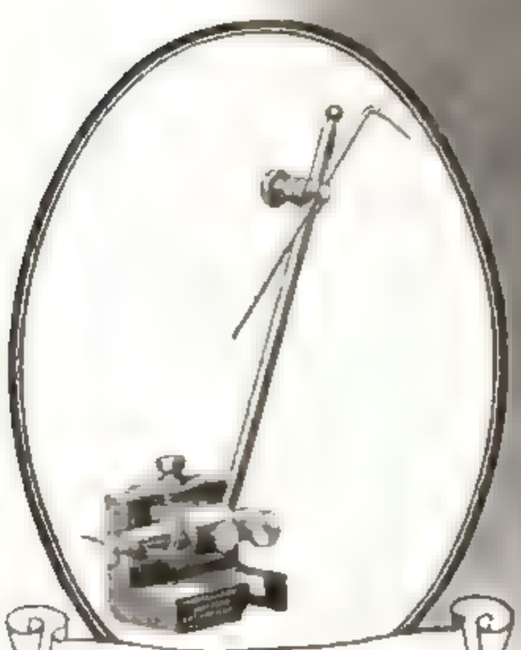
Hack Saws


Feeler Gauges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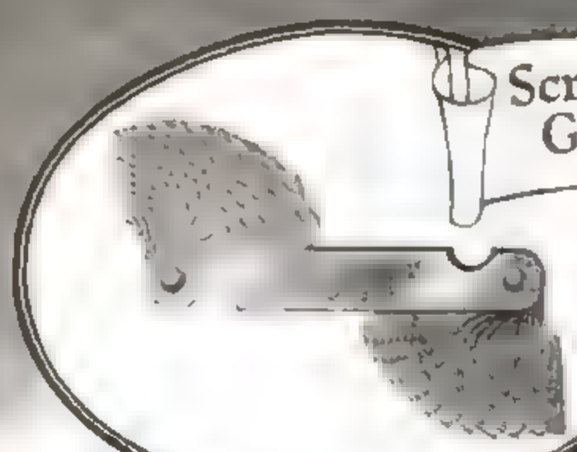
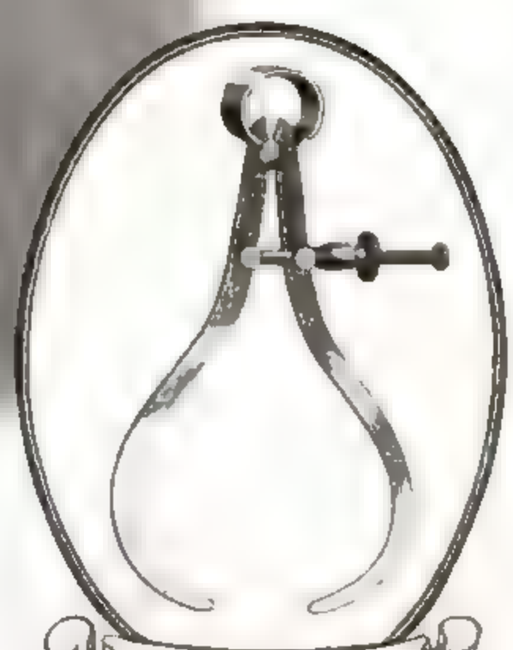

Screw Pitch Gauges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OLDFIELD TIRES

"The Most Trustworthy Tires Built"

DERELICT ISLE

(Continued from Page 19)

smoldering coals and exclaim: "Ah, this fire is good! It was cold last night on the Chemin des Dames!" Or: "Well, my dear, last night I made the campaign on the Somme. Such bombardment I have never heard. My ears are ringing yet!"

Lisette loathed these pleasantries. She loathed his lined and haggard face, his burning eyes, his smiling mouth that was always master of his pain. But worst of all she loathed his legs, which stuck out grotesquely and were always in her way.

But his friends, comrades, veterans of the line who dropped in of an afternoon before he and Lisette parted, loved his tales. For this absurd Monsieur Revenant was none other than the typical French poilu—simple, tender-hearted, profane.

One morning, when after a particularly vile night spent slogging through the mud of Flanders Felix lowered himself into the chair, Lisette turned upon him and spoke four words. They were: "I want a divorce."

At first Felix could not believe that he heard aright. He opened his calloused palms and regarded them gravely; he looked round the room—the identical little love nest in which their wedded bliss had begun; he stared into the fire; he closed his eyes. And then he pretended he had not heard. Ah, Felix!

Presently he opened his eyes—having carefully wiped that brief little sentence of four words from the tablet of his brain—and said gently: "Come here, my darling. Is it that you hate that rough old rascal, Monsieur Revenant? I promise you I shall bury that fellow so deep he'll never come up again! You'll never hear more of him, flower of my heart!" And he opened his arms.

Lisette walked out of the room. Quick, light, graceful, she was beautiful even in her brutality.

It took several days for the black truth to penetrate to the brain of Felix—the truth that one must not expect a heart from the Lisettes of earth and that out of the tens of thousands of noble wives who stood the test of war his little wife was the exception that proved the rule. In the end it was that brief sentence of four words which sent the sun and moon and stars reeling down out of his private firmament, and after that he never attempted to paste them up again for any woman in the world. And presently, having got that brusque little sentence completely by heart so that he never forgot it again, Felix took up his canes, fitted them carefully into his calloused palms and went tap-tapping from the house, his and Lisette's love nest, not to return. He went without his tunic. He went without his cap. But he went smiling the conquering smile that Lisette had come to hate, and humming softly a song of Monsieur Revenant:

J'aime ma pipe, les femmes, et le vin.

For now that Lisette was out, Monsieur Revenant came into his own once more. But Felix had no say in that affair. When he slept, which was not much, Monsieur Revenant dragged him back to those dreary, dead battlefields; and at dawn Felix rose, pallid as the ghosts of dead comrades with whom he had spent the night.

When Felix walked forth from his wedded life without cap or coat he forgot also one other thing. That was Poulbot. Poulbot was his dog, the dog of the regiment, who had been with him in the war. He was not a pedigreed dog, for though he had as many ancestors as any other canine, none of them had been written down in a book. He was a poilu dog, a peasant. He was rough-haired, brown and white, with a bushy tail which he carried usually in air *en trompette* or whacked softly on the ground when his godlike master approached. During the drab monotony of trench life Felix had taught this dog of the regiment the manual of arms—the signification of *"En route!" "En avant!" "En voiture!"*—and to fetch his boots, his mail, his musette bag. As an orderly on the Front, Poulbot was a decided success. In poilu slang, he had *beaucoup de chic*. But at home, in Lisette's house, he was a sad failure. For Lisette loved dogs, but not the rough, dirty, poilu kind. The kind Lisette loved were the tiny long-haired pets which looked like a bundle of ravelings that pretty ladies carried under their arms in the Bois and that yapped viciously "R-r-r-r! R-r-r-r!" at big police dogs which immaculate, yellow-gloved officers sported upon a leash.

Philomene and Felix Were Seated Close Together in the Dappled Light and Shade of a Great Branching Tree

No, decidedly Poulbot was not good enough for Lisette; but neither, if it came to that, was Lisette good enough for Poulbot. Each hated the other. Poulbot knew that she hated him, knew also that she had tried to make Felix get rid of him and that Felix had indignantly refused. And now when Felix went stumping forth leaning heavily on his canes, with a strange look upon his face for all his smile—looking indeed like those pale smiling faces of dead men whom Poulbot had seen upon the Front—the dog of the regiment rose up from his corner, shook himself and followed his god to the door. Could it be that his master intended to make the campaign once more? But without helmet? Without musette bag? Without blanket roll, or bread, or an extra pair of hobnailed boots strapped to his back? His god must be crazy! Poulbot darted into his master's sleeping cabinet, dragged from the chair the faded blue tunic with the figures 225 upon the collar and tore down the street with it in his mouth.

Hearing the familiar rush of padding feet behind him, Felix turned. For several minutes he stood staring down, and presently the strange remote look in his eyes gave place to one of warmth, of recognition.

"Ha! 'Tis thou, Poulbot!" he murmured. "Thou still lovest me, then, legs or no legs? But thou art not a woman! And thou thinkest to make the campaign once more? Well, thou hast reason. We go to make the campaign—thou and I. But alone—alone! *Pas de Lisette!*"

This to Poulbot was sheer idiocy. Of course they made the campaign alone! Was his master raving? Lisette! *Par example!* What would they do with Lisette up on the line? She was bad enough in the house. But on the march! Poulbot barked his disgust at the idea.

Suddenly Felix laughed.

"Thou art a good *copain*," said he.

Painfully he lowered himself to the curb of the little back street, deserted at the moment, laid aside his canes and thrust his arms into the sleeves of his tunic. The dog of the regiment stood by wagging his tail. Presently he trotted back to fetch the rest of the equipment, which Felix struggled into as best he might, sitting upon the curb. After which he found his canes and stood upright, aiding himself by a strong grip of Poulbot's sturdy shoulder.

"*En route!*" cried Felix.

Poulbot answered with a bark of delight.

Adieu, Lisette! Adieu life—love! *En avant* for desolation!

So Felix, derelict of the war, stumped slowly down the street, with Poulbot, tail *en trompette*, padding contentedly in the rear. That night he found a billet with his sister.

Concerning the next month the less said the better. What with Lisette haunting him by day—he made three vain attempts to see her—and Monsieur Revenant and his ghostly comrades of the Front troubling his dreams by night, he grew thin as a skeleton. A skeleton with burning eyes and a fixed smile. The end of the month found him established at Derelict Isle.

They had had a hard time getting him out of the high two-wheeled cart in which Madame the Butcher had driven him over from the station. But finally Danilo, the Serb, had carried him, swooning from fatigue, into the barracks and set him down in a chair beside Madame Cecil, who, noting his pallor, poured a glass of cognac and held it to his lips. Felix drained it to the last drop.

"*Encore!*"

Madame Cecil poured another glass.

This the new arrival took in a hand which shook so that the liquor slopped over the sides and presented to his dog.

"He's my *copain*," he explained gravely.

But Poulbot, after one sniff, turned his muzzle away.

"Non? But it's good! It'll warm up your insides, old boy. Very well, since you refuse ——"

Felix swallowed the cognac at one gulp.

The poilus, who had gathered in a circle about the newcomer, grinned. To obtain extra rations upon some such false pretense as this was an old trick up on the line.

"What is his name?" asked Danilo in admiration.

"Poulbot. He is my *copain*. And I—I am Monsieur Pas de Jambes. Voilà!" After which he keeled over in a dead faint.

Madame Cecil thought of that first arrival as she stood leaning across the counter in order to keep furtive watch of Felix, who at the table was the center of a mounting merriment. Little by little after that first day Felix had opened his heart to her, confided his history, morsel by morsel, his love, his domestic catastrophe. From the moment of his arrival he had great influence over the men. They loved his profane gayety, his tales of Monsieur Revenant. For they, too, had their ghostly members which pained them in the night, which led them on weary wanderings among comrades dead and under the sod. About his chair was always a circle of complaining, gesticulating, blustering ex-poilus, and Felix settled their disputes with a laugh. He knew all the news about the farm, even before Madame Cecil, and could tell her of the new calves, pigs, sheep and rabbits. Papa Lapin, the rabbit, was considered by the poilus as rather boche in his tendencies toward rapid multiplication of the species.

"But listen, my friends," said Felix earnestly one day, "the boches are right, and we—we French are wrong. To be a great nation we must have men. And to have men we must first have kids. That's true, isn't it—eh? How shall we have men without kids? But no! Seriously, *sans blague*, we've got to have kids—for France."

And these broken men, derelicts all, who had given the members of their bodies for their country, wagged their heads portentously and solemnly agreed that Pas de Jambes was right; it stood to reason that if you wanted men you must first have kids. But it was the fault of this rotten government, which made life hard for poor men with families. Ah, well—it was the end of the world!

Nevertheless, as the months passed despite the friendship of the derelicts, Felix's spirit went down and down until it reached the very nadir of despair—and there it dwelt in darkness. No one marked this phenomenon save Madame Cecil—and Poulbot. But when the noisy midday meal was done, the hour of *repos* over and the men had scattered, grumbling, to their afternoon tasks in the field, Felix, left alone in his chair, would stare straight before him like a statue hours on end. Nor could even Poulbot's cold muzzle thrust into his hand achieve so much as a wintry smile from the master. For Felix those days was making the campaign, and making it alone. And presently his head would go down on the table, the arms outstretched as if groping blindly for aid. No tears. Only silence. The silence of the nethermost pit of despair.

At this juncture Poulbot, head and tail drooping, was wont to skulk over to Madame Cecil, take her skirt between his teeth and attempt to drag her to the table. Then Madame Cecil would reach down a *petite demoiselle* of her best white wine at forty sous the bottle, polish two glasses and with Poulbot at her heels approach the spot where Felix sat. Down went the *petite demoiselle* and the glasses on the table with a casual clank—after which Madame turned discreetly aside for a serviette to wipe away the crumbs, grumbling that these poilus were dirty fellows. By the time she had returned Felix had his head where it belonged, erect on his shoulders, had poured out the wine and was fondling Poulbot's ears. Then they talked. So Madame Cecil came to know the history of his life. She came to realize that Felix was one of those rare one-woman men. His passion for Lisette was hopeless, but try as he would he could not cut it out of his life. The effort was killing him. Shallow, selfish, lovely little Lisette was the reef upon which this gallant bark was foundering.

The last trip up to Paris to attend the divorce proceedings had finished him. Once more he had seen Lisette—seen her alone in all the glamour of her vivid beauty and charm in the judge's chambers. There is a French custom in divorce cases which

(Continued on Page 178)

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(Continued from Page 173)

decrees that before a divorce is granted the two parties shall come together face to face in a final attempt at reconciliation. The judge in the character of a father discourses gravely, tenderly to these two children of France, counseling love, forbearance. After which he leaves them together to see what propinquity may do. In seven cases out of ten the French woman is melted to tears; the inflammable Frenchman cannot endure the sight of her grief; they embrace—and go home gayly arm in arm!

But no such happy ending had occurred in the case of Lisette! What had the judge said? What had afterward transpired in that legal chamber when the two were left alone? Had Felix made a final supreme plea? Questions like these crowded into Madame Cecil's brain, and she found no answer. For since his return Felix had given no more confidences.

By now the big wooden barracks was filled from floor to rafters with blue cigarette smoke and stuffy as a French compartment on a troop train. Though the sun shone brilliantly outside, yet the early spring air had a sharp edge, and the big pot-bellied stove at the far end of the room gave forth a genial glow. It was the noon hour. The midday meal, *la soupe*, was finished, and now followed the period of rest, *le repos*, when the men lounged, read letters or newspapers, or played their favorite airs on the phonograph. Danilo was *chef d'orchestre;* and as he was also the slave of Felix, who had a passion for music, the records played by these derelicts would not have disgraced the finest salons of Paris. But one opera they never played. Felix had broken the record. That was Thaïs.

To a stranger these derelicts would have appeared an odd, a sinister crew. All were wrecked. Some had iron hooks instead of hands, wooden pegs instead of legs, glass eyes, paraffin noses. They resembled a job lot of old broken statues such as one finds in the outshed of a sculptor's studio.

Upon the end wall of the barracks hung a huge map of France, upon which during the war the change of Front was marked each day by pins. There was a red cord, weighted down at each end by a large nail, which was wound in and out of the pins to mark the front line and was pushed forward or back as towns were taken or lost. After the armistice Madame Cecil had suggested that the pins and the red cord be removed, but the soldiers raised a loud protest. That dusty red cord weighted down by nails was indissolubly linked with their broken bodies, their wild nightmare dreams, their dead comrades. It was more real to them than the wrangling of the Allied diplomats of which they read each morning in their journals. That dusty red cord was the realest thing in their lives; more real than their wives or their children or their business. That red cord had become mystically a kind of religion. And so even after peace it remained.

"Sing us a song, Pas de Jambes," murmured Danilo, leaning over the back of his friend's chair.

"Very good. I am going to sing: In Paris There Dwells a Little Lingerie Maker."

This was a gay chanson sung by Felix with extreme rapidity, the men joining in the refrain, slapping the table with their palms and clacking the floor with their sabots. With his hands fondling Poulbot's ears, his eyes fixed dreamily on the opposite wall, Felix, who intended very soon to clear out of this disgusting existence, sang in a mellow barytone:

In Paris there dwells une petite lingère,
In Paris there dwells une petite lingère

REFRAIN:

She sews lingerie so fine, so fine!
I never saw stitches so fine!

In the burst of applause which followed a soft voice at Madame Cecil's ear murmured:

"But he is very gay to-day, Monsieur Felix!"

"Oh, yes, he is very gay. He is too gay to suit me," said Madame Cecil shortly, turning to face the newcomer.

It was Madame Fromage, the cheese maker on the farm, who managed the dairy and gave the soldiers practical instruction in the art of making butter, cheese, sausages, and the like. With the ex-soldiers she was a great institution. They adored her, not only because of her practical common sense and sunny temper but also because of her fine complexion, her golden hair, which curled bewitchingly on the nape of her neck, her vitality and womanly charm. In her black uniform, with white collar and cuffs, she looked exquisite as if she had come out of a bandbox. And what a trim waist had this Madame Fromage! Just the right size for a poilu's arm. Of imagination she had not a scintilla—no more than her cows. She was a widow, her husband having been killed at Verdun. One after another every soldier on the farm—save only Felix—had made her an offer of matrimony, but each time Madame Fromage shook her head.

"At present," said she tranquilly, "I do not want a man. At present I am content. When I cease to be content there will be time enough to look for a husband. *Merci, monsieur, et bon jour!*"

But now as she gazed at Felix she did not look altogether content. Her cheeks had mantled with a rich bright color, and her breath, coming somewhat quickly, stirred her bosom as a light zephyr stirs the tranquil surface of the summer sea.

"How handsome he is—*ce garçon là!*" she murmured.

"He's handsome enough," admitted Madame Cecil. "But what's the good? His wife's divorcing him."

Madame Fromage nodded her head. She had heard the gossip on the farm. 'Twas scandalous to serve a poor man thus who had given his all for the country. But those Parisians would do anything! They had no honest shame. See how they wore their skirts—up to their knees! In Paris she had heard that the girls had no hearts in their breasts—only pocketbooks. Bah! For her part she could not see what men saw in such bold, hard, avaricious little baggages, painted to the nines. Not one of them, she would wager, had ever milked a cow or hoed a field of beets or pickled down a pig in brine. In truth men were infants.

"Tell me," she finished abruptly, "have you seen her—this fine madame?"

"No; only her picture."

"And is she pretty?"

"More than that. She is ravishing—an exquisite little Greuze."

Madame Fromage snorted. She had her opinion of these little Greuzes!

"And do you know what happened up in Paris this last time?"

Madame Cecil shook her head.

"Nothing! Felix has not opened his mouth. And from that I fear the worst. He has not slept since his return. And his leg, the leather one, has gone bad again. I expect traveling round in the snow was not too good for him. He's out of luck, that boy!"

Madame Fromage regarded her friend in silence, and presently a tear, a single large crystal tear, slipped its leash and rolled down the side of her nose. Madame Fromage scorned to wipe it away.

"If she were my sister," she murmured brokenly, "I would make her be good to him—or I would break every bone in her body. Greuze! *Ma foi!*"

"You love him then—you also?" demanded Madame Cecil, astounded.

The little cheese maker nodded her head sadly.

"Oui. Like all the rest of the world—like Danilo, like Poulbot, I love that boy well! And he does not even know that I exist!" (Continued on Page 178)

An Office to Take Pride In

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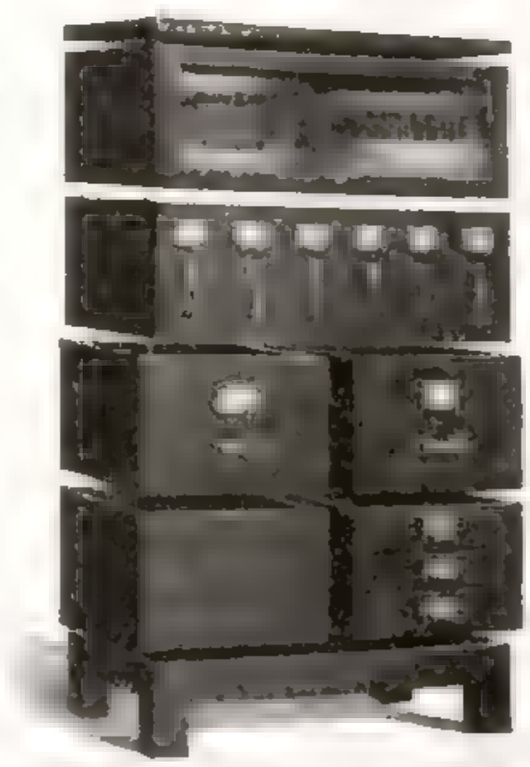

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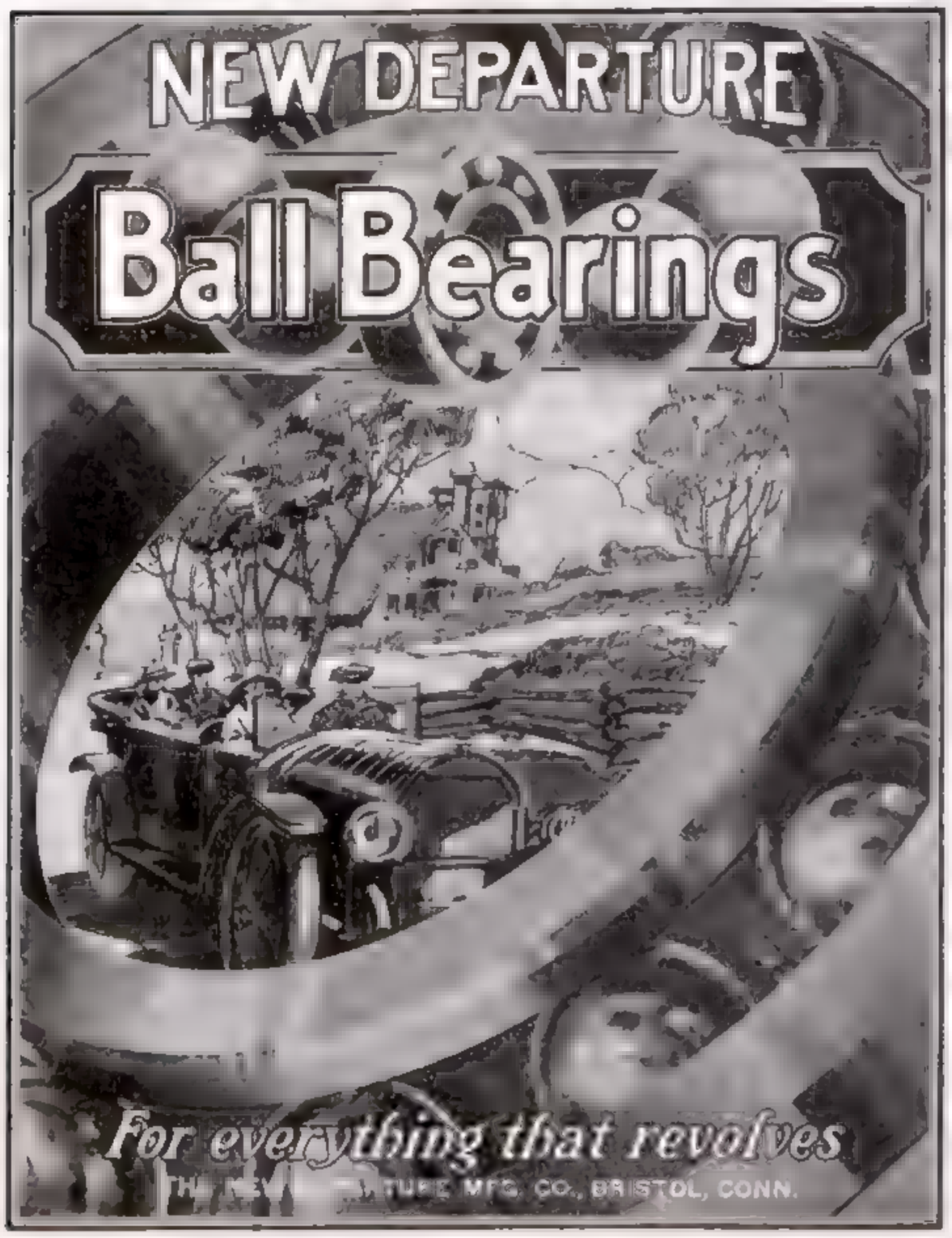

(Continued from Page 176)

Madame Cecil considered. Life, reflected she, was singularly perverse. Here was poor Danilo, mad with love of Madame Fromage; Madame Fromage mad with love of Felix; Felix mad with love of Lisette; and Lisette mad with love of nobody at all but her own little diamond-hard self. It was a blind, vicious circle—and yet without love there would be no circle at all.

"Listen," said she aloud, laying hold of Madame Fromage's firm, sun-tanned hand. "If you love Felix like that you have a right to know something—and two heads are better than one. Felix intends to kill himself—soon."

"*Comment?* Kill—what do you say?" whispered Madame Fromage, turning pale as her collar. She laid a startled hand upon her heart.

"Don't ask me how I know! I know! When he's going to do it I cannot say. But soon! Very soon! I know—and Poulbot knows! Wild horses couldn't drag him from his master's side."

"Ah, non! Non! I can't believe it! Monsieur Felix—non, madame, non, non, non! Say that you are joking!"

"Would that I were!" retorted Madame Cecil grimly. "Sh-h!"

Danilo had approached the counter.

"*Un, deux, trois, quatre, cinq, six petites demoiselles, s'il vous plait, madame.* Of your best white wine. Monsieur Felix treats all the world to-day! And will you and Madame Fromage do us the honor to drink with us? That Pas de Jambes is magnificent to-day."

Madame Fromage, pale, moving as if in a dream, took her place at the table opposite Felix, but for the life of her she could not lift her eyes to his face. She felt as if madame's terrible cataclysmic announcement were written visibly across her features. Poulbot, noting her presence, dived under the table to her side.

"He loves you—he also!" murmured Danilo in accents of frank adoration.

"'Tis because I give him titbits."

"*Non; jamais de la vie.* Poulbot loves you because you are admirable; he sees your soul."

"Poulbot! Come here!" cried Felix. The dog instantly obeyed. "You lazy devil—you're getting as gross as Kaiser Guillaume." Kaiser Guillaume was Madame Fromage's prize pig, which was almost ready to be slaughtered. "See those rolls of fat on your neck! A good soldier should be thin. Listen!" He took the dog's jaws between his two hands. "Say, do you remember how thin we were in the trenches before Verdun? When the trenches of the boches were only three meters away? And we were cut off—shelled by our own mitrailleuses and Austrian 88's? Say, old *copain*, do you remember that, eh?" Poulbot wagged his entire body in deep excitement and replied with a sharp bark. "Sure you remember! Now for the manual of arms! The képi!"

Poulbot dashed to the corner and returned with a battered military cap with a visor such as was worn in the early days of the war with the scarlet pantaloons.

"*Bon!* Now—the gas mask."

But here Poulbot made an error. He dragged forth a helmet and bore it proudly in his mouth to Felix. The soldiers roared. Poulbot, looking sheepish, hung his head.

"Non, imbecile! What did I say?—that thou hast grown fat and senile in peace! The gas mask!"

Poulbot trotted off and returned with the desired article, which Felix attached about the dog's neck in the position of the alert.

"Now—the bugle!"

The dog of the regiment fetched the instrument, decorated with a red-and-green cord and tassels, insignia of valor.

"*Très bien!* Now—the reveille!"

He placed the instrument to his lips, his eyes dreamy, and blew, soft yet silver clear, those clarion notes which for more than four years had roused the soldiers of a warring, sanguinary world from dreams of love and home. The ex-poilus stirred, smiled rather bleakly and shuffled their sabots. A remote brooding look came into their eyes. Those high brave notes peopled their minds with ghosts—ghosts of comrades, ghosts of blue-clad armies marching forth at raw dawns. Felix laid down the instrument with a sigh.

"I was trumpeter of my company when the war broke out," said he. "Ah! How young I was! And how proud! Oh, well—now for the manual of arms!"

He placed the képi on the dog's shaggy head, pulling it down over one eye, and cried in stentorian tones that rang strangely through the room: "*Portez—armes!*"

Poulbot rose upon his hind legs, his forelegs hanging down in front, his eyes fixed alertly on his master's face.

"*Attention au commandement de marche!* One—two! One—two! One—*marche!*"

Poulbot, grave as an archdeacon, marched.

"*Halte!*"

The dog of the regiment obeyed.

"*En place! Repos!*"

Obediently Poulbot dropped down on all fours and wagged his tail.

"Three cheers for France—for our brave soldiers!"

Poulbot pointed his muzzle to the rafters and uttered three loud barks.

"Three cheers for our Allies!"

Again three barks.

"Three cheers for Kaiser Guillaume and his dirty kronprinz!"

But here Poulbot showed his teeth and gave vent to a deep menacing growl.

The poilus cheered with delight. The exercise over, Poulbot restored the properties of the exhibition to the corner and the men sipped their wine. Felix absently fingered the cord on his bugle.

Suddenly he announced: "I am going to sound taps!"

The poilus looked startled, but rose stiffly to their feet and stood immobile at salute while the slow exquisite notes of the military requiem floated through the room. Madame Cecil, as those plaintive, wistful notes rose and fell, infinitely beautiful, infinitely sad, felt a thrill of horror. Felix, bugler of his company, was sounding taps for himself! That was like Felix! The ex-poilus, derelicts, stood bleak, silent, staring straight before them, as so often they had stood in squads by an open trench filled with the bodies of their fallen comrades under a sullen sky. Papa Loucheur, a gaunt Breton who had lost two sons and an arm in the war, suddenly closed his eyes; his huge red mustaches worked mysteriously up and down; he gulped; tears slipped down his cheeks. The pure exquisite notes swelled, dropped, swelled once more, and melted gradually into silence. There was a general sigh.

Papa Loucheur was heard muttering brokenly, "*Nom de Dieu! Nom de Dieu! Les sales brules!*"

The hour of *repos* was over. The afternoon tasks awaited. One by one the men departed, their sabots clacking noisily across the floor. Madame Fromage at a sign from her friend also slipped away. And now the big smoke-filled barracks was deserted save for Madame Cecil, a man who intended to kill himself, and his dog. Madame bustled from window to window, opening casements to let out the stale air.

"It's a marvelous day," said she. "Spring will be on us before we know. Felix, your leg will be better in the spring."

"Yes, I shall be quite well in the spring." He hummed under his breath:

At Paris there dwelle une petite lingère.

"We will go out into the forest," pursued Madame Cecil, "and see if we cannot find a wild boar. In the old days there were many wild boars, and they say a few are left. We'll give the men a holiday and take lunch along. You shall go in the cart, with Madame the Butcher."

"Never! With that fat tallow ball? Ah, non! When the springtide comes I shall be so strong, so free! I shall walk in the green woods by myself."

She sews lingerie so fine, so fine!
I never saw stitches so fine!

"It is a promise, then? You will go with us in the spring?"

Felix without reply hummed dreamily:

She made a cassock for our vicaire,
She made a cassock for our vicaire.

Madame Cecil sat abruptly down. Her face was somewhat pale. She was going over the top without a round of ammunition, and she knew no more than a fool what she should say next.

"Felix," she began, "did you see Lisette?"

"Oui."

She fetched it to him one Sunday night,
She fetched it to him one Sunday night.

"Well?"

Felix looked at her this time.

"She was charming," he said softly. "Charming as the devil—as always. She wore a ravishing little spring hat. Will you

(Continued on Page 181)

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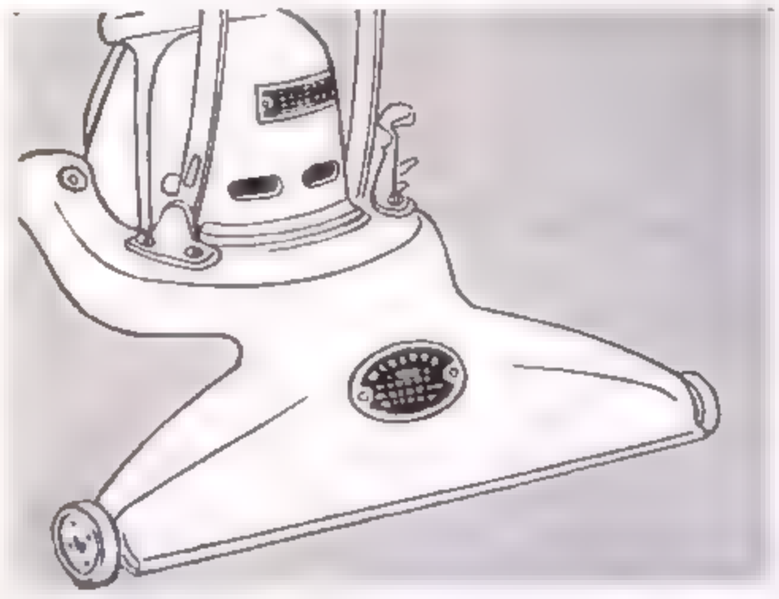

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(Continued from Page 178)

believe it, madame? It was snowing in the street and snowing in my heart—and yet that child wore a fresh spring hat! It was an exquisite affair, with all the first fruits of the season strewn round the brim. In shape it was like a doll's market basket. But Lisette wore it upside down, with the fruits hanging outside. I laughed when I saw her walk into the judge's chambers in that hat. 'Twas exactly like Lisette—to wear her head inside the basket and push the fruits outside. That infant is the devil. And over the market basket she had hung a veil—of tulle—green tulle, fragile as the first pale leaves of spring. Green tulle—in the snow! Oh, it was funny! I laughed until the judge, who was talking in low tones with Lisette at the far end of the room, looked round at me and frowned. She had high black suède boots with tassels on the ends of the laces. Tassels, *ma foi!* And at her breast a great bunch of Parma violets with one red rosebud at its heart. Ah, she was exquisite, that little Lisette!"

"How much is it, ma petite lingère?"
"Monsieur, quinze francs." "Ce n'est pas trop cher!"

"And then?" persisted Madame Cecil.

"Oh, then everything marched very well. The judge brought her to my chair. I rose. The judge said, 'Be seated, be seated, my poor fellow.' But I stood. It is the custom for a prisoner to stand when he receives sentence, is it not? I said, '*Bon jour, Lisette! Comment allez vous?*'"

She sews lingerie so fine, so fine!
I never saw stitches so fine!

"And Lisette—what did Lisette say?"

"She said nothing. She turned her head away. She had no words to waste on a poor no-account soldier without legs. And so the no-account soldier sat down again."

"I'll kiss you then, ma petite lingère ——"

"And the judge?" continued madame patiently.

"Oh, that judge—he was a pompous, silly old fellow. He got off a lot of rubbish. He said, 'Madame, you are wrong—very wrong—to desert this poor husband of yours. He is a hero.' I could hardly keep from bursting into a roar of laughter at that. 'He has given the members of his body for France. He has been broken—for you, madame! For you! Why, madame, I had not supposed there was a woman in France like you! For our women have married our gallant soldiers who were blind, crippled, unable to move from their beds. And that is right. For life must be served. France must be served. We must have children to replace those who have fallen in this frightful war. And you, madame, like a good Frenchwoman, must do your part. I solemnly adjure you, by your mother, by the happy souvenirs of your childhood days, to be reconciled to this man again. Come! Come, madame! Let me see you embrace him!'

"Well, he maundered on, that old fellow, as if he were an actor declaiming a star part on the stage. Actually there were tears in his eyes!"

She sews lingerie so fine ——

"And Lisette?"

"Ah, that wicked little Lisette! She was bored to death. She never looked at me once; just studied the toe of her boot. The flowers on her bosom rose and fell, rose and fell, like a little boat on a gentle tide. No emotion there! The fragrance of the violets sickened me. I could not remove my eye from that soft, regular movement of her breast. Presently the judge left us. I was alone with Lisette. I rose. She rose—and turned her back on me. She moved over to the window and drummed her fingers on the panes."

Felix paused, mopped his brow covered with fine beads of dew, and murmured: "I find this painful, madame—and inutile. At bottom inutile. But you are my friend. You have a right to question. Shall I proceed?"

"No, no, my dear friend! Only—I cannot bear to see you so—so cast down!"

"I am not cast down!" he protested proudly. "Upon my word of honor! All that is past!"

"And the interview came to nothing?"

"Nothing! But I had no expectations. A good soldier envisages both victory and defeat. 'Tis all one in a hundred years."

She sews lingerie so fine, so fine!
I never saw stitches so fine!

Madame Cecil sighed. She was still outside his defenses and she did not know what hazard to essay next. Suddenly the affair was taken out of her hands. Overtaxed nature came to her aid. For the past two months she had labored beyond her strength. To be queen in a kingdom of derelicts is a position which possesses drawbacks. And Madame Cecil's cheerfulness was always on tap. For some weeks she had felt worn and strained, but with the trouble of Felix coming to a head she had not been able to leave. Now, suddenly, without any premonitory warning, her gray head flopped down upon the table. Madame Cecil had fainted away. Intensely startled, Felix sprang from his chair, stumbled and fell sprawling to the floor.

"Poulbot!" he shouted savagely. "Go! Fetch Madame Fromage! *Marche!*" The dog bounded away.

In less time than it takes to record Madame Fromage had arrived, lifted her friend in her strong young arms, laid her flat upon the floor and was pouring brandy between the pale lips. Felix, kneeling painfully upon the planks, fanned her with yesterday's journal, and Poulbot, to whom this sort of resuscitation was a very stale affair, stood by, sniffing now and again at Madame Cecil's hand to ascertain if she were still alive. Sometimes they died very quickly on the Front.

Presently Madame Cecil opened her eyes, closed them again and lay thinking. Evidently she had fainted! The face of Felix, as he bent above her, had looked very tender and sad. She decided to faint a bit longer, while she worked out her future strategy. The fainting spell had arrived opportunely, like unexpected reënforcements of troops. She would be a fool of a general if she refused to take advantage thereof. Accordingly she lay very still and white, while Madame Fromage brought a basin of water and Felix clumsily bathed her temples. At length she essayed to sit up.

"Help me, Felix!" she breathed weakly.

Felix gathered her in his arms.

"Wait! Wait!" she gasped. Again she closed her eyes.

Madame Fromage eased the painfulness of his position by a strong sustaining clasp round his shoulders. Her face, full of tender concern, was so close that her warm breath was upon his cheek and a strand of bright curling hair touched his lips.

"Pauvre madame!" she murmured. "See! How frightfully pale she is! For a long time I have wanted her to go away, but she would not."

A single warm tear splashed down upon his hand. Felix started and stared down at it curiously. Never in all his brief wedded life had he seen Lisette weep save when she could not have her way. But this good soul wept from sheer tenderness. Felix, within the warm circle of her arm, aware of the steady throb-throb of her heart, pondered that crystal drop on his hand. He drew back so as to obtain a glimpse of her face.

Madame Cecil's eyes remained sealed. Well she knew that only the love of woman can cure the terrible, bitter wounds of love! And potent is the magic of tender encircling arms! She let the magic work a while before she sat up and said in her usual brusque voice: "I'm all right now—except that I'm half drowned. Madame Fromage, get me a handkerchief from that upper drawer."

As the young woman turned away Madame Cecil lifted her eyes to Felix's face.

"You have a rendezvous, my friend," she said softly. "No, don't speak! I know! But you cannot leave just now. I am ill—as you see. I need your influence with the men. Promise me you will not go."

Felix stared straight before him with somber eyes.

"I cannot!" he muttered. "I've had my dose."

"Just until I am better?"

His face contracted. He drew a deep struggling breath and murmured in suffocated tones, "*Bon!* I accede—for the present. But only for the present, madame!"

And with this she had to be content.

Winter passed like a gnarled old peasant hobbling along the road, shoulders bowed, eyes fixed upon the ground. Came spring, glad, with dancing white feet and a magic wand in her hand. And suddenly at a touch of that wand the mystery, the miracle of burgeoning held the land in thrall. Never had Madame Cecil seen such a matchless processional of perfect days. Lilies of the valley, violets, blue and white, breathed forth their fragile incense in the

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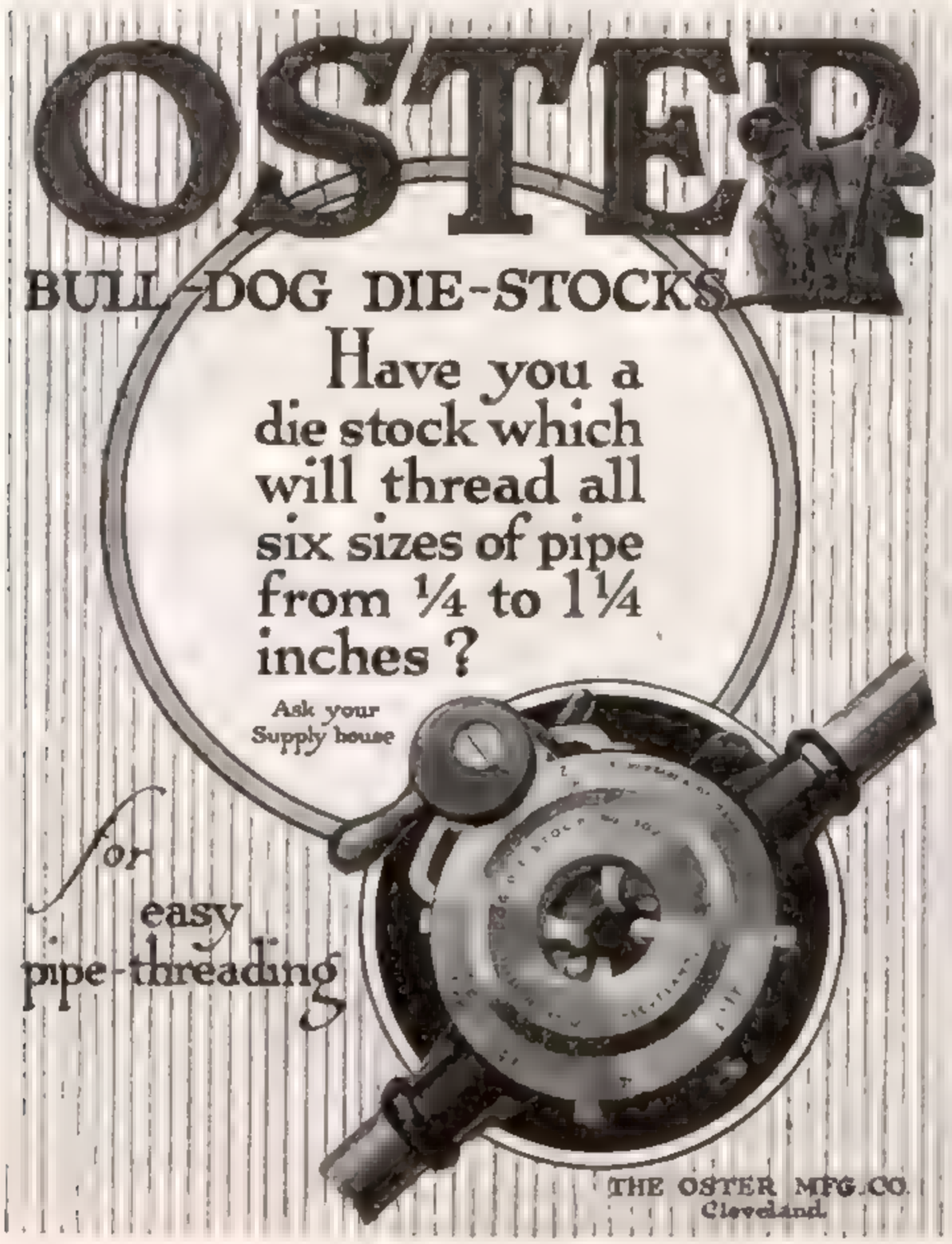
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woods. The trees, which all winter had exposed gaunt black limbs silhouetted with snow, enveloped themselves in a shimmering mist of lucid green. The rolling hills, gray and wrinkled in winter as an elephant's flank, began to exhibit soft, green velvet shadows which strengthened with the days, until at length hill and valley were clothed in primal beauty. Thus Nature, decked like a bride in exquisite raiment, went forth on her appointed way of resurgent passion, resurgent pain.

The magic wand touched the men. Upon Sunday, their day of ease, they were up with the sun, washed, shaved and dressed in their shabby best. What meticulous care to drape gracefully an empty sleeve across the breast, or to pin up decently the loosely flapping leg of a pantaloon! Then gay as children they set off for the nearest small hamlet, which they facetiously dubbed la Capitale. Here they visited friends, paid their court to the girls, or wandered out into the forest. Life, which quickened the waking earth to beauty, quickened these derelicts too. In truth, they could rightly be called derelicts no longer. Some found positions; some loved and mated and moved away. Life wove them all into her big tapestry; scarred, marred, she still had need of them. Only—they must not stand aside; they must submit themselves; submit to be woven into the great eternal mystical design.

Papa Loucheur was the first to go. They caught him one morning kissing Mademoiselle the Mail Carrier under a flowering tulip tree. Within a fortnight they were wed.

Upon Madame Fromage this universal chant of Nature, this jubilee chorus of spring, had a devastating effect. She loved Felix—and Felix, with his thoughts turned ever upon his rendezvous, apparently did not know she was alive. She caught him sometimes staring at her, through her, with a dark, absent gaze, as if she were made of air. Love carved delicate lilac shadows under her eyes; love gave her lips a wistful droop; love threw about her body a radiant, glamorous veil of allure which the expoilus marked with mingled astonishment and respect. Almost through love she achieved imagination!

One day she came to Madame Cecil with a stupefying request. It was no less than that she should go up to Paris, draw from the bank her scanty hoard, seek out Lisette and offer it to her if she would but take Felix back!

"But Lisette is already divorced!" objected Madame Cecil when she had recovered from her amazement.

"Pooh! I suppose it is not prohibited to marry again? Ah," she sobbed suddenly, "I cannot endure to see him looking so bleak, so sad!"

Madame Cecil herself was depressed. Alone of all the men Felix seemed unmoved by the sweet influences of spring. He sat alone. He did not sing. The poilus respected his desire for solitude and let him be. To Madame Cecil, beyond the usual polite banalities of the day, he rarely spoke. She knew he had not forgiven her the woman's subterfuge by which she had wrung from him his promise. He punished her by a frigid courtesy, blighting as a hoarfrost.

One day this secret estrangement came to a head. It was at the midday meal. Monsieur Pierre, the fat cook, had gone frog hunting the night before down in the marsh and had caught sufficient for himself and one other. For that other he elected Madame Fromage to grace. Madame Fromage in turn had transferred her rights to Monsieur Felix, with the stipulation that the rest of the world should remain ignorant of the transaction. It was agreed. Felix consumed the delicacy with delight.

Danilo, observing his unwonted appetite, called out: "What art thou gobbling out of that little casserole, Pas de Jambes? What are those little machines on your fork?"

"Those little machines are frogs' legs," said Felix. "And excellent little machines they are!"

The effect of this announcement was electric. Danilo's jaw dropped. His eyes grew staring and wild. He sprang to his feet.

"Non, non, non!" he shouted. "You must not eat those horrible little beasts!"

It is true that in Danilo's part of the world men did not eat frogs. They were considered taboo, disgusting, unfit for gentlemen or slaves. To eat them put one beyond the pale. Simply, it was not done. Accordingly, when he beheld his friend and comrade put one of the disgusting creatures in his mouth Danilo was filled with horror. He stamped upon the floor. He wrung his hands.

"Non, non, non!" he shouted. "This is too much! Oh, my God, do not touch them! I beg! I entreat!"

"Why not?" inquired Felix composedly. "I am a Frenchman. A Frenchman is free. He eats what he likes. You are absurd, my Danilo, with your religious views." And he lifted another leg to his mouth.

"You refuse, then?" cried Danilo, going very white.

"Absolutely, *mon enfant!*"

"Then choose!" exclaimed Danilo, striking his chest—"choose between thy friend who loves thee and those vile things!"

"*Bon!* I choose!"

And Felix calmly thrust a fresh morsel into his mouth. Upon which Danilo, mad with rage and grief, dashed his wine glass to the floor and rushed from the house. The poilus almost burst their sides with laughter over this sudden primitive explosion of passion from their Serbian friend. Madame Cecil joined in the gale of mirth. And that was her undoing. For Felix, perceiving her laughter, rose painfully and made his way to her counter.

"Well, Monsieur Felix, what can I do for you?"

Felix regarded her for a space in silence before he made reply: "Madame is much better these days, I am enchanted to observe. We had a little compact—possibly madame recalls that small affair—by which she obtained a promise that I should remain at her disposal for a time. But now I see that her health marches once more. And I have been patient—too patient, I think! Now the time has arrived to ask my promise back."

Madame Cecil clutched at her heart.

"Ah, no, Felix," she stammered, "you are wrong! I—I am not yet absolutely well. I—I have been planning to go away. Ah, Felix!" she cried, breaking down under his quiet, hard look, "you—you must not! Listen! Look here! To-morrow we kill the Kaiser Guillaume. The next day madame makes the sausages, and we have the tidbits for *la soupe*. It will be a fête. The men do not go to work. They assist Madame Fromage. You—you would not do anything to sadden their joy?"

Felix considered deeply.

"Very well, I shall attend the fête of Kaiser Guillaume. But after that—after that, madame, my time is my own."

That night as the men were on the point of dispersing to their beds Danilo crept into the room, his clothes disheveled, his face mud-streaked and scratched by brambles where he had fallen in the woods. But his eyes were lit with a wonderful light. Without regarding the men, who nudged each other and smiled, he marched straight to the counter and asked in a low trembling voice: "Have you any of that chartreuse left, madame?"

This almost priceless liquid was consecrated to grand events, and Madame Cecil nodded, somewhat awed.

"Pour me two glasses, please."

Madame complied. Not a sound could be heard in the room. Danilo lifted, with extreme attention, the two tiny glasses filled with the shimmering, fragrant liqueur, bore them to the table and set them down before Felix, who looked up with an affectionate smile.

"Pas de Jambes," said the boy, choking on his words, "you may eat frogs if you like. I was wrong! I—I do not understand how you can eat them. They make me tremble with disgust. But eat them if you will. I love you just the same. Drink with me."

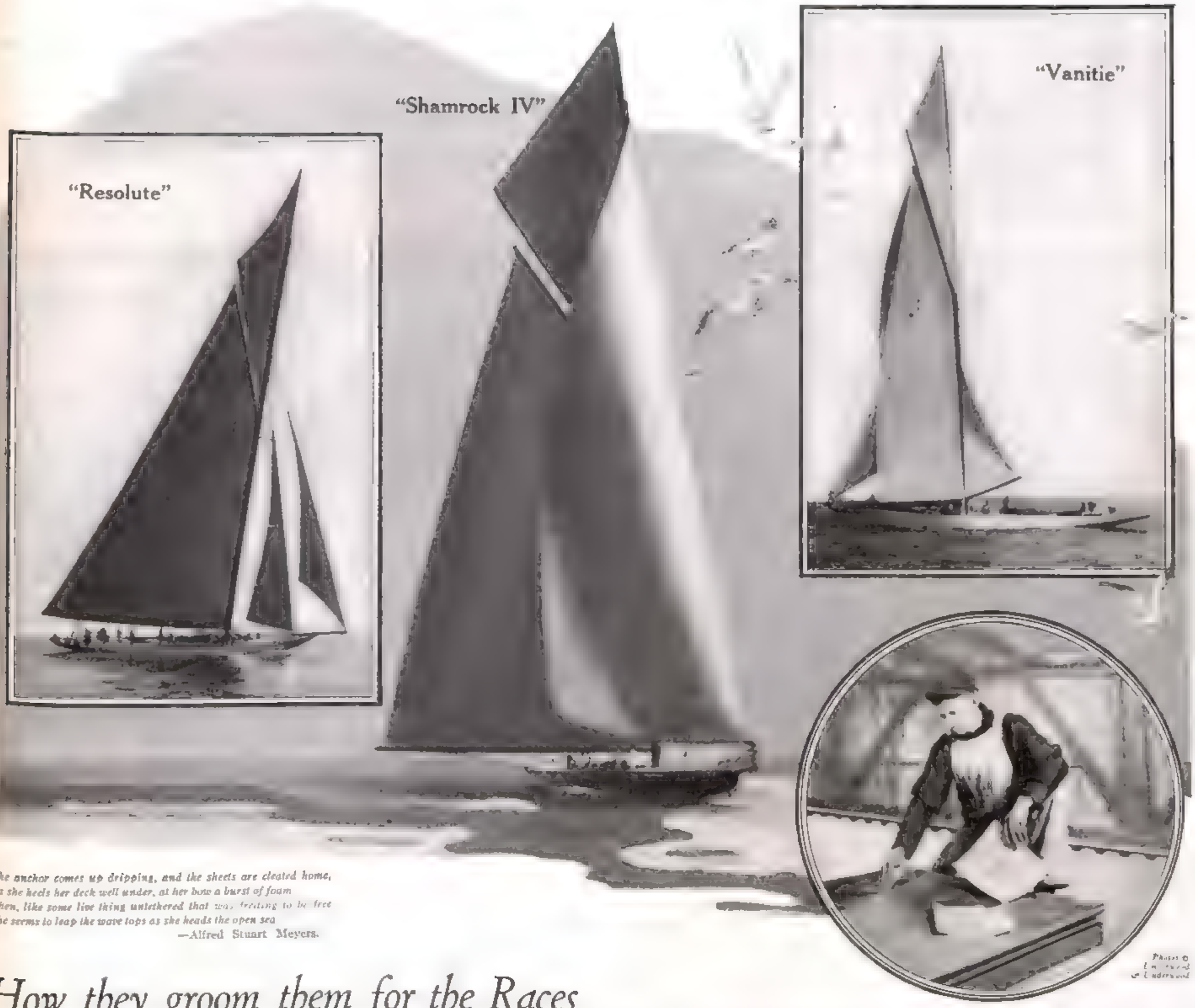
"Thou are nothing but a big infant!" replied Felix with a laugh. "Certainly I shall eat frogs. And certainly we shall love each other just the same. What have those things to do with friendship? Friendship, *mon petit*, is an affair of the soul."

The two gravely pledged each other, while the others assisted with loud smackings of the lips.

That night at staff headquarters in Madame Cecil's tiny sitting room a conference was held between the two women on the farm to determine what was to be done with Felix. He intended, announced Madame Cecil, to await only the slaughter of Kaiser Guillaume and the attendant fête.

"That's very simple," said Madame Fromage, very white and solemn. "We will not kill Kaiser Guillaume. He shall live forever and a day."

(Concluded on Page 165)



The anchor comes up dripping, and the sheets are cleated home,
As she heels her deck well under, at her bow a burst of foam
Then, like some live thing untethered that was fretting to be free
She seems to leap the wave tops as she heads the open sea
—Alfred Stuart Meyers.

How they groom them for the Races

"Want to see the Shamrock? Right," said the gateman as I produced my pass. "In that shed you'll find her." This with the wave of a mittened hand. "And ask for Ed. Konarsky."

This was one day last Spring after I had splashed my way through the March mud and slush to the gate of the Jacob's Yards out at City Island.

As I headed for the shed, my thoughts turned back to the race that brought the Cup into our hands.

It was on a bright June morning in the year 1851, that a trim black schooner yacht towed down to Sandy Hook cast off the hawser, made sail, and stood to eastward. She was the America, the first yacht to cross the ocean to do battle against the racing craft of another nation.

Two months later this game Yankee schooner led seventeen of England's best across the line and won the Cup which now bears her name.

For sixty-nine years it has been the dream of English yachtsmen to lift the Cup. But their persistent, sportsmanlike efforts have always been baffled by the skill of American designers, sailors and riggers. Through all these years the Cup has remained in our hands.

Today we have the Shamrock IV to reckon with. This latest challenger, owned by Sir Thomas Lipton, was towed last fall to the famous Robert Jacob's Yard at New York City to be groomed for the race.

* * * * * * * * * * *

In the dim light of the big shed a group of men were at work with abrasive paper on the mahogany hull and wooden deck work of the English boat. I looked her over. Curves and speed-lines were of blown-glass smoothness.

"She's getting a real grooming, every inch of her rubbed down to a piano finish," said Ed. Konarsky, a rigger, man and boy for 20 years, "and look at this." He took a sheet of abrasive paper from one of the workmen and pointed to the trade-mark "Manning Speed-grits" on the back.

"Speed and grit, eh! Could you ask for a better tip on the race?"

Manning Speed-grits
Reg U.S Pat Off

Today, wherever there is fine finishing being done you find Manning Speed-grits—today manufacturers are finding the difference between ordinary abrasives and Manning Speed-grits—today "Good Workmen Know the Difference."

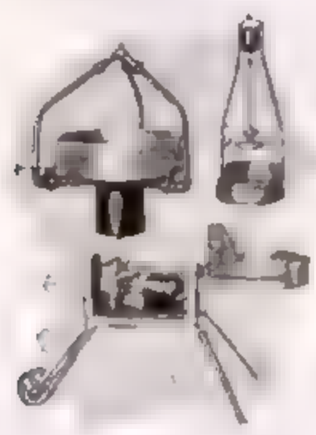
Send today for "The Difference Book." Address Manning Abrasive Company, Factory and Laboratory, Troy, New York. Sales Offices in all principal cities. Look for Manning Abrasive Company in your telephone book.

Don't say Sandpaper—say Speed-grits

To build a thing is one problem—to fit that thing into a business is another. To do both, requires not only facility but experience

Stapling Machine, gear-driven by ¼ H. P. motor

Multiform Saw, driven by ½ H. P. motor



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Look for this mark of leadership in electrical development and manufacture

Wherever there's a Live Wire, there should be a Motor

THE old-time mechanic brought his job to the machine; the modern workman brings the machine to his job, because the electric motored machine can be moved about to suit the nature of the work.

In every shop where there is electric light, there may be motorized tools, for G-E motors are made to fit the many variations of current and the changing requirements of mechanical operations. A breast drill and a multiform saw may require different speeds and different power requirements, or a block planer may differ from both of these. And yet, electric motors, under proper control and scientifically applied, will increase the efficiency of all three.

So the G-E name plate has come to mean more than just a good motor. It means that the makers of that motor have analyzed the work it must do and have selected from thousands *the one motor* that will do this work in the best possible way, with least attention.

In the equipment of small tools and machines with electric drive, the General Electric Company acts in the capacity of consulting engineer, making it easy for the manufacturer of those tools to get the best results through proper application. It is more than a question of simply buying a motor and putting it on a machine, for G-E motors are not mere products—they are specialized machines which deliver full value when applied correctly.

GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY, SCHENECTADY, N. Y.

G-E motors

From the Mightiest to the Tiniest

5SB-34

GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY

(Concluded from Page 182)

"No, no!" objected Madame Cecil impatiently; "that's just another subterfuge—and Felix has had enough of them."

They fell into a discussion which came to naught. In fact neither knew a power big enough to bind Felix to the earth.

The next morning Kaiser Guillaume was slaughtered with great éclat. The entire farm witnessed the event and gave expert advice. The entire farm, with one important exception. Madame Fromage, when the time came to prepare the sausages, was nowhere to be found. The ex-poilus searched.

Madame Cecil searched, reflecting within herself the while: "She seeks to postpone the inevitable by hiding away. Poor child!" And she went thoughtfully about her tasks.

Concerning Felix a calm had settled down over her soul. What was to be would be—and if she could assist destiny, certainly the way would be opened for her. So she waited upon the hours. Came noon and the midday repast, and still no Madame Fromage. Toward three o'clock Poulbot, whom Felix had called that morning in vain, came limping into the barracks and deposited a note on his master's knee. Surprised, the young man opened it. The handwriting was round, open and naïve. It read:

"*Monsieur Felix:* You know well that I love you. You have known it ever since the day my tears fell upon your hand."

"Amazing woman!" thought Felix. "Now how the devil did she discover that?" He read on:

"I know about Madame Lisette. Madame Cecil has told me. I know everything. I have thought and thought, and I have come to this decision: You must not go! You have too great an influence with the men. But how can I prevent you? There is only one way. I shall go myself—in your place. And you must stay behind. Please forgive all this writing. I am only a simple girl of the country and I cannot say all that is in my heart. You will please to excuse me if I say things badly. Ah, yes, say that you excuse!

"Poulbot goes with me to carry back this letter. When you read this it will be done.

"Adieu, PHILOMENE.

"P. S. I have taken your revolver."

From the courtyard Madame Cecil heard a great cry. Hurrying to the door, she beheld Felix, pale as a ghost, struggling to his feet.

"Felix! What is it?" she cried.

"Philomene! Philomene!" he babbled.

"Who?" Her little world whirled about her. Philomene indeed!

"Madame Fromage! She—she—here, take it! Read! But name of God, make haste!" He flung the letter at her and hobbled to the door. "Danilo!" he bawled in a voice to wake the dead. His favorite came running. "Harness the horse! Don't stand gaping, imbecile! Do what I say!"

In an amazingly brief space the purblind old mare had been led forth and harnessed to the clumsy, high, two-wheeled cart, ancient of days. Madame Cecil mounted and took the reins. Felix was hoisted to a seat by her side.

"*En route!*" cried he to Poulbot.

The dog, delighted, leaped on ahead. They were making the campaign once more! Upon the road Felix had absolutely no word to say. Occasionally he leaned down and lashed furiously the aged mare's legs, upon which she gave an indignant leap, tried to back the cart into the bushes and presently settled again into a stolid walk. Poulbot trotted on ahead, occasionally chasing a green dragon fly. It was a full hour before, leaving the wood road with an abrupt descent, they came out upon a small fenced pasture knee-deep with lush grass. And here they came upon a strange scene.

Philomene, flushed, her hair tumbled down, her cheeks damask with excitement and her skirts pinned back to her knees, was running hither and thither, sobbing, expostulating, scolding as she strove to drive out of the pasture a flock of sheep which had broken through a breach in the fence. They had eaten the lush grass until their sides were blown and distended. Unless they were got out of the pasture they would speedily die, and they were the chief financial asset of the farm. So Madame Fromage, a stout conservative, had postponed her own private affair in order to save the property of the farm. The newcomers took in the situation at a glance.

"*Voilà le revolver!*" remarked Felix quietly, pointing to a bowlder by the road.

The lethal weapon, wrapped carefully in a handkerchief, lay atop the rock. Suddenly Felix broke into clear laughter and waved his cane at Madame Fromage, who looked up at the sound. Madame Cecil assisted him to alight and with Poulbot went to the rescue of the sheep. Later when the foolish animals had been shepherded safely to a safe spot and the damaged fence repaired she slipped quietly away into the misty green shimmer of the woods. One sheep, perhaps two, would surely die, Madame Fromage had apprised her. Well, a sheep was the classic sacrifice, and certainly something should pay the price to the ironic gods for all the foolishness of this day.

An hour later she returned. Philomene and Felix were seated close together in the dappled light and shade of a great branching tree. Felix had crowned her with a chaplet of lilies of the valley mixed with tender green leaves. It was significant that though violets covered the ground like a perfumed carpet, not one had Felix touched.

"You will make a charming bride," murmured he, "with such a wreath and a veil."

"Widows do not wear veils," said literal Philomene.

"But you must promise me one thing."

"What?"

"Never to wear tassels on your boots."

Madame Fromage had a gay tinkling laugh of derision.

"Tassels! *Ma foi!* I should hope not! For the chickens to peck off? What an idea!"

"Nor green tulle on your hat."

"Green tulle is very pretty—in its place. But I shall not wear any hat at all," she added proudly. "In the country one does not wear a hat. Is that all you have to ask?"

"No," replied Felix very humbly and low. "I must ask you one other thing. It is most important."

But what was this important thing Madame Cecil never learned, for at this juncture she tiptoed softly away.

The next day the soldiers fêted a double event—the death of Kaiser Guillaume and the betrothal of Monsieur Felix and Madame Fromage. It was a magnificent fête—marred only by one untoward event. All the delicate tidbits had been carefully set aside in a covered casserole to enrich the sauce. Suddenly as if by magic these tidbits disappeared. Whither? How? What low fellow, what *salaud*, had stolen those tidbits away? The poilus cast dark, suspicious glances on one another and on Poulbot.

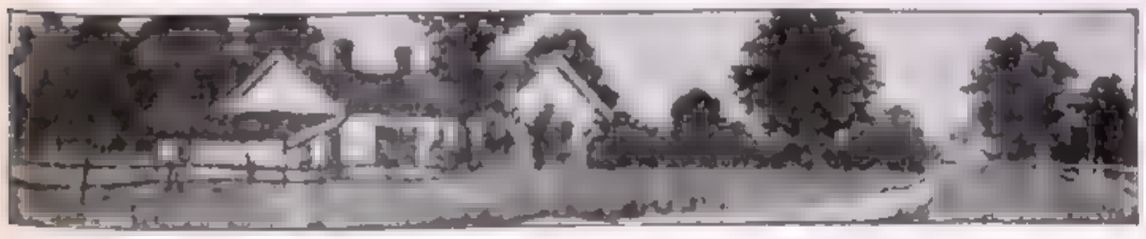
But that proud dog did not heed. He marched up and down the barracks, tail *en trompette*, and viewed the world at large with a complacent eye. For Felix, his god, his *copain*, had announced that they were going to make the campaign once more. In summer! In June! And Madame Fromage was to make the campaign with them too. Well, this was somewhat bizarre—and yet it was better than Lisette. Oh, decidedly better than Lisette!

"Do you love me, Poulbot, a little?" murmured Madame Fromage, bending laughingly down to whisper in his ear.

"Listen!" commanded Felix, the god. Poulbot inclined an ear. "If you want Madame Fromage to make the campaign with us, old boy, give three loud cheers. Otherwise I shall beat you for eating the tidbits!"

Poulbot gave three cheers—and added a tiger for good luck.

But nobody—not Philomene, nor Madame Cecil, nor Poulbot—ever knew that some part of Monsieur Felix died upon that day.



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CHASING THE RAINBOW

(Continued from Page 13)

have you got a chew. But, bless you, a short acquaintance will set you at ease. For none of these experts knows any more about the oil business than you do. They have picked up the patter; they have learned to read a map and to distinguish between a flyspeck and a dry-well indication on a blue print, but their study of the oil industry has been confined to the hotel lobbies and exchanges of the boom towns. Six months ago they were making a useful living selling dry goods over the counter or wrapping up a pound of nails or teaching a tin Lizzie obedience with a hammer. Aye, six months ago they all held jobs, and though they might spend five days a week figuring how they could stall off the landlady Saturday night, they were contributing to production or distribution, and helped the wheels of industry revolve. Then the lure of easy money, of living off the other fellow, caught them, and now they are parasites.

I am not referring here to the responsible lease brokers and bona fide dealers in oil lands and stocks, who perform a useful function as connecting links between buyers and sellers, between the oil industry and the general public, but to the hordes of adventurers and dead beats that infest every oil town, try to horn into every deal, and gain a livelihood by peddling rumors and selling worthless stuff or snatching a percentage of the speculators' profits. They outnumber the responsible brokers and dealers about ten to one.

Sometimes they will split a $200 commission eight ways.

These lobby lice, as they are frequently called, are not really part of the oil industry. The oil industry doesn't happen to be in their haunts. To see and know that you have to go away out in the sticks, deep into the pine woods or out on some bleak stretch of prairie or into a barren gulch. And there the real oil industry is going day and night, with grind and clank and whirr of drill, bringing the precious fluid from the bowels of the earth by the sweat of grimy, hard-toiling men. You will not see any lobby lice there, for it's work. And right here I rise to remark that the men who have made fortunes in the oil business, and not through stock promotions or lucky ownership of lands on which oil was struck, have earned every cent of it by close application and everlastingly plugging at it. The speculators, lease hounds, gamblers and such, who operate in the oil towns, are to the real oil industry what the frenzied mob of curb brokers on a panicky day in New York is to American manufacturing. Just about that, and no more.

Tom Tarwater's Millions

However, they and their ilk happen to be the ones who directly and indirectly cause the bulk of losses in oil speculation borne by the public. The same breed is in nearly every city and town throughout the country. Often they rent elaborately furnished suites for offices, employ scores of stenographers and salesmen, take whole pages of newspapers for their advertising and live on the scale of a pampered movie star. But their methods are the same as those of the little pikers in the oil town; their intent is the same; and often they peddle much less probable stuff. As between the piker on the spot, who makes a bit of money by preying on lease speculators or the fluctuations in local stocks, and the Wallingford far distant from the fields, who lures innocent investors into parting from their savings for worthless paper, give me the piker every time, for at least he is dealing with people who have the opportunity for first-hand investigation and are supposed to know what they are doing.

A majority of the successful speculators in oil eventually lose their winnings, but of course the public never hears of that. It is only the successes that reach their ears. In making the rounds of the oil fields one grows so accustomed to seeing millionaires pointed out that they make no more impression than the sight of a flivver. You are walking along an oil-town street. Somebody gives you a poke in the ribs to draw attention to a man who is passing. He looks as though he had just laid down a pick or ought to be swinging one. You can discern nothing to cause excitement.

"See that guy?" whispers your informant. "That's Tom Tarwater."

Whereupon you display the proper interest and murmur "Is that so?" wondering all the while who in tarnation Tom Tarwater may be.

"He's worth $5,000,000," goes on your friend in awed accents. "And last year he didn't own a washbasin or a window to throw it out of."

They are always millionaires. I have yet to see pointed out a single individual in the oil fields who did not have at least a million. Occasionally my curiosity has prompted me to get a bank rating on these persons, and in nearly every case their wealth has been exaggerated from five to twenty times.

What I would call real money has been made by enterprising merchants, restaurant keepers, lease brokers and hotel owners in the oil towns. Two friends of mine who operated a lease office in Wichita Falls made $40,000 in commissions in two hours one Saturday night during a wild stampede following the bringing in of a well. They sold $400,000 worth of leases to men who fought for the chance to buy. The hotel lobbies and all the lease offices were a wild babel that night. From midnight until two in the morning men yelled and clawed and clambered over one another's shoulders to get at the brokers who had leases to sell on the stuff they wished to buy. Drawers and other depositories were soon filled. They were stuffing checks and money into a wastebasket. The firm in question has probably cleaned up almost $1,000,000 within ten months, practically all of it in commissions and without risking its own capital.

Gifted Geologists

I happened to observe a number of army tents pitched on a vacant lot in an oil town and fell into conversation with the man who guarded the gate. He asked me if I wanted to rent a bed. It developed that he had bought twenty-four old army tents, which had a capacity of six cots each. For these cots he was charging sixty cents a night, and every one of them had been occupied for months. His revenue had been more than eighty-five dollars a day and his expense practically nil.

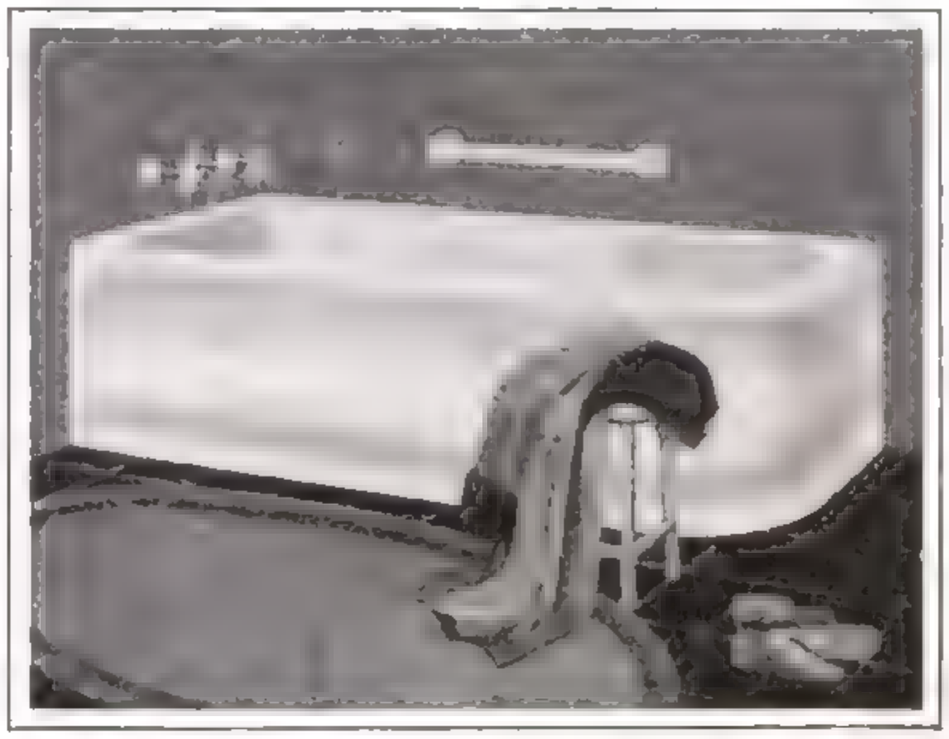
"They can keep their gushers," he told me, tilting a cigar in his mouth. "Give me a few months more of this and I'll have a stake."

In any speculative business like the oil, in which the element of chance plays such a prominent part, superstition is bound to have a strong hold. They do the most amazing things on hunches. One development company was conducting its operations in 1919 largely on the tips of a negro boy. This little negro, aged ten, who seemed able to read a couple of foreign languages, was soon elevated to the class of seers. If he could read foreign languages, what more natural than that he should be selected as the geologist to locate the site of an oil well the company was about to drill? He picked the intersection of an opossum's and a rabbit's tracks on a moonlit night—and the company is confident of a gusher!

Another eminent geologist provided a demonstration of his powers by reading newspapers through human bodies while heavily blindfolded. I did not see this done, nor could I find any man who had, but everybody assured me he had achieved it. He also claimed that he could see into the earth for a great distance; in fact, his eagle eye could penetrate through mountains by concentration and psychic sight. Naturally some curiosity was provoked concerning the origin of these valuable gifts. His explanation was that the blindness of his mother, occasioned by an attack of measles, exerted a prenatal influence. By whetting her desire that her child should be able to see his sight was intensified a thousandfold. However, this gentleman failed to find a new field.

Even the clergy have provided recruits to the ranks of the oil finders. Several ministers of the gospel have been fortunate in oil speculations and this has encouraged others. A divine has gained quite a reputation as a finder of oil. He attributes his success to a divining rod. It is a chemical-filled contrivance, and his friends assert that its powers have been proved in many a test and that he has numerous producing wells to his credit.

(Continued on Page 189)



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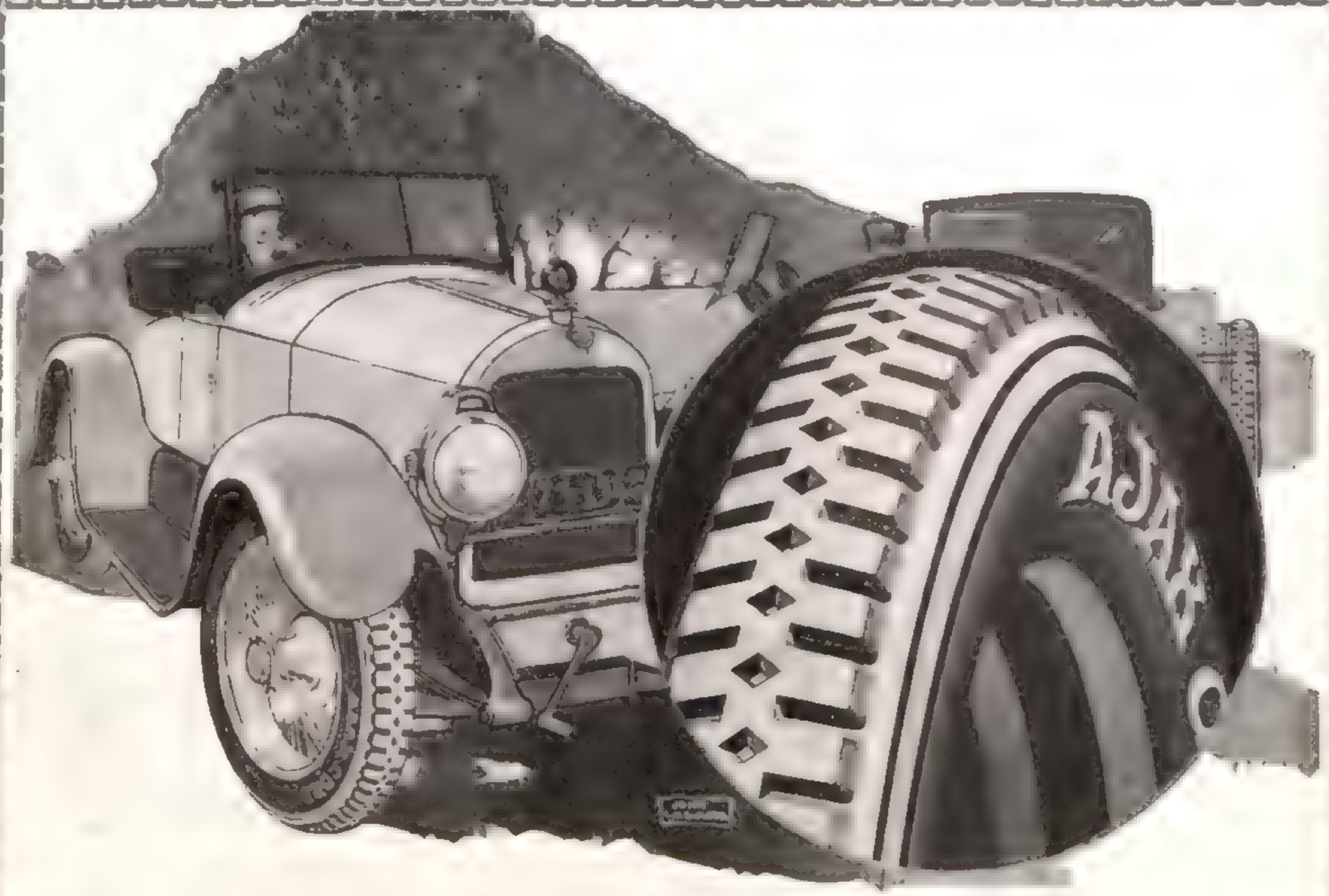

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Ajax H. Q. (High Quality) Tire Accessories include everything the car owner needs in making temporary or long lasting repair of worn tires.

AJAX CORD

(Continued from Page 186)

Would you care to invest hard-earned money on the recommendation of oil finders like the above? Many do.

Here is a tip for would-be speculators which may prove worth their while remembering: It is a common saying among men grown old in the oil business that more money is put into hunting for oil than is taken out of the ground. By this they mean the oil actually taken out. There has never been any profit on that, if the total returns are measured against the total losses. The profits have been made after the oil had been sold from the wells—in other words, in the refined products. Such is the contention of the old-timers. Consequently to cite John D. Rockefeller as an example of the huge fortunes to be made in oil loses force. John D. went in for the refined products. He has always let the other fellow do the wildcatting for him.

In this connection the methods of all the large production companies are of interest. They do very little wildcatting. Usually they wait until a field has been proved before buying, being content to pay the price if they can escape the losses of the widespread wildcatting that would be required of them. And they generally contrive to buy at a very low figure, considering the value of the properties, for they own the pipe lines and are in a position to dictate terms more or less.

Another method they employ is to take up leases near any promising wildcat territory on which independent operators happen to be drilling. As a result they are protected in case oil is struck and a new field opened; and if they lose it is charged against a special account for this work.

The exorbitant income tax and excess-profits tax law have recently contributed to swell the volume of oil speculation. The taxes have proved a terrific handicap to legitimate expansion of industry, as profits on invested capital in large amounts practically vanish after taxes are paid, and the man of large fortune can net more from tax-exempt United States bonds bearing a low rate of interest than from nine or ten per cent returns from business. But the huge profits that may possibly come from a comparatively small investment in oil tempt many wealthy individuals and corporations to gamble. If they fail the losses can be charged against gross incomes, so they will not be actually much out of pocket. The lists of investors in oil enterprises in the Southwest would surprise a conservative person by reason of the well-known names thereon.

Oil at Mansfield

Though the losses of the general public in speculation are a bad blot on the oil boom, it has undeniably brought prosperity to thousands of individuals and a considerable section of the Southwest. A large area of Texas, Oklahoma and Louisiana is punctured with holes. The newspapers recently reported that in one Texas county there were more derricks than residents. And now the boom has spread into New Mexico, and special trains of prospective investors are being run from cities in Texas.

Towns have sprung up where nothing but red sand or black waxy could be seen two years ago. And places of which nobody in the outside world had ever heard have sprung suddenly to life and are now hives of industry, teeming with money. Who would have known of the existence of Burkburnett, Ranger, Electra, Eastland and a dozen other such wide places in the road had it not been for the discovery of oil? Now they are thriving communities, with bank deposits which would provoke the envy of an Eastern city with four times their population. Also towns which had attained a degree of prosperity received a fresh impetus from oil. It is not likely that places like Shreveport in Louisiana and Wichita Falls in Texas will ever be heard complaining of the oil boom.

This to the credit of the wildcatters—they put many towns on the map. Take Mansfield, for instance, a small community in Louisiana. There are doubtless citizens of these United States who have led useful, upright lives and gone about their business in ignorance that Mansfield existed. Indeed, the town was so peaceful and quiet and unobtrusive that its disposition did not even come up for debate at the peace conference. Yet to-day people in the Southwest are beginning to talk about it whenever they get on the subject of oil, for the region of which it is the center promises to become an active field. This result is largely due to wildcatters and to lease brokers who invaded Mansfield early in 1919 and started a boom on nothing more substantial than prospects; but the prospects were real.

No matter what becomes of an oil boom, property owners in the region where it flourishes are bound to be beneficiaries. A farmer who owns a quarter section and has been in the habit of mortgaging his mules every season to make his cotton crop and buy salt pork suddenly discovers that his land will yield him anywhere from fifty cents to fifty dollars an acre without any work on his part except signing a lease. Accordingly he grabs all this easy money that offers. If oil is found he receives in addition to the cash rental a royalty of one-eighth of the oil taken out, which makes him wealthy. Should the drillers bring in nothing but dry holes he has the rent anyhow, and the land is still his to till. Indeed, the oil boom has been a windfall for scores of thousands of farmers in the Southwest.

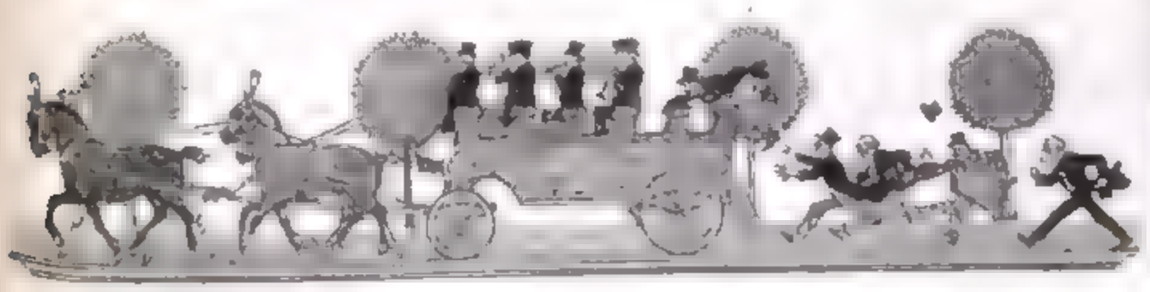
Lucky Operations

Many extraordinary stories are told of the way luck runs when men chase the rainbow. Not so long ago a one-twenty-fourth royalty on a tract in the Bull Bayou field in Louisiana was sold to Mr. William Kanupp, of Warren, Pennsylvania, for $175,000, which was considered a bargain. Mr. Kanupp is a type of oil operator who has had almost uncanny luck. Several years ago he was operating near Marietta, Ohio, and picked a location on his map for a well, wiring his field superintendent to drill at this spot. Back came a telegram from the superintendent that there was a dry hole at the point designated. Mr. Kanupp immediately wired back: "Do as you are told."

The derrick was placed six feet from the dry hole and a well yielding 150 barrels a day was brought in. Then the superintendent drilled a second hole on the other side of the old derrick, but it proved to be a duster. The sand pinched out in the six feet that separated the two derricks. Which is a sufficient commentary on the arguments of stock promoters as to close-in stuff.

William Rowe brought in the Discovery Well in Section Thirty of the Homer Field, Louisiana. The tale goes that when down 200 feet farther than he had expected to go Rowe was about to abandon the well and his forty-acre lease because of shortage of funds and apparent failure. But he had a hunch. This hunch was so strong that he pawned a diamond ring worth about $3000 for money to drill a few feet deeper. Still no results. He was walking away from the derrick after having ordered the drillers to go a few feet farther and then pull the pipe when a gusher came in with a mighty roar and spilled several thousand barrels of high-grade oil before it could be brought under control. And his forty-acre lease, which had cost him $4000 six months before, attained a valuation of $7,500,000.

Reports of tremendous gushers, however, should always be received with reservations. The safest line to pursue is to divide the reported flow by ten and then you will not be so far from the mark. There have been many instances in the new fields of wells coming in for 20,000 and 25,000 barrels, but such estimates of the flow were based on what a two or three hour test showed. For example, if the gusher spouted 1000 barrels the first hour everybody yelled that it was a 24,000-barrel well. Yet a few hours later it might stop flowing for half a day, or dwindle to a few hundred barrels' production.



Lawson
Gas Water Heaters

Quick Service: With Economy

You want quick hot water; you want it in abundance; and you want it with economy: three things.

We know! For we've supplied water heaters for over a million homes. Naturally we've learned how to make these heaters to give the kind of service required by the American household—and to give it economically.

The Lawson Water Heater is had at small initial cost. The construction is simple—no complicated and costly parts. Installation in your home is inexpensive—simply connect to present water and gas supply pipes.

The No. 20 (illustrated) is a DOUBLE coil heater, which means large heating surface, big capacity and quick results. Drilled star burners assure perfect combustion. Every unit of heat energy is used. Low operating cost! The heater is made automatic in operation by attachment of Lawson Thermostatic Valve.

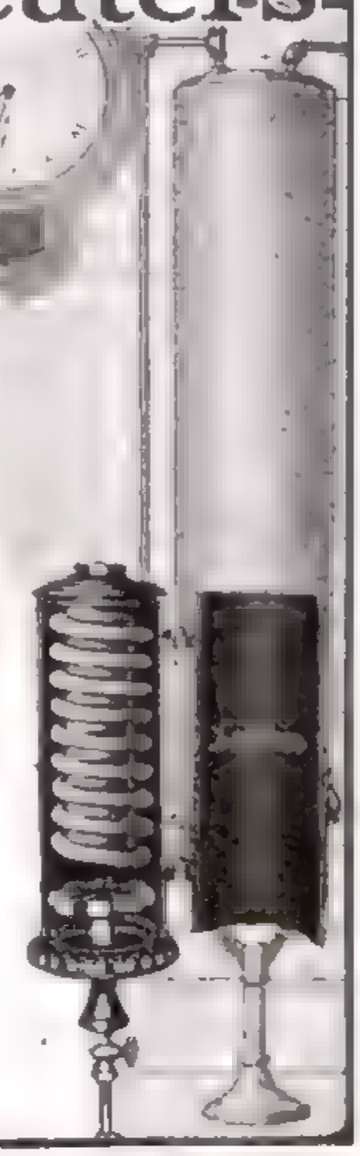
A quarter of a century ago a member of our firm produced the first coil boiler-heater. The best heater then, experience and effort have made the Lawson the most efficient and economical heater today! You serve your own self-interest when you insist on the genuine. Look for the name—*Lawson.*

Your Plumber or Gas Company can supply you.

Let us help you. Write for booklet, "Plenty of Hot Water and How to Have It Economically."

Lawson Manufacturing Co. of Pittsburgh

Also makers of the famous Lawson Odorless Room Heaters



Health and happiness for your boy

Make your boy an outdoor boy. Guide him toward vigorous health and strength. Buy him this wonderful Gilbert Outdoor Wheel Toy outfit with which he can build for himself, with only a screw driver and a wrench for tools, strong, speedy coasters, gliders, speedsters, wagons and trucks. A splendid set at $10 (Canada $15) makes the geared speedster above and all the other toys. Other sets at $6.50 and $15 (Canada $9.75 and $22.50).

Gilbert Outdoor Wheel Toy

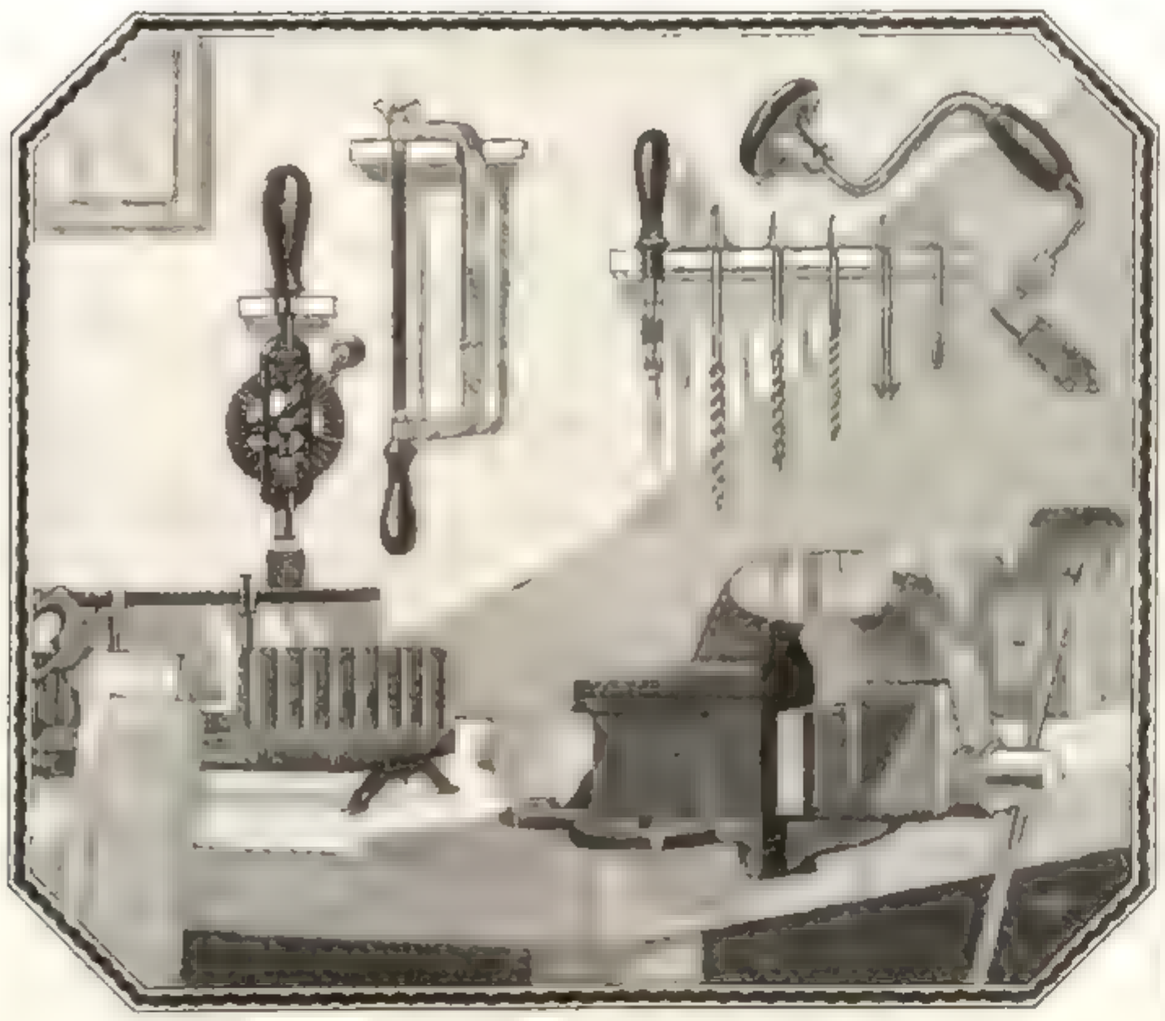
This fine toy will develop your boy's constructive ability while he is having the best of fun. It is one of many Gilbert Toys which are great boy teachers and helpers. Write today for a copy of my boys' magazine, the complete Gilbert toy catalog and facts about my Gilbert Engineering Institute for Boys.

Alfred G. Gilbert Pres

The A. C. Gilbert Company, 119 Blatchley Ave., New Haven, Conn.

In Canada: The A. C. Gilbert-Menzies Co., Limited, Toronto.
In England: The A. C. Gilbert Company, 125 High Holborn, London, W. C. 1.

GILBERT TOYS



The decrease in first production is always very marked. One has only to add up the total production, as indicated by the scouts' and newspapers' reports, and compare it with the pipe-line runs to discover the wide discrepancy between rumor and fact.

A regrettable feature of the oil-stock selling campaigns is the readiness with which many reputable newspapers lend themselves to it. With a very few exceptions, the newspapers of the Southwest—and every other portion of the country, for that matter—have sold their advertising columns to oil-stock promoters who ballyhoo and shriek to the skies of the tremendous profits to be made in their enterprises. As the printed word still makes a powerful appeal to the average reader, in spite of five years of war propaganda, his tendency is to reason that there must be something in a proposition which a newspaper of standing advertises by such great space in its columns. The better the newspaper's status the greater the returns from such advertising. I have seen stock promotions fathered by men of shady reputation widely advertised in daily newspapers whose policy has been to refuse all quack or questionable advertising. Yet very little investigation on the part of these publications would reveal the hollowness and fraudulent character of the promoters' claims, and the investing public would be saved many millions.

They tell a story of a stock peddler who was asked if there really existed any indications of oil on his property.

"Indications?" he cried. "I'll say there are! Why, we have 3000 acres leased; we've got a standard rig on the ground and some more ordered; our company is incorporated with 1,000,000 shares of stock printed; we have opened offices in three cities and have 200 people selling stock. Indications? Say, there was no oil found in three other wells near us, so there must just naturally be some in our well!"

Another tells of two oil men who met in a hotel after a separation of several years.

"Remember that stock you tried to sell me for a dollar a share two years ago?" one of them asked.

"You bet I do. One share of that would bring you $100,000 to-day."

Followed a moment of silence; then the first one queried: "By the way, Bill, how many shares of that did you keep for yourself?"

"Who? Me?" said Bill. "Not a darned one! I was selling 'em."

Of all investors on earth Americans are far and away the most impetuous. Perhaps that is due to our incurable optimism. The peoples of Europe are not so prone to part with their money rashly on the strength of lurid appeals. They have learned from bitter experience that nobody can count on a profit until that profit is actually made. They have learned to look for the bug under the chip, and so they approach an investment proposition with the wariness of a fox toward a staked-out chicken.

The British are not what you could call blind plungers. John Bull has been in business too long for that. In the early part of this year a firm of lease brokers in San Antonio received an inquiry from England as to acreage in a new oil field. The brokers immediately had visions of a thundering big influx of British capital, and opened up a voluminous correspondence with the prospect, which lasted several months. Many maps and plats crossed the ocean and finally the deal was closed. The Englishmen informed the brokers that they would take two acres of the tract at ten dollars an acre. They also announced that they would expect the authorities of the state of Texas to look after those interests for them.

There was an officer in the United States Army who inherited an estate in Ohio valued at approximately $100,000. Shortly after coming into his money he was seized with the oil craze, and for years and years poured out thousands of dollars backing enterprises in wildcat territory in the hope of becoming a multimillionaire through striking a gusher.

One fine day he woke up to discover that his inheritance was dissipated and that he had nothing left but the old homestead. Thither he retired for a season. While resting there he gave a lease on the grounds to a wildcatter, more from force of habit than any hopes of luck, but the wildcatter brought in a well just inside the front gate. Several more wells were drilled on the place, including one under the house.

"There I'd been hunting all over the country for a fortune," he often remarked later, "and all the time I was sleeping on one."

Which is precisely the position of hundreds of thousands of our citizens who are speculating. They are sleeping on fortunes right now, but those fortunes are their jobs.

Your Friends for Life

MILLERS FALLS Bit Brace No. 732 is several tools in one. With it you can drive screws, countersink and ream as well as bore holes. Its ratchet, patented chuck and 'feel' in the hands have made it "the carpenter's favorite."

A MAN who owns fine tools is never lonesome. He enjoys a companionship with them that grows through the years.

Many a good workman would actually feel the loss of a thumb less than if he had to part forever with the prized contents of his tool chest.

This attachment is easy to explain. By doing work that hands cannot do, fine tools become a part of a man's creative self.

Millers Falls Tools are fine tools. For fifty years they have been making life-long friends of people who do things with their hands. Carpenters, craftsmen, repair men, mechanics—all swear by Millers Falls Tools, and so do the leading hardware men of America who sell them.

Amateurs often buy cheap tools. That's why they are amateurs. It takes a real expert to do a good job with poor tools.

But whether amateur or expert—select Millers Falls Tools. They will be your friends for life.

MILLERS FALLS COMPANY
MILLERS FALLS, MASS.

MILLERS FALLS TOOLS

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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A Request for Change of Address must reach us at least thirty days before the date of the issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. Be sure to give your old address as well as the new one.

"Lost in Action"

The Third of a Series on the Story of Industrial Justice

THE American casualties in the great war were 256,017 killed and wounded.

But every year in the United States industrial accidents cause approximately *eight times* this number of deaths and injuries.

Barren statistics cannot measure the suffering, the want, the bitterness that result. But the loss of production can be measured. In one year accidents caused a loss equal to the work that one man would do in 13,817 years, working 24 hours a day.

Fully half the accidents that occur *can* be stopped.

Some Concrete Facts

In twelve years the safety campaign of the U. S. Steel Corporation saved 23,195 of its employees from death or serious injury.

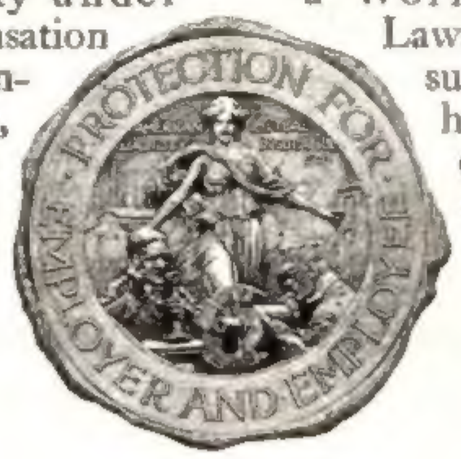
Look at the records of the railroads. In 1910, for every thousand men employed 2.17 were killed; in 1916, the proportion was 1.17 per thousand—a decrease of 47%, due to organized insistence on Safety First.

Look at the splendid achievements of great corporations. In a four-year period the International Harvester Co. reduced accidents 88%; the Illinois Steel Co., 85%; the Packard Motor Car Co., 72%; the Fairbanks-Morse Co., 72%, and other companies in proportion.

What are the results? A hundred thousand men are living and working today who might have been offered up as human sacrifices on the altar of Carelessness. And, as an incidental, millions of dollars are saved to employers.

How have these accidents been prevented?

Let us take a typical case. A manufacturer wishes to insure himself against liability under a Workmen's Compensation Law. Wishing to insure at actual cost, he selects the oldest and strongest Mutual Liability Insurance Company, and becomes a policy-holder in the American Mutual.



Modern Accident Prevention

The skilled engineers of the American Mutual make a Safety First Survey of his plant, bringing to bear the experience of 33 years of accident prevention in many of America's greatest industries. They make recommendations as to the safeguarding of every step of industry, for they know machines, factory organization, the risks and hazards of labor. Their business for 33 years has been the prevention of accident.

They enable the employer to lower his accident rate, to cut down the labor turnover, to reduce his premium rate, and to create a better feeling on the part of his employees.

More—by the conservative application of the sound mutual principle, the American Mutual saves the employer money on his insurance premium. On workmen's compensation and employer's liability insurance it has for 33 years saved employers from 23% to 30%. On automobile insurance it has saved the owner approximately 23% with a thorough protection of his interests.

Is it any wonder that the American Mutual has been called The Greatest Partnership in the World?

Write us today of your insurance problem and learn in dollars and cents just what you as individual or corporation can save by enjoying the protection of the American Mutual.

AMERICAN MUTUAL LIABILITY INSURANCE CO.

Charles E. Hodges, President

Home Office: 245 State Street, Boston. *Branches in Principal Cities*

Baked ham, new potatoes, and peas—what more could hungry mortal ask!

The rarest of all rare June days can be made perfect by something especially good when luncheon or dinner time comes around.

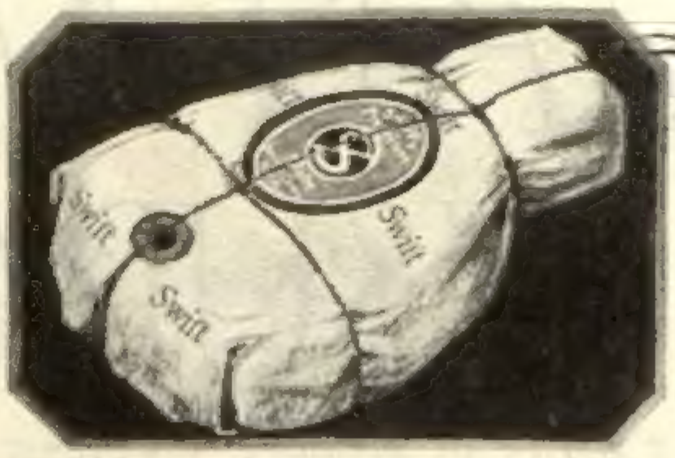
And can you think of anything better than baked ham, hot or cold, with little new potatoes and green peas in cream?

Particularly if the ham has that rich, fine flavor characteristic of Swift's Premium.

Swift's Premium Ham comes to you with a perfect cure—sweet enough—smoked enough—mild, uniform and delicious. No need to parboil it and lose any of the splendid Premium flavor.

Swift & Company, U. S. A.

Swift's Premium Ham



It is not necessary to parboil Swift's Premium Hams before broiling or frying

Look for this "no parboiling" tag when you buy a whole ham or when you buy a slice

Why do men order Phez?

BECAUSE Phez is the *real* thirst quencher! Cooling—soothing—satisfying—*just* right! The pure juice of those luscious, sun-ripened loganberries for which Phezland is famous.

One 16-ounce bottle serves eight drinks—the richness of Phez requires the addition of two parts water.

This ruby-red beverage—with a tinkle of ice in the glass—is a deliciously pure "high-ball" that will satisfy even a *man-size* thirst!

See that Phez is served in your own home—to your guests—to your family. Buy it by the case from your grocer or druggist. It's good—it's *good for you!*

Phez Products

Phez, Pure Juice of the Loganberry.
Loja, the Loganberry Beverage (ready-to-drink)
Appju, Sparkling Apple Juice
Phez Sweet Apple Cider
Phez Jams and Jellies

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Phez

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

Pure Juice of the Loganberry

Eventually
WASHBURN-CROSBY'S
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FLOUR
Why Not Now?
EVENTUALLY
WHY NOT NOW
Gold Medal Flour
Washburn-Crosby Co.